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The MAID of the MILL.

Mr. BLANCHARD as RALPH

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Jan.y 4. 1791.

THE

MAID OF THE MILL.

A

COMIC OPERA.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

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JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM,

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

May it please your Royal Highness,

WHEN I presumed to solicit the honour of laying the subsequent trifle at your Royal Highness's feet, it was not without a thorough consciousness of the little value of the offering I was going to make; but I considered, mean as it was, it would serve as a testimony of my devotion; and to a Prince happy in his love of the arts, nothing could be unacceptable, which bore the remotest analogy to them.

How far the Comic Opera, under proper regulations, has a right to be acknowledged for a junior offspring of the Drama, and as such become candidate for a share of public encouragement, I shall not pretend to determine; but if it can be rendered an agreeable amusement, the English Theatre has never scrupled to adopt what was capable of pleasing there; and though as a work of genius, it is by no means to be set in competition with good Tragedies and Comedies, it may, I apprehend, be permitted as an occasional relief to them, without bringing either our taste or understanding into question.

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I need not inform your Royal Highness, that in France, where the stage has been cultivated with more care, and * *success, than in any other country, this species of entertainment is received with very great applause; nor is it thought an injury to Corneille, and Moliere, that the pieces of Anseaume and Favart, meet with success.*

It is true, among the French, Comic Operas have very often the advantage of being extremely well written; of which, On ne s'avise jamais de tout, Le Roy et le Fermier, *and some others, are an instance; nor would the best composition of the greatest master, make a very contemptible poem pass on an audience: I wish I could assert with truth, that in this respect we fall nothing behind our neighbours, and that what I here present to your Royal Highness, might lay claim to some degree of merit, even in the writing: but though I cannot do this, permit me to say, I have attempted to render it a little interesting. and not wholly undiverting, as far as the music, my principal care, would give me leave.*

But I humbly beg your Royal Highness's pardon; in applying to the connoisseur, I forget that I am at the same time addressing a Great Prince: indeed,

* This assertion can never be admitted---He who prefers the tedious harangue of French Dramas to the business and passion of our own, will never write better than Bickerstaff.

THE EDITOR.

there is a subject on which I could dwell with the truest pleasure; but I am too well instructed in your Royal Highness's character, to dare to offend you with a language which forms and customs too often impose upon princes, a necessity of hearing; I mean their own praise; to those who are most deserving, ever least welcome.

I therefore, subscribe myself,

With the profoundest respect,

May it please your Royal Highness,

Your Royal Highness's,

Most obedient,

Most devoted, and

Most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Of this man little is known, and that little, unhappily, is not good. He is a native of the kingdom of Ireland, and, we believe, went out with Lord Chesterfield as a private Secretary, when his Lordship was Lord Lieutenant.

We find him also an Officer of Marines, but he left the service with imputed infamy from practices at which humanity shudders, and decency hides the head.

It hurts us to pursue the narrative—an irreclaimable depravation of appetite rendered him an exile from his country: in some foreign sink of debauchery and wretchedness, he perhaps even yet lingers, a striking monument of the absurdity of that maxim, which teaches, that an author's life may be best known in his Works.

The writings of Bickerstaff are uniformly marked with much purity and simplicity.—Had he *lived* as he *wrote* this little book were perfect—

there would not then have been ONE Page which we could *wish* to BLOT.

His Dramatic Productions are in number 19.

Leucothoe, - -	1756	*The Hypocrite*, - -	——
Thomas and Sally, - -	1760	*The Ephesian Matron*, -	1769
**Love in a Village*, -	1762	*Dr. Last in his Chariot*, -	1766
**Maid of the Mill*, -	1765	*The Captive*, - -	——
Daphne and Amintor, -	1765	*A School for Fathers*, -	1770
Plain Dealer, - -	1766	*Its Well its no Worse*, -	1770
Love in the City, - -	1767	*The Recruiting Serjeant*,	——
Lionel and Clarissa, -	1768	*He Would if He Could*, -	1771
The Absent Man, - -	——	*Sultana*, - (not printed.)	
**The Padlock*, - -	——		

The pieces distinguished by Asterisks are all that now distinguish this Author.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

LIKE PAMELA, is one of those delusions which frequently destroy the proper subordination of society. The village beauty, whose simplicity and innocence are her native charms, smitten with the reveries of rank and splendor, becomes affected and retired, disdaining her situation and every one about her. So much for the tendency of such pieces.

Dramatic exhibition has ever its force in proportion to the unacquaintance of the spectator with life—its *vraisemblance* is more certain and striking to the *artless* RUSTIC, than the cultivated inhabitants of a capital.—I know no surer steps to corrupt the primitive simplicity of a village remote from the capital, than to introduce a Theatrical company—Romance among unfurnished heads makes dreadful havock indeed.

The literary merit of this piece (if it have any) is like that of the Novel from which it sprung. For laughter it has no food—Sentiment, insipid sentiment, gives it what colouring it has.—As a dramatic exhibition, the pleasure produced must be from its MUSIC.

Either as considering its Dialogue or its Air, we think it much inferior to the Author's LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

PREFACE.

THERE is scarce a language in Europe, in which there is not a play taken from our romance of Pamela: in Italian and French particularly, several writers of the first eminence have chosen it for the subject of different dramas.

The little piece now ventured into the world, owes its origin to the same source: not only the general subject is drawn from Pamela, but almost every circumstance in it. The reader will almost immediately recollect the courtship of Parson Williams —the squire's jealousy and behaviour in consequence of it; and the difficulty he had to prevail with himself to marry the girl, notwithstanding his passion for her—the miller is a close copy of Goodman Andrews—Ralph is imagined, from the wild son which he is mentioned to have had—Theodosia, from the young lady of quality, with whom Mr. B. through his sister's persuasion, is said to have been in treaty before his marriage with Pamela—even the gipsies are borrowed from a trifling incident in the latter part of the work.

In prosecuting this plan, which he has varied from the original, as far as he thought convenient, the author has made simplicity his principal aim. His scenes, on account of the music, which could not be perfect without such a mixture, necessarily consist of serious and buffoon. He knows grossness and insipidity lay in his way: whether he has had art enough to avoid stumbling upon them, the candid public are left to determine.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Lord Aimworth	Mr. Kelly.
Sir Harry Sycamore	Mr. Waldron.
Mervin	Mr. Williames.
Fairfield	Mr. Aickin.
Giles	Mr. Dignum.
Ralph	Mr. Suett.

Women.

Lady Sycamore	Mrs. Hopkins.
Theodosia	Mrs. Forster.
Patty	Mrs. Crouch.
Fanny	Miss Romanzini.

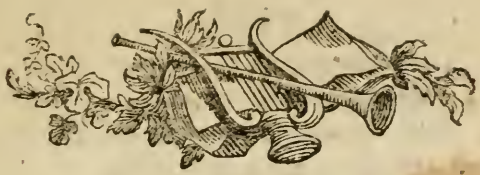
COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Lord Aimworth	Mr. Johnstone.
Mervin	Mr. Duffey.
Fairfield	Mr. Hull.
Giles,	Mr. Bannister.
Sir Harry Sycamore	Mr. Edwin.
Ralph	Mr. Blanchard.

Women.

Patty	Mrs. Billington.
Theodosia	Mrs. Mountain.
Lady Sycamore,	Mrs. Webb.
Fanny	Mrs. Martyr.



THE

MAID OF THE MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A rural prospect, with a mill at work. Several people employed about; on one side a house, PATTY *reading in the window; on the other a barn, where* FANNY *sits mending a net;* GILES *appears at a distance in the mill;* FAIRFIELD *and* RALPH *taking sacks from a cart.*

CHORUS.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
O how blest the miller's life!
Chearful working through the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's grist to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
By indulgent fortune sent:
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content.

Fai. Well done, well done; 'tis a sure sign work goes on merrily when folks sing at it. Stop the mill there; and dost hear, son Ralph, hoist yon sacks of flour upon this cart, lad, and drive it up to lord Aimworth's; coming from London last night with strange company, no doubt there are calls enough for it by this time.

Ral. Ay feyther, whether or not, there's no doubt but you'll find enow for a body to do.

Fai. What dost mutter? Is't not a strange plague that thou can'st never go about any thing with a good will; murrain take it, what's come o'er the boy? So then thou wilt not set a hand to what I have desired thee!

Ral. Why don't you speak to suster Pat to do something then? I thought when she came home to us after my old lady's death, she was to have been of some use in the house; but instead of that, she sits there all day, reading outlandish books, dressed like a fine madumasel, and the never a word you says to she.

Fai. Sirrah, don't speak so disrespectfully of thy sister; thou wilt never have the tithe of her deserts.

Ral. Why I'll read and write with her for what she dares; and as for playing on the hapsicols, I thinks her rich good mother might have learn'd her something more properer, seeing she did not remember to leave her a legacy at last.

Fai. That's none of thy business, sirrah.

Ral. A farmer's wife painting pictures, and playing on the hapsicols; why I'll be hang'd now, for all as old as she is, if she knows any more about milking a cow, than I do of sewing a petticoat.

Fai. Ralph, thou hast been drinking this morning.

Ral. Well, if so be as I have, it's nothing out of your pocket, nor mine neither.

Fai. Who has been giving thee liquor, sirrah?

Ral. Why it was wind—a gentleman guve me.

Fai. A gentleman!

Ral. Yes, a gentleman that's come piping hot from London: he is below at the Cat and Bagpipes; I cod he rides a choice bit of a nag; I dare to say she'd fetch as good as forty pound at ever a fair in all England.

Fai. A fig's end for what she'd fetch; mind thy business, or by the lord Harry———

Ral. Why I won't do another hand's turn to-day now, so that's flat.

Fai Thou wilt not——

Ral. Why no I wont; so what argufies your putting yourself in a passion, feyther! I've promised to go back to the gentleman; and I don't know but what he's a lord too, and mayhap he may do more for me than you thinks of.

Fai. Well, son Ralph, run thy gait; but remember I tell thee, thou wilt repent this untowardness.

Ral. Why, how shall I repent it? Mayhap you'll turn me out of your service; a match; with all hearts —I cod I don't care three brass pins.

AIR.

If that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry,
'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;
For my share I'm weary of what is got by't:
S'flesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and coiling,
You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
And drudging like horses from morning 'till night.

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew you;
First yonder's your shovel; your sacks too I throw you;
Henceforward take care of your matters who will;
They're welcome to slave for your wages who need 'em,
Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

SCENE II.

FAIRFIELD, PATTY.

Fai. Dear heart, dear heart! I protest this ungracious boy puts me quite beside myself. Patty, my dear come down into the yard a little, and keep me company—and you, thieves, vagabonds, gipsies, out here, 'tis you who debauch my son.

AIR.

Pat. *In love to pine and languish,*
Yet know your passion vain;
To harbour heart-felt anguish,
Yet fear to tell your pain.

What powers unrelenting,
Severer ills inventing,
Can sharpen pangs like these;
Where days and nights tormenting,
Yield not a moment's ease!

Fai. Well, Patty, Master Goodman, my lord's steward, has been with me just now, and I find we are like to have great doings; his lordship has brought down Sir Harry Sycamore and his family, and there is more company expected in a few days.

Pat. I know Sir Harry very well; he is by marriage a distant relation of my lord's.

Fai. Pray what sort of a young body is the daughter there? I think she used to be with you at the castle, three or four summers ago, when my young lord was out upon his travels.

Pat. Oh! very often; she was a great favourite of my lady's: pray father is she come down?

Fai. Why you know the report last night, about my lord's going to be married; by what I can learn she is; and there is likely to be a nearer relationship between the families, ere long. It seems, his lordship was not

over-willing for the match, but the friends on both sides in London pressed it so hard: then there's a swinging fortune: master Goodman tells me a matter of twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

Pat. If it was a million, father, it would not be more than my lord Aimworth deserves; I suppose the wedding will be celebrated here at the mansion-house.

Fai. So it is thought, as soon as things can be properly prepared——And now, Patty, if I could but see thee a little merry—Come, bless thee, pluck up thy spirits—To be sure thou hast sustained, in the death of thy lady, a heavy loss; she was a parent to thee; nay, and better, inasmuch as she took thee when thou wert but a babe, and gave thee an education which thy natural parents could not afford to do.

Pat. Ah! dear father, don't mention what, perhaps, has been my greatest misfortune.

Fai. Nay then, Patty, what's become of all thy sense, that people talk so much about?——But I have something to say to thee which I would have thee consider seriously.——I believe I need not tell thee, my child, that a young maiden, after she is marriageable, especially if she has any thing about her to draw people's notice, is liable to ill tongues, and a many cross accidents; so that the sooner she's out of harm's way the better.

Pat. Undoubtedly, father, there are people enough who watch every opportunity to gratify their own malice; but when a young woman's conduct is unblameable——

Fai. Why, Patty, there may be something in that;

but you know slander will leave spots, where malice finds none: I say, then, a young woman's best safeguard is a good husband. Now there is our neighbour, Farmer Giles; he is a sober, honest, industrious young fellow, and one of the wealthiest in these parts; he is greatly taken with thee; and it is not the first time I have told thee I should be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

Pat. And I have told you as often, father, I would submit myself entirely to your direction; whatever you think proper for me, is so.

Fai. Why that's spoken like a dutiful, sensible girl; get thee in, then, and leave me to manage it——— Perhaps our neighbour Giles is not a gentleman; but what are the greatest part of our country gentlemen good for?

Pat. Very true, father. The sentiments, indeed, have frequently little correspondence with the condition; and it is according to them alone we ought to regulate our esteem.

AIR.

What are outward forms and shews,
To an honest heart compar'd?
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flower
Bearing at the hedge's side
Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r
Than the garden's gayest pride.

SCENE III.

FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Giles. Well, master Fairfield, you and Miss Pat have had a long discourse together; did you tell her that I was come down?

Fai. No, in truth, friend Giles; but I mentioned our affair at a distance; and I think there is no fear.

Giles. That's right—and when shall us—You do know I have told you my mind often and often.

Fai. Farmer, give us thy hand; nobody doubts thy good will to me and my girl; and you may take my word, I would rather give her to thee than another; for I am main certain thou wilt make her a good husband.

Giles. Thanks to your good opinion, master Fairfield; if such be my hap, I hope there will be no cause of complaint.

Fai. And I promise thee my daughter will make thee a choice wife. But thou know'st, friend Giles, that I, and all belongs to me, have great obligations to lord Aimworth's family; Patty, in particular, would be one of the most ungrateful wretches this day breathing if she was to do the smallest thing contrary to their consent and approbation.

Giles. Nay, nay, 'tis well enough known to all the country, she was the old lady's darling.

Fai. Well, master Giles, I'll assure thee she is not one whit less obliged to my lord himself. When his

mother was taken off so suddenly, and his affairs called him up to London, if Patty would have remained at the castle, she might have had the command of all; or if she would have gone any where else, he would have paid for her fixing, let the cost be what it would.

Giles. Why, for that manner, folks did not spare to say, that my lord had a sort of a sneaking kindness for her himself: and I remember, at one time, it was rife all about the neighbourhood, that she was actually to be our lady.

Fai. Pho, pho! a pack of woman's tales.

Giles. Nay, to be sure they'll say any thing.

Fai. My lord's a man of a better way of thinking, friend Giles—but this is neither here nor there to our business———Have you been at the castle yet?

Giles. Who I! Bless your heart I did not hear a syllable of his lordship's being come down, 'till your lad told me.

Fai. No! why then go up to my lord, let him know you have a mind to make a match with my daughter; hear what he has to say to it; and afterwards we will try if we can't settle matters.

Giles. Go up to my lord! I cod if that be all, I'll do it with the biggest pleasure in life.—But where's Miss Pat? Might one not ax her how she do?

Fai. Never spare it; she's within there.

Giles. I sees her—odd rabbit it, this hatch is locked now———Miss Pat———Miss Patty—She makes believe not to hear me.

Fai. Well, well, never mind; thou'lt come and eat a morsel of dinner with us.

Giles. Nay, but just to have a bit of a joke with her at present——Miss Pat, I say——won't you open the door?

AIR.

Hark! 'tis I your own true lover,
After walking three long miles,
One kind look at least discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on:
Ah, you little cunning vixen!
I can see your roguish smiles.
Addslids! my mind is so possest,
Till we're sped, I shan't have rest;
Only say the thing's a bargain,
Here an you like it,
Ready to strike it,
There's at once an end of arguing:
I'm her's, she's mine;
Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

SCENE IV.

FAIRFIELD, PATTY.

Fai. Patty, child, why would'st not thou open the door for our neighbour Giles?

Pat. Really, father, I did not know what was the matter.

Fai. Well, another time; he'll be here again presently. He's gone up to the castle, Patty; thou know'st it would not be right for us to do any thing without giving his lordship intelligence, so I have sent the farmer to let him know that he is willing, and we are willing; and with his lordship's approbation—

Pat. Oh dear father—what are you going to say?

Fai. Nay child, I would not have stirr'd a step for fifty pounds, without advertising his lordship beforehand.

Pat. But surely, surely, you have not done this rash, this precipitate thing.

Fai. How rash, how is it rash, Patty? I don't understand thee.

Pat. Oh, you have distress'd me beyond imagination—but why would you not give me notice, speak to me first?

Fai. Why han't I spoken to thee an hundred times? No, Patty, 'tis thou that would'st distress me, and thou'lt break my heart.

Pat. Dear father!

Fai. All I desire is to see thee well settled; and now that I am likely to do so, thou art not contented; I am sure the farmer is as sightly a clever lad as any in the country; and is he not as good as we?

Pat. 'Tis very true, father; I am to blame; pray forgive me.

Fai. Forgive thee! Lord help thee, my child, I am not angry with thee; but quiet thyself, Patty, and thou'lt see all this will turn out for the best.

SCENE V.

PATTY.

What will become of me?—my lord will certainly imagine this is done with my consent—Well, is he not himself going to be married to a lady, suitable to him in rank, suitable to him in fortune, as this farmer is to me; and under what pretence can I refuse the husband my father has found for me! Shall I say that I have dared to raise my inclinations above my condition, and presumed to love, where my duty taught me only gratitude and respect? Alas! who could live in the house with lord Aimworth, see him, converse with him, and not love him! I have this consolation, however, my folly is yet undiscover'd to any; else, how should I be ridiculed and despised; nay, would not my lord himself despise me, especially, if he knew that I have more than once construed his natural affability and politeness into sentiments as unworthy of him, as mine are bold and extravagant. Unexampled vanity! did I possess any thing capable of attracting such a notice, to what purpose could a man of his distinction cast his eyes on a girl, poor,

meanly born, and indebted for every thing to the ill-placed bounty of his family?

AIR.

Ah! why should fate, pursuing
A wretched thing like me,
Heap ruin thus on ruin,
And add to misery?
The griefs I languish'd under,
In secret let me share;
But this new stroke of thunder,
Is more than I can bear.

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Chamber in Lord AIMWORTH's *House.*

SIR HARRY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA.

S. Har. Well, but Theodosia, child, you are quite unreasonable.

The. Pardon me, papa, it is not I am unreasonable: when I gave way to my inclinations for Mr. Mervin, he did not seem less agreeable to you and my mama than he was acceptable to me. It is, therefore, you have been unreasonable, in first encouraging his addresses, and afterwards forbidding him your house, in order to bring me down here, to force me on a gentleman——

S. Har. Force you, Dossy, what do you mean! By the la, I would not force you on the Czar of Muscovy.

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The. And yet, papa, what else can you call it? for tho' lord Aimworth is extremely attentive and obliging, I assure you he is by no means one of the most ardent of lovers.

S. Har. Ardent, ah! there it is; you girls never think there is any love, without kissing and hugging; but you shou'd consider, child, my lord Aimworth is a polite man, and has been abroad in France and Italy, where these things are not the fashion; I remember when I was on my travels, among the madames and signoras, we never saluted more than the tip of the ear.

The. Really, papa, you have a very strange opinion of my delicacy; I had no such stuff in my thoughts.

S. Har. Well come, my poor Dossy, I see you are chagrin'd, but you know it is not my fault; on the contrary, I assure you, I had always a great regard for young Mervin, and should have been very glad——

The. How then, papa, could you join in forcing me to write him that strange letter, never to see me more; or how indeed could I comply with your commands? what must he think of me?

S. Har. Ay, but hold, Dossy, your mama convinced me that he was not so proper a son-in-law for us as Lord Aimworth.

The. Convinced you! Ah, my dear papa, you were not convinced.

S. Har. What don't I know when I am convinced?

The. Why no, papa; because your good-nature and easiness of temper is such, that you pay more re-

spect to the judgment of mama, and less to your own, than you ought to do.

S. Har. Well, but Dossy, don't you see how your mama loves me; if my finger does but ache, she's like a bewitched woman; and, if I was to die, I don't believe she would outlive the burying of me: nay she has told me as much herself.

The. Her fondness indeed is very extraordinary.

S. Har. Besides, could you give up the prospect of being a countess, and mistress of this fine place?

The. Yes, truly could I.

AIR.

With the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell,
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell,
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.

Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are placed,
Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

SCENE VII.

SIR HARRY, THEODOSIA, LADY SYCAMORE.

L. Syc. Sir Harry, where are you?

S. Har. Here, my lamb.

L. Syc. I am just come from looking over his lordship's family trinkets.——Well, Miss Sycamore, you are a happy creature, to have diamonds, equipage, title, all the blessings of life pour'd thus upon you at once.

The. Blessings, madam! Do you think then I am such a wretch as to place my felicity in the possession of any such trumpery.

L. Syc. Upon my word, Miss, you have a very disdainful manner of expressing yourself; I believe there are very few young women of fashion, who would think any sacrifice they could make too much for them.—Did you ever hear the like of her, Sir Harry?

S. Har. Why, my dear, I have just been talking to her in the same strain, but whatever she has got in her head———

L. Syc. Oh, it is Mr. Mervin, her gentleman of Bucklersbury.—Fye, Miss, marry a cit! Where is your pride, your vanity; have you nothing of the person of distinction about you?

S. Har. Well, but my lady, you know I am a piece of a cit myself, as I may say, for my great-grandfather was a dry-salter.

The. And yet, madam, you condescended to marry my papa.

L. Syc. Well, if I did miss, I had but five thousand pounds to my portion, and Sir Harry knows I was past eight and thirty, before I would listen to him.

S. Har. Nay, Dossy, that's true, your mama own'd eight and thirty, before we were married: but by the la, my dear, you were a lovely angel; and by candle-

light nobody would have taken you for above five and twenty.

L. Syc. Sir Harry, you remember the last time I was at my lord duke's.

S. Har. Yes, my love, it was the very day your little bitch Minxey pupt.

L. Syc. And pray what did the whole family say; my lord John, and my lord Thomas, and my lady Duchess in particular? Cousin, says her Grace to me—for she always called me cousin—

The. Well, but madam, to cut this matter short at once, my father has a great regard for Mr. Mervin, and would consent to our union with all his heart.

L. Syc. Do you say so, Sir Harry?

S. Har. Who, I, love!

L. Syc. Then all my care and prudence are come to nothing.

S. Har. Well, but stay my lady—Dossy, you are always making mischief.

The. Ah! my dear sweet———

L. Syc. Do miss, that's right, coax———

The. No, madam, I am not capable of any such meanness.

L. Syc. 'Tis very civil of you to contradict me however.

S. Har. Eh! what's that—hands off Dossy, don't come near me.

AIR.

Why how now miss pert,
Do you think to divert
My anger by fawning and stroking?
Would you make me a fool
Your play-thing, your tool?
Was ever young minx so provoking?
Get out of my sight,
'Twould be serving you right,
To lay a sound dose of the lash on;
Contradict your mama,
I've a mind by the la!
But I won't put myself in a passion.

SCENE VIII.

SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, LORD AIMWORTH, GILES.

L. Aim. Come farmer, you may come in, there are none here but friends.—Sir Harry, your servant.

S. Har. My lord, I kiss your lordship's hands—I hope he did not overhear us squabbling—" I have " been chattering here with my wife and daughter, " my lord——We have been examining your lord- " ship's pictures.

L. Aim. " I flatter myself, then her ladyship found " something to entertain her; there are a few of " them counted tolerable."———Well now, master

Giles what is it you have got to say to me? If I can do you any service, this company will give you leave to speak.

Giles. I thank your lordship, I has not got a great deal to say; I do come to your lordship about a little business, if you'll please to give me the hearing. 458

L. Aim. Certainly, only let me know what it is.

Giles. Why an please you my lord, being left alone, as I may say, feyther dead, and all the business upon my own hands, I do think of settling and taking a wife, and am come to ax your honour's consent.

L. Aim. My consent, farmer! if that be necessary, you have it with all my heart—I hope you have taken care to make a prudent choice.

Giles. Why I do hope so, my lord.

L. Aim. Well, and who is the happy fair one? Does she live in my house? 469

Giles. No, my lord, she does not live in your house, but she's a parson of your acquaintance.

L. Aim. Of my acquaintance!

Giles. No offence, I hope your honour.

L. Aim. None in the least: but how is she an acquaintance of mine?

Giles. Your lordship do know Miller Fairfield?

L. Aim. Well———

Giles. And Patty Fairfield, his daughter, my lord?

L. Aim. Ay is it her you think of marrying?

Giles. Why, if so be as your lordship has no objection; to be sure we will do nothing without your consent and approbation. 482

L. Aim. Upon my word, farmer, you have made an excellent choice—It is a god-daughter of my mother's, madam, who was bred up under her care, and I protest I do not know a more amiable young woman.—— But are you sure, farmer, that Patty herself is inclinable to this match.

Giles. O yes, my lord I am sartain of that.

L. Aim. Perhaps then she desired you to come and ask my consent?

Giles. Why as far as this here, my lord; to be sure, the miller did not care to publish the banns, without making your lordship acquainted—But I hope your honour's not angry with I.

L. Aim. Angry farmer! why should you think so?—what interest have I in it to be angry?

S. Har. And so, honest farmer, you are going to be married to little Patty Fairfield? She's an old acquaintance of mine; how long have you and she been sweethearts?

Giles. Not a long while, an please your worship.

S. Har. Well, her father's a good warm fellow; I suppose you take care that she brings something to make the pot boil?

L. Syc. What does that concern you, Sir Harry? how often must I tell you of meddling in other people's affairs?

S. Har. My lord, a penny for your thoughts.

L. Aim. I beg your pardon, Sir Harry; upon my word, I did not think where I was.

Giles. Well then, your honour, I'll make bold to

be taking my leave; I may say you gave consent for Miss Patty and I to go on.

L. Aim. Undoubtedly, farmer, if she approves of it: but are you not afraid that her education has rendered her a little unsuitable for a wife for you?

L. Syc. Oh my lord, if the girl's handy——

S. Har. Oh, ay—when a girl's handy——

Giles. Handy! Why, saving respect, there's nothing comes amiss to her; she's cute at every varsal kind of thing.

AIR.

Odd's my life, search England over,
An you match her in her station,
I'll be bound to fly the nation:
And be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,
Still her pretty name repeating,
Here's the work 'tis always at,
Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
What on yearth can sweeter be?
Then her little eyes so twinkle,
'Tis a feast to hear and see.

SCENE IX.

LORD AIMWORTH, SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE.

S. Har. By dad this is a good merry fellow, is not he in love, with his pitty patty—And so my lord you have given your consent that he shall marry your mother's old housekeeper. Ah, well, I can see——

L. Aim. Nobody doubts, Sir Harry, that you are very clear-sighted.

S. Har. Yes, yes, let me alone, I know what's what: I was a young fellow once myself; and I should have been glad of a tenant, to take a pretty girl off my hands now and then, as well as another.

L. Aim. I protest my dear friend, I don't understand you.

L. Syc. Nor nobody else—Sir Harry you are going at some beastliness now.

S. Har. Who I, my lady? Not I, as I hope to live and breathe; 'tis nothing to us you know, what my lord does before he's married; when I was a bachelor, I was a devil among the wenches, myself; and yet I vow to George, my lord, since I knew my lady Sycamore, and we shall be man and wife eighteen years, if we live till next-Candlemas-day, I never had to do——

L. Syc. Sir Harry, come out of the room, I desire.

S. Har. Why, what's the matter, my lady, I did not say any harm?

L. Syc. I see what you are driving at, you want to make me faint.

S. Har. I want to make you faint, my lady!

L. Syc. Yes you do—and if you don't come out this instant I shall fall down in the chamber—I beg, my lord, you won't speak to him.—Will you come out, Sir Harry.

S. Har. Nay, but my lady!

L. Syc. No, I will have you out. 568

SCENE X.

LORD AIMWORTH.

This worthy Baronet, and his lady, are certainly a very whimsical couple; however, their daughter is perfectly amiable in every respect: and yet I am sorry I have brought her down here; for can I in honour marry her, while my affections are engaged to another? To what does the pride of condition and the censure of the world force me! Must I then renounce the only person that can make me happy; because, because what? because she's a miller's daughter? Vain pride, and unjust censure! has she not all the graces that education can give her sex; improved by a genius seldom found among the highest? has she not modesty, sweetness of temper, and beauty of person, capable of adorning a rank the most exalted? But it is too late to think of these things now; my hand is

promised, my honour engaged: and if it was not so, she has engaged herself; the farmer is a person to her mind, and I have authorized their union by my approbation.

AIR.

The mad-man thus, at times, we see,
With seeming reason blest;
His looks, his words, his thoughts are free,
And speak a mind at rest.

But short the calms of ease and sense,
And ah! uncertain too;
While that idea lives from whence
At first his frenzy grew.

SCENE XI.

Changes to the prospect of the mill.

Enter RALPH, *with* MERVIN, *in a riding dress, followed by* FANNY.

Fan. Ah, pray your honour, try if you have not something to spare for poor Fanny the gipsey.

Ral. I tell you, Fan, the gentleman has no change about him; why the plague will you be so troublesome?

Fan. Lord what is it to you, if his honour has a

mind to give me a trifle? Do pray, gentleman, put your hand in your pocket.

Mer. I am almost distracted! Ungrateful Theodosia, to change so suddenly, and write me such a letter! However, I am resolved to have my dismission face to face; this letter may be forced from her by her mother, who I know was never cordially my friend: I could not get a sight of her in London, but here they will be less on their guard; and see her I will, by one means or other.

Fan. Then your honour will not extend your charity?

AIR.

I am young, and I am friendless,
And poor, alas! withal;
Sure my sorrows will be endless;
In vain for help I call.
Have some pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be ne'er so small.

May you, possessing every blessing,
Still inherit Sir, all you merit Sir,
And never know what it is to want;
Sweet heaven, your worship all happiness grant

SCENE XII.

RALPH, MERVIN.

Ral. Now I'll go and take that money from her and I have good mind to lick her, so I have.

Mer. Pho, pr'ythee stay where you are.

Ral. Nay, but I hate to see a toad so devilish greedy.

Mer. Well come, she has not got a great deal, and I have thought how she may do me a favour in her turn.

Ral. Ay, but you may put that out of your head, for I can tell you she won't.

Mer. How so!

Ral. How so, why she's as cunning as the Devil.

Mer. O she is—I fancy I understand you. Well, in that case, friend Ralph——Your name's Ralph, I think?

Ral. Yes, sir, at your service, for want of a better.

Mer. I say then, friend Ralph, in that case, we will remit the favor you think of, till the lady is in a more complying humour, and try if she cannot serve me at present in some other capacity——There are a good many gipsies hereabout, are there not?

Ral. Softly—I have a whole gang of them here in our barn; I have kept them about the place these three months, and all on account of she.

Mer. Really.

Ral. Yea——but for your life don't say a word of it to any Christian——I am in love with her.

Mer. Indeed!

Ral. Feyther is as mad with me about it, as Old Scratch; and I gets the plague and all of anger; but I don't mind that.

Mer. Well, friend Ralph, if you are in love, no doubt you have some influence over your mistress; don't you think you could prevail upon her, and her companions, to supply me with one of their habits, and let me go up with them to-day to my lord Aimworth's.

Ral. Why do you want to go a mumming? We never do that here but in the Christmas holidays.

Mer. No matter: manage this for me, and manage it with secresy; and I promise you shall not go unrewarded.

Ral. Oh! as for that sir, I don't look for any thing, I can easily get you a bundle of their rags: but I don't know whether you'll prevail on them to go up to my lord's, because they're afraid of a big dog that's in the yard: but I'll tell you what I can do; I can go up before you and have the dog fastened, for I know his kennel.

Mer. That will do very well—By means of this disguise I shall probably get a sight of her; and I leave the rest to love and fortune.

AIR.

Why quits the merchant, blest with ease,
The pleasures of his native seat,
To tempt the dangers of the seas,
And crimes more perilous than these;
Midst freezing cold, or scorching heat.

He knows the hardships, knows the pain,
The length of way, but thinks it small;
The sweets of what he hopes to gain,
Undaunted, make him combat all.

SCENE XIII.

PATTY, RALPH, GILES, FANNY.

Giles. So his lordship was as willing as the flowers in May——and as I was coming along, who shou'd I meet but your father——and he bid me run in all haste and tell you——for we were sure you would be deadly glad.

Pat. I know not what business you had to go to my lord's at all, farmer.

Giles. Nay, I only did as I was desired——Master Fairfield bid me tell you moreover, as how he wou'd have you go up to my lord out of hand, and thank him.

Ral. So she ought; and take off those cloaths, and put on what's more becoming her station; you know my father spoke to you of that this morning too.

Pat. Brother, I shall obey my father.
Lye still my heart; oh! fatal stroke,
That kills at once my hopes and me.

Giles. *Miss Pat!*
Pat. ——*What?*
Giles. —— *Nay, I only spoke:*
Ral. *Take courage, mon, she does but joke,*
Come, Suster, somewhat kinder be.
Fan. *This is a thing the most oddest,*
Some folks are so plaguily modest;
Ral. Fan. *Were we in the case,*
To be in their place,
We'd carry it off with a different face.
Giles. *Thus I take her by the lily hand,*
So soft and white.
Ral —— *Why now that's right;*
And kiss her too, mon, never stand.
Pat. Giles. *What words can explain*
My pleasure—my pain?
It presses, it rises,
My heart it surprises,
I can't keep it down, tho' I'd never so fain.
Fan. *So here the play ends,*
The lovers are friends;
Ral. *Hush!*
Fan. ——*Tush!*
Giles. ——*Nah!*
Pat. ——*Psha!*
All. *What torment's exceeding, what joys are above,*
The pains and the pleasures that wait upon love.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A marble portico, ornamented with statues, which opens from Lord AIMWORTH'S *house; two chairs near the front.*

Enter Lord AIMWORTH *reading.*

In how contemptible a light would the situation I am now in shew me to most of the fine men of the present age? In love with a country girl; rivalled by a poor fellow, one of my meanest tenants, and uneasy at it! If I had a mind to her, I know they would tell me, I ought to have taken care to make myself easy long ago, when I had her in my power. But I have the testimony of my own heart in my favour; and I think, was it to do again, I should act as I have done. Let's see, what we have here? perhaps a book may compose my thoughts; [*reads and throws the book away*] it's to no purpose, I can't read, I can't think, I can't do any thing.

AIR.

Ah! how vainly mortals treasure
Hopes of happiness and pleasure,
Hard and doubtful to obtain;
By what standards false we measure:
Still pursuing
Ways to ruin,
Seeking bliss, and finding pain.

SCENE II.

LORD AIMWORTH, PATTY.

Pat. Now comes the trial: no, my sentence is already pronounc'd, and I will meet my fate with prudence and resolution.

L. Aim. Who's there?

Pat. My lord!

L. Aim. Patty Fairfield!

Pat. I humbly beg pardon, my lord, for pressing so abruptly into your presence; but I was told I might walk this way; and I am come by my father's commands to thank your lordship for all your favours.

L. Aim. Favours, Patty! what favours? I have done you none: but why this metamorphosis? I protest, if you had not spoke, I should not have known you; I never saw you wear such clothes as these in my mother's life-time.

Pat. No, my lord, it was her ladyship's pleasure I should wear better, and therefore I obeyed; but it is now my duty to dress in a manner more suitable to my station, and future prospects in life.

L. Aim. I am afraid, Patty, you are too humble—come, sit down—nay, I will have it so.—What is it I have been told to-day, Patty? It seems you are going to be married.

Pat. Yes, my lord.

L. Aim. Well, and don't you think you could have made a better choice than farmer Giles? I should imagine your person, your accomplishments, might have intitled you to look higher. 49

Pat. Your lordship is pleased to over-rate my little merit: the education I received in your family does not intitle me to forget my origin; and the farmer is my equal.

L. Aim. In what respect? The degrees of rank and fortune, my dear Patty, are arbitrary distinctions, unworthy the regard of those who consider justly; the true standard of equality is seated in the mind: those who think nobly are noble. 58

Pat. The farmer, my lord, is a very honest man.

L. Aim. So he may: I don't suppose he would break into a house, or commit a robbery on the highway: what do you tell me of his honesty for?

Pat. I did not mean to offend your lordship.

L. Aim. Offend! I am not offended, Patty; not at all offended——But is there any great merit in a man's being honest?

Pat. I don't say there is, my lord.

L. Aim. The farmer is an ill-bred, illiterate booby; and what happiness can you propose to yourself in such a society?——Then, as to his person, I am sure —But perhaps, Patty, you like him; and if so, I am doing a wrong thing. 72

Pat. Upon my word, my lord———

L. Aim. Nay, I see you do: he has had the good fortune to please you; and in that case, you are cer-

tainly in the right to follow your inclinations.—I must tell you one thing, Patty, however—I hope you won't think it unfriendly of me——But I am determined farmer Giles shall not stay a moment on my estate, after next quarter-day.

Pat. I hope, my lord, he has not incurred your displeasure——

L. Aim. That's of no significance.—Could I find as many good qualities in him as you do, perhaps—— But 'tis enough, he's a fellow I don't like; and as you have a regard for him, I would have you advise him to provide himself.

Pat. My lord, I am very unfortunate.

L. Aim. She loves him, 'tis plain——Come, Patty, don't cry; I would not willingly do any thing to make you uneasy.—Have you seen Miss Sycamore yet?—I suppose you know she and I are going to be married.

Pat. So I hear, my lord.——Heaven make you both happy!

L. Aim. Thank you, Patty; I hope we shall be happy.

Pat. Upon my knees, upon my knees I pray it: may every earthly bliss attend you! may your days prove an uninterrupted course of delightful tranquility; and your mutual friendship, confidence and love, end but with your lives!

L. Aim. Rise, Patty, rise; say no more—I suppose you'll wait upon Miss Sycamore before you go away—at present I have a little business——As I said, Patty,

don't afflict yourself: I have been somewhat hasty with regard to the farmer; but since I see how deeply you are interested in his affairs, I may possibly alter my designs with regard to him——You know—You know, Patty, your marriage with him is no concern of mine—I only speak——— 111

AIR.

My passion in vain I attempt to dissemble;
Th' endeavour to hide it, but makes it appear:
Enraptur'd I gaze, when I touch her I tremble,
And speak to and hear her, with falt'ring and fear.

By how many cruel ideas tormented!
My blood's in a ferment; it freezes, it burns:
This moment I wish, what the next is repented;
While love, rage, and jealousy, rack me by turns. 119

SCENE III.

PATTY, GILES.

Giles. Miss Pat—Odd rabbit it, I thought his honour was here; and I wish I may die if my heart did not jump into my mouth—Come, come down in all haste, there's such rig below as you never knew in your born days.

" *Pat.* Rig!

"*Giles.* Ay, and fun"—There's as good as forty of the tenants, men and maidens, have got upon the lawn before the castle, with pipers and garlands; just for all the world as tho'f it was May-day; and the quality's looking at them out of the windows—'Tis as true as any thing; on account of my lord's coming home with his new lady—"Look here, I have brought "a string of flowers along with me."

Pat. Well, and what then?

Giles. Why I was thinking, if so be as you would come down, as we might take a dance together: little Sal, farmer Harrow's daughter, of the Green, would fain have had me for a partner; but I said as how I'd go for one I liked better, one that I'd make a partner for life.

Pat. Did you say so?

Giles. Yes, and she was struck all of a heap——she had not a word to throw to a dog—for Sal and I kept company once for a little bit.

Pat. Farmer, I am going to say something to you, and I desire you will listen to it attentively. It seems you think of our being married together.

Giles. Think! why I think of nothing else; it's all over the place mun, as how you are to be my spouse; and you would not believe what game folks make of me.

Pat. Shall I talk to you like a friend, farmer—— You and I were never designed for one another; and I am morally certain we should not be happy.

Giles. Oh! as for that matter, I never has no words with nobody.

Pat. Shall I speak plainer to you then—I don't like you.

Giles. No!

Pat. On the contrary, you are disagreeable to me—

Giles. Am I!

Pat. Yes, of all things: I deal with you sincerely.

Giles. Why, I thought, Miss Pat, the affair between you and I was all fix'd and settled.

Pat. Well, let this undeceive you—Be assured we shall never be man and wife. No offer shall persuade, no command force me.—You know my mind, make your advantage of it.

AIR.

Was I sure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Every hardship would I brave;
Rudest toil, severest need;
Ere yield my hand so coolly,
To the man who never, truly,
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy set me at ease.

SCENE IV.

GILES.

Here's a turn! I don't know what to make of it: she's gone mad, that's for sartin; wit and learning have crack'd her brain——Poor soul, poor soul—— It is often the case of those who have too much of them.—Lord, Lord, how sorry I be—But hold, she says I baint to her mind—mayn't all this be the effect of modish coyness, to do like the gentlewomen, because she was bred among them? And I have heard say, they will be upon their vixen tricks, till they go into the very church with a man. Icod there's nothing more likelier; for it is the cry of one and all, that she's the moral of a lady in every thing: and our farmer's daughters, for the matter of that, tho'f they have nothing to boast of but a scrap of red ribbon about their hats, will have as many turnings and windings as a hare, before one can lay a fast hold of them. There can no harm come of speaking with master Fairfield, however.—Odd rabbit it, how plaguy tart she was—I am half vext with myself now that I let her go off so.

AIR.

When a maid, in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let 'un do the best he can,

She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the suit's began.

Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
Still she shams it coy and cold;
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo;
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles too.

SCENE V.

Changes to a view of Lord AIMWORTH'S *house, and improvements; a seat under a tree, and part of the garden wall, with a Chinese pavilion over it; several country people appear dancing, others looking on; among whom are,* MERVIN, *disguised,* RALPH, FANNY, *and a number of gipsies. After the dancers go off,* THEODOSIA *and* PATTY *enter through a gate supposed to have a connection with the principal building.*

The. Well then, my dear Patty, you will run away from us: but why in such a hurry, I have a thousand things to say to you?

Pat. I shall do myself the honour to pay my duty to you some other time, madam; at present I really find myself a little indisposed.

The. Nay, I would by no means lay you under any restraint. But methinks the entertainment we have just been taking part of, should have put you into better spirits: I am not in an over-merry mood myself, yet, I swear, I could not look on the diversion of those honest folks, without feeling a certain *gaieté de cœur.*

Pat. Why, indeed, madam, it had one circumstance attending it, which is often wanting to more polite amusements; that of seeming to give undissembled satisfaction to those who were engaged in it.

The. Oh, infinite, infinite! to see the chearful, healthy looking creatures, toil with such a good will! To me there were more genuine charms in their awkward stumping and jumping about, their rude measures, and homespun finery, than in all the dress, splendor, and studied graces, of a birth-night ball-room.

Pat. 'Tis a very uncommon declaration to be made by a fine lady, madam: but certainly, however the artful delicacies of high life may dazzle and surprize, nature has particular attractions, even in a cottage, her most unadorned state, which seldom fail to affect us, tho' we can scarce give a reason for it.

The. But you know, Patty, I was always a distracted admirer of the country; no damsel in romance was ever fonder of groves and purling streams: had

I been born in the days of Arcadia, with my present propensity, instead of being a fine lady, as you call me, I should certainly have kept a flock of sheep.

Pat. Well, madam, you have the sages, poets, and philosophers, of all ages, to countenance your way of thinking.

The. And you, my little philosophical friend, don't you think me in the right too?

Pat. Yes, indeed, madam, perfectly.

AIR.

Trust me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene:

Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.

SCENE VI.

THEODOSIA, MERVIN, FANNY.

Mer. Yonder she is seated; and, to my wish, most fortunately alone. Accost her as I desired.

The. Heigh!

Fan. Heaven bless you, my sweet lady—bless your honour's beautiful visage, and send you a good husband, and a great many of them.

The. A very comfortable wish upon my word: who are you, child?

Fan. A poor gipsey, an' please you, that goes about begging from charitable gentlemen and ladies—If you have ere a coal or a bit of whiting in your pocket, I'll write you the first letter of your sweetheart's name; how many husbands you will have; and how many children, my lady: or, if you'll let me look at your line of life, I'll tell you whether it will be long or short, happy or miserable.

The. Oh! as for that, I know it already—you cannot tell me any good fortune, and therefore I'll hear none. Go about your business.

Mer. Stay, madam, stay, [*Pretending to lift a paper from the ground.*] you have dropt something—Fan, call the young gentlewoman back.

Fan. Lady, you have lost——

The. Pho, pho, I have lost nothing.

Mer. Yes, that paper, lady; you dropt it as you got up from the chair.—Fan, give it to her honour.

The. A letter with my address! [*Takes the paper and reads.*] "Dear Theodosia! Though the sight of me "was so disagreeable to you, that you charged me "never to approach you more, I hope my hand-writ- "ting can have nothing to frighten or disgust you. I "am not far off; and the person who delivers you "this, can give you intelligence."——Come hither,

child: do you know any thing of the gentleman that wrote this?

Fan. My lady——

The. Make haste run this moment, bring me to him, bring him to me; say I wait with impatience; tell him I will go, fly any where——

Mer. My life, my charmer!

The. Oh, Heavens!——Mr. Mervin!

SCENE VII.

THEODOSIA, MERVIN, *Sir* HARRY, *Lady* SYCAMORE, FANNY, GIPSIES.

L. Syc. Sir Harry, don't walk so fast, we are not running for a wager.

S. Har. Hough, hough, hough.

L. Syc. Hey day, you have got a cough; I shall have you laid upon my hands presently.

S. Har. No, no, my lady, it's only the old affair.

L. Syc. Come here, and let me tye this handkerchief about your neck; you have put yourself into a muck sweat already. [*Ties a handkercheif about his neck.*] Have you taken your Bardana this morning? I warrant you not now, though you have been complaining of twitches two or three times; and you know the gouty season is coming on. Why will you be so neglectful of your health, Sir Harry? I protest I am forced to watch you like an infant.

S. Har. My lovey takes care of me, and I am obliged to her.

L. Syc. Well, but you ought to mind me then, since you are satisfied I never speak but for your good.—I thought, Miss Sycamore, you were to have followed your papa and me into the garden.—How far did you go with that wench?

The. They are gipsies, madam, they say. Indeed I don't know what they are.

L. Syc. I wish miss, you would learn to give a rational answer.———

S. Har. Eh! what's that? gipsies! Have we gipsies here! Vagrants, that pretend to a knowledge of future events; diviners, fortune-tellers?

Fan. Yes, your worship, we'll tell your fortune, or her ladyship's, for a crum of bread, or a little broken victuals: what you throw to your dogs, an please you.

S. Har. Broken victuals, hussey! How do you think we should have broken victuals?—If we are at home, indeed, perhaps you might get some such thing from the cook: but here we are only on a visit to a friend's house, and have nothing to do with the kitchen at all.

L. Syc. And do you think, Sir Harry, it is necessary to give the creature an account.

S. Har. No, love, no; but what can you say to obstinate people?——Get you gone, bold face.—I once knew a merchant's wife in the city, my lady, who had her fortune told by some of those gipsies. They said she should die at such a time; and I war-

rant, as sure as the day came, the poor gentlewoman actually died with the conceit.———Come, Dossy, your mama and I are going to take a walk.———My lady, will you have hold of my arm ?

L. Syc. No, Sir Harry, I choose to go by myself.

Mer. Now, love, assist me—[*Turning to the gipsies.*] Follow and take all your cues from me——Nay, but good lady and gentleman, you won't go without remembering the poor gipsies.

S. Har. Hey ! here is all the gang after us.

Gip. Pray, your noble honour.

L. Syc. Come back into the garden ; we shall be covered with vermin.

Gip. Out of the bowels of your commiseration.

L. Syc. They press upon us more and more ; yet that girl has no mind to leave them : I shall swoon away.

S. Har. Don't be frighten'd, my lady ; let me advance.

AIR.

You vile pack of vagabonds, what do you mean ?
I'll maul you rascallions,
Ye tatter-demallions——
If one of you come within reach of my cane.

Such cursed assurance,
'Tis past all endurance.
Nay, nay, pray come away.

They're lyars and thieves,
And he that believes
Their foolish predictions,
Will find them but fictions,
A bubble that always deceives.

SCENE VIII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, FANNY, GIPSIES.

Fan. Oh! mercy, dear—The gentleman is so bold, 'tis well if he does not bring us into trouble. Who knows but this may be a justice of peace! and see, he's following them into the garden!

1st Gip. Well, 'tis all your seeking, Fan.

Fan. We shall have warrants to take us up, I'll be hang'd else. We had better run away, the servants will come out with sticks to lick us.

Mer. Cursed ill fortune—[*Here Mervin returns with gipsies.*]—She's gone, and, perhaps, I shall not have another opportunity—And you, ye blundering block-head, I won't give you a halfpenny——Why did you not clap too the garden door, when I called to you, before the young lady got in? The key was on the outside, which would have given me some time for an explanation.

2d Gip. An please your honour I was dubus.

Mer. Dubus! plague choak ye——However, it is some satisfaction that I have been able to let her see

me, and know where I am [*Turning to the gipsies, who go off.*]——Go, get you gone, all of you, about your business.

The. Disappeared, fled! [*Theodosia appears in the pavilion.*]—Oh, how unlucky this is!—Could he not have patience to wait a moment?

Mer. I know not what to resolve on.

The. Hem!

Mer. I'll go back to the garden-door.

The. Mr. Mervin!

Mer. What do I see!—'Tis she, 'tis she herself!—Oh, Theodosia!——Shall I climb the wall and come up to you?

The. No; speak softly: Sir Harry and my Lady sit below at the end of the walk—How much am I obliged to you for taking this trouble.

Mer. When their happiness is at stake, what is it men will not attempt?—Say but you love me.

The. What proof would you have me give you?—I know but of one: if you please I am willing to go off with you.

Mer. Are you!—Would to Heaven I had brought a carriage!

The. How did you come?—Have you not horses?

Mer. No; there's another misfortune.——To avoid suspicion, there being but one little public-house in the village, I dispatched my servant with them, about an hour ago, to wait for me at a town twelve miles distant, whither I pretended to go; but alighting a mile off, I equipt myself, and came back as you see:

neither can we, nearer than this town, get a post-chaise.

The. You say you have made a confidant of the miller's son:—return to your place of rendezvous:—my father has been asked this moment, by Lord Aimworth, who is in the garden, to take a walk with him down to the mill: they will go before dinner; and it shall be hard if I cannot contrive to be one of the company.

Mer. And what then———

The. Why, in the mean time, you may devise some method to carry me from hence: and I'll take care you shall have an opportunity of communicating it to me.

Mer. Well, but dear Theodosia———

AIR.

The. *Hist, hist! I hear my mother call——*
Pr'ythee be gone;
We'll meet anon:
Catch this, and this——
Blow me a kiss
In pledge of promis'd truth, that's all.
Farewell!——and yet a moment stay;
Something beside I had to say:——
Well, 'tis forgot;
No matter what———
Love grant us grace;
The mill's the place:
She calls again, I must away.

SCENE IX.

MERVIN, FANNY.

Fan. Please your honour, you were so kind as to say you would remember my fellow-travellers for their trouble: and they think I have gotten the money.

Mer. Oh, here; give them this—[*Gives her money.*] And for you, my dear little pilot, you have brought me so cleverly through my business, that I must——

Fan. Oh, Lord!—your honour—[*Mervin kisses her.*] Pray don't———kiss me again.

Mer. Again, and again.———There's a thought come into my head.—Theodosia will certainly have no objection to putting on the dress of a sister of mine.—So, and so only we may escape to-night.—This girl, for a little money, will provide us with necessaries.———

Fan. Dear gracious! I warrant you, now, I am as red as my petticoat: why would you royster and touzle one so?—If Ralph was to see you, he'd be as jealous as the vengeance.

Mer. Hang Ralph! Never mind him.—There's a guinea for thee.

Fan. What, a golden guinea?———

Mer. Yes; and if thou art a good girl, and do as I desire thee, thou shalt have twenty.

Fan. Ay, but not all gold.

Mer. As good as that is.

Fan. Shall I though, if I does as you bids me?

Mer. You shall.

Fan. Precious heart! He's a sweet gentleman!—Icod I have a great mind———

Mer. What art thou thinking about?

Fan. Thinking, your honour?—Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. Indeed, so merry.

Fan. I don't know what I am thinking about, not I—Ha, ha, ha!—Twenty guineas!

Mer. I tell thee thou shalt have them.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mer. By Heaven I am serious.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha!—Why then I'll do whatever your honour pleases.

Mer. Stay here a little, to see that all keeps quiet: you'll find me presently at the mill, where we'll talk farther.

AIR.

Yes, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine!
I must, I will possess thee:
Oh, what delight within my arms to press thee!
To kiss, and call thee mine!
Let me this only bliss enjoy;
That ne'er can waste, that ne'er can cloy:
All other pleasures I resign.

Why should we dally;
Stand shilly shally:

Let fortune smile or frown?
Love will attend us;
Love will befriend us;
And all our wishes crown.

SCENE X.

FANNY, RALPH.

Fan. What a dear kind soul he is—Here comes Ralph—I can tell him, unless he makes me his lawful wife, as he has often said he would, the devil a word more shall he speak to me.

Ral. So, Fan, where's the gentleman?

Fan. How should I know where he is; what do you ask me for?

Ral. There's no harm in putting a civil question, be there? Why you look as cross and ill-natured——

Fan. Well, mayhap I do—and mayhap I have where-withal for it.

Ral. Why, has the gentleman offered any thing uncivil? Ecod, I'd try a bout as soon as look at him.

Fan. He offer—no—he's a gentleman every inch of him; but you are sensible, Ralph, you have been promising me, a great while, this, and that, and t'other; and, when all comes to all, I don't see but you are like the rest of them.

Ral. Why, what is it I have promised?

Fan. To marry me in the church, you have, a hundred times.

Ral. Well, and mayhap I will, if you'll have patience.

Fan. Patience! me no patience; you may do it now if you please.

Ral. Well, but suppose I don't please? I tell you, Fan, you're a fool, and want to quarrel with your bread and butter; I have had anger enow from feyther already upon your account, and you want me to come by more. As I said, if you have patience, mayhap things may fall out, and mayhap not.

Fan. With all my heart, then; and now I know your mind, you may go hang yourself.

Ral. Ay, ay.

Fan. Yes, you may—who cares for you?

Ral. Well, and who cares for you, an you go to that?

Fan. A menial feller—Go mind your mill and your drudgery; I don't think you worthy to wipe my shoes—feller.

Ral. Nay, but Fan, keep a civil tongue in your head: odds flesh! I would fain know what fly bites all of a sudden now.

Fan. Marry come up, the best gentlemen's sons in the country have made me proffers; and if one is a miss, be a miss to a gentleman, I say, that will give one fine clothes, and take one to see the show, and put money in one's pocket.

Ral. Whu, whu—[*Hits him a slap.*] What's that for?

Fan. What do you whistle for, then? Do you think I am a dog?

Ral. Never from me, Fan, if I have not a mind to give you, with this switch in my hand here, as good a lacing———

Fan. Touch me, if you dare: touch me, and I'll swear my life against you.

Ral. A murrain! with her damn'd little fist as hard as she could draw.

Fan. Well, it's good enough for you; I'm not necessitated to take up with the impudence of such a low-lived monkey as you are.——A gentleman's my friend, and I can have twenty guineas in my hand, all as good as this is.

Ral. Belike from this Londoner, eh?

Fan. Yes, from him—so you may take your promise of marriage; I don't value it that—[*spits*] and if you speak to me, I'll slap your chops again.

AIR.

Lord, sir, you seem mighty uneasy;
But I the refusal can bear:
I warrant I shall not run crazy,
Nor die in a fit of despair.
If so you suppose, you're mistaken;
For, sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow.

SCENE XI.

RALPH.

Indeed! Now I'll be judg'd by any soul living in the world, if ever there was a viler piece of treachery than this here; there is no such thing as a true friend upon the face of the globe, and so I have said a hundred times! A couple of base deceitful——after all my love and kindness shewn! Well, I'll be revenged; see an I be'nt——Marster Marvint, that's his name, an he do not sham it: he has come here and disguised unself; whereof 'tis contrary to law so to do: besides, I do partly know why he did it; and I'll fish out the whole conjuration, and go up to the castle and tell every syllable; a shan't carry a wench from me, were he twenty times the mon he is, and twenty times to that again; and moreover than so, the first time I meet un, I'll knock un down, tho'f 'twas before my lord himself; and he may capias me for it afterwards an he wull. 606

AIR.

As they count me such a ninny,
So to let them rule the roast;
I'll bet any one a guinea
They have scor'd without their host.

But if I don't shew them in lieu of it,
A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
Then let me pass for a fool and an ass.

To be sure yon sly cajoler
Thought the work as good as done,
When he found the little stroller
Was so easy to be won.
But if I don't shew him in lieu of it,
A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
Then let me pass for a fool or an ass.

SCENE XII.

Changes to a room in the mill; two chairs, with a table and a tankard of beer.

FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Fai. In short, farmer, I don't know what to say to thee. I have spoken to her all I can; but I think children were born to pull the grey hairs of their parents to the grave with sorrow.

Giles. Nay, master Fairfield, don't take on about it: belike Miss Pat has another love: and if so, in Heaven's name be't: what's one man's meat, as the saying is, is another man's poison; and, tho'f some might find me well enough to their fancy, set in case I don't suit her's, why there's no harm done.

Fai. Well but, neighbour, I have put that to her; and the story is, she has no inclination to marry any one; all she desires, is, to stay at home and take care of me.

Giles. Master Fairfield——here's towards your good health.

Fai. Thank thee, friend Giles—and here's towards thine.—I promise thee, had things gone as we proposed, thou should'st have had one half of what I was worth, to the uttermost farthing.

Giles. Why to be sure, Master Fairfield, I am not the less obligated to your good-will; but, as to that matter, had I married, it should not have been for the lucre of gain; but if I do like a girl, do you see, I do like her; ay, and I'd take her, saving respect, if she had not a second petticoat.

Fai. Well said—where love is, with a little industry, what have a young couple to be afraid of? And, by the Lord Harry, for all that's past, I cannot help thinking we shall bring our matters to bear yet—Young women you know, friend Giles——

Giles. Why, that's what I have been thinking with myself, Master Fairfield.

Fai. Come, then, mend thy draught.—Duce take me if I let it drop so—But, in any case, don't you go to make yourself uneasy.

Giles. Uneasy, Master Fairfield; what good would that do?—For sartin, seeing how things were, I should have been very glad they had gone according-

ly: but if they change, 'tis no fault of mine you know.

AIR.

Zooks! why should I sit down and grieve?
No case so hard, there mayn't be had
Some med'cine to relieve.

Here's what masters all disasters:
With a cup of nut-brown beer,
Thus my drooping thoughts I cheer;
If one pretty damsel fail me,
From another I may find
Return more kind;
What a murrain then should ail me!
All girls are not of a mind.

He's a child that whimpers for a toy;
So here's to thee, honest boy.

SCENE XIII.

FAIRFIELD, *Lord* AIMWORTH.

Fai. O the goodness, his lordship's honour—you are come into a litter'd place, my noble sir—the arm-chair——will it please your honour to repose you on this, till a better———

L. Aim. Thank you, miller, there's no occasion for either.———I only want to speak a few words to you, and have company waiting for me without.

Fai. Without———won't their honours favour my poor hovel so far———

L. Aim. No, miller, let them stay where they are.—I find you are about marrying your daughter—I know the great regard my mother had for her; and am satisfied, that nothing but her sudden death could have prevented her leaving her a handsome provision.

Fai. Dear, my lord, your noble mother, you, and all your family, have heaped favours on favours on my poor child.

L. Aim. Whatever has been done for her she has fully merited———

Fai. Why, to be sure, my lord, she is a very good girl.

L. Aim. Poor old man—but those are tears of satisfaction.———Here, Master Fairfield, to bring matters to a short conclusion, here is a bill of a thousand pounds.———Portion your daughter with what you think convenient of it.

Fai. A thousand pound, my lord! Pray excuse me; excuse me, worthy sir; too much has been done already, and we have no pretensions———

L. Aim. I insist upon your taking it.——Put it up, and say no more.

Fai. Well, my lord, if it must be so: but indeed, indeed———

L. Aim. In this I only fulfil what I am satisfied would please my mother. As to myself, I shall take upon me all the expences of Patty's wedding, and have already given orders about it.

Fai. Alas, sir, you are too good, too generous; but I fear we shall not be able to profit of your kind intentions, unless you will condescend to speak a little to Patty.

L. Aim. How speak!

Fai. Why, my lord, I thought we had pretty well ordered all things concerning this marriage; but all on a sudden the girl has taken it into her head not to have the farmer, and declares she will never marry at all.——But I know, my lord, she'll pay great respect to any thing you say: and if you'll but lay your commands on her to marry him, I'm sure she'll do it.

L. Aim. Who, I lay my commands on her?

Fai. Yes, pray, my lord, do; I'll send her in to you.

L. Aim. "Master Fairfield! [*Fairfield goes out and returns.*]—What can be the meaning of this?—Refuse to marry the farmer!—How, why?—My heart "is thrown in an agitation; while every step I take, "serves but to lead me into new perplexities.

Fai. "She's coming, my lord; I said you were "here;" and I humbly beg you will tell her, you insist upon the match going forward; tell her, you insist upon it, my lord, and speak a little angrily to her.

SCENE XIV.

Lord AIMWORTH, PATTY.

L. Aim. I came hither, Patty, in consequence of our conversation this morning, to render your change of state as agreeable and happy as I could: but your father tells me, you have fallen out with the farmer: has any thing happened, since I saw you last, to alter your good opinion of him?

Pat. No, my lord, I am in the same opinion with regard to the farmer now as I always was.

L. Aim. I thought, Patty, you loved him, you told me——

Pat. My lord!

L. Aim. Well, no matter—It seems I have been mistaken in that particular——Possibly your affections are engaged elsewhere: let me but know the man that can make you happy, and I swear——

Pat. Indeed, my lord, you take too much trouble upon my account.

L. Aim. Perhaps, Patty, you love somebody so much beneath you, you are ashamed to own it; but your esteem confers a value wheresoever it is placed. I was too harsh with you this morning: our inclinations are not in our own power; they master the wisest of us.

Pat. Pray, pray my lord, talk not to me in this stile: consider me as one destined by birth and fortune to the meanest condition and offices; who has

unhappily been apt to imbibe sentiments contrary to them! Let me conquer a heart, where pride and vanity have usurped an improper rule; and learn to know myself, of whom I have been too long ignorant.

L. Aim. Perhaps, Patty, you love some one so much above you, you are afraid to own it——If so, be his rank what it will, he is to be envied: for the love of a woman of virtue, beauty, and sentiment, does honour to a monarch.———What means that downcast look, those tears, those blushes? Dare you not confide in me?—Do you think, Patty, you have a friend in the world would sympathize with you more sincerely than I? 784

Pat. What shall I answer?—No, my lord, you have ever treated me with a kindness, a generosity of which none but minds like yours are capable: you have been my instructor, my adviser, my protector: but, my lord, you have been too good: when our superiors forget the distance between us, we are sometimes led to forget it too: had you been less condescending, perhaps I had been happier. 792

L. Aim. And have I, Patty, have I made you unhappy: I, who would sacrifice my own felicity, to secure your's?

Pat. I beg, my lord, you will suffer me to be gone: only believe me sensible of all your favours, though unworthy of the smallest.

L. Aim. How unworthy!—You merit every thing; my respect, my esteem, my friendship, and my love!—Yes, I repeat, I avow it: your beauty, your mo-

desty, your understanding, have made a conquest of my heart.—But what a world do we live in! that, while I own this; while I own a passion for you, founded on the justest, the noblest basis, I must at the same time confess, the fear of that world, its taunts, its reproaches— 807

Pat. Ah, sir, think better of the creature you have raised, than to suppose I ever entertained a hope tending to your dishonour: would that be a return for the favours I have received? Would that be a grateful reverence for the memory of her——Pity and pardon the disturbance of a mind that fears to enquire too minutely into its own sensations.——I am unfortunate, my lord, but not criminal.

L. Aim. Patty, we are both unfortunate: for my own part, I know not what to say to you, or what to propose to myself. 818

Pat. Then, my lord, 'tis mine to act as I ought: yet, while I am honoured with a place in your esteem, imagine me not insensible of so high a distinction; or capable of lightly turning my thought towards another.

L. Aim. How cruel is my situation!——I am here, Patty, to command you to marry the man who has given you so much uneasiness.

Pat. My lord, I am convinced it is for your credit and my safety, it should be so: I hope I have not so ill profited by the lessons of your noble mother, but I shall be able to do my duty, whenever I am called to it: this will be my first support; time and reflection will complete the work. 831

AIR.

Cease, oh cease, to overwhelm me,
With excess of bounty rare;
What am I? What have I? Tell me,
To deserve your meanest care?
'Gainst our fate in vain's resistance,
Let me then no grief disclose;
But resign'd, at humble distance,
Offer vows for your repose.

SCENE XV.

Lord AIMWORTH, PATTY, *Sir* HARRY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA, GILES.

S. Har. No justice of peace, no bailiffs, no headborough!

L. Aim. What's the matter, Sir Harry?

S. Har. The matter, my lord—While I was examining the construction of the mill without, for I have some small notion of mechanics, Miss Sycamore had like to have been run away with by a gipsey man.

The. Dear papa, how can you talk so? Did not I tell you it was at my own desire the poor fellow went to shew me the canal.

S. Har. Hold your tongue, miss. I don't know any business you had to let him come near you at all:

we have stayed so long too; your mama gave us but half an hour, and she'll be frightened out of her wits —she'll think some accident has happened to me.

L. Aim. I'll wait upon you when you please.

S. Har. O! but my lord, here's a poor fellow; it seems his mistress has conceived some disgust against him: pray has her father spoke to you to interpose your authority in his behalf?

Giles. If his lordship's honour would be so kind, I would acknowledge the favour as far as in me lay.

S. Har. Let me speak—[*Takes Lord Aimworth aside*] a word or two in your lordship's ear.

The. Well, I do like this gipsey scheme prodigiously, if we can but put it into execution as happily as we have contrived it.—[*here Patty enters*] So, my dear Patty, you see I am come to return your visit very soon; but this is only a call *en passant*—will you be at home after dinner?

Pat. Certainly, madam, whenever you condescend to honour me so far: but it is what I cannot expect.

The. O fye, why not———

Giles. Your servant, Miss Patty.

Pat. Farmer, your servant.

S. Har. Here you goodman delver, I have done your business; my lord has spoke, and your fortune's made: a thousand pounds at present, and better things to come; his lordship says he will be your friend.

Giles. I do hope, then, Miss Pat will make all up.

S. Har. Miss Pat, make up! stand out of the way,
I'll make it up.

The quarrels of lovers, adds me! they're a jest;
Come hither, ye blockhead, come hither:
So now let us leave them together.

L. Aim. *Farewell, then!*

Pat. ——————*For ever!*

Giles. ——————*I vow and protest,*
'Twas kind of his honour,
To gain thus upon her;
We're so much beholden it can't be exprest,

The. *I feel something here,*
'Twixt hoping and fear:
Haste, haste, friendly night,
To shelter our flight——

L. Aim. Pat. } *A thousand distractions are rending my breast.*

Pat. *O mercy,*

Giles. ——*Oh dear!*

S. Har. *Why miss, will you mind when you're spoke to, or not?*
Must I stand in waiting,
While you're here a prating?

L. Aim. The. } *May ev'ry felicity fall to your lot.*

Giles. *She curtsies!—Look there,*
What a shape, what an air!—

All. *How happy, how wretched! how tir'd am I!*
Your lordship's obedient; your servant; good bye.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Portico to Lord AIMWORTH's *House.*

Enter Lord AIMWORTH, *Sir* HARRY, *Lady* SYCAMORE.

Lady Sycamore.

A WRETCH! a vile, inconsiderate wretch! coming of such a race as mine; and having an example like me before her!

L. Aim. I beg, madam, you will not disquiet yourself: you are told here, that a gentleman lately arrived from London has been about the place to-day; that he has disguised himself like a gipsey, came hither, and had some conversation with your daughter; you are even told, that there is a design formed for their going off together; but possibly there may be some mistake in all this.

S. Har. Ay, but my lord, the lad tells us the gentleman's name; we have seen the gipsies; and we know she has had a hankering———

L. Syc. Sir Harry, my dear, why will you put in your word, when you hear others speaking—I protest, my lord, I'm in such confusion, I know not what to say: I can hardly support myself.———

L. Aim. This gentleman, it seems, is at a little inn at the bottom of the hill.

S. Har. I wish it was possible to have a file of musqueteers, my lord; I could head them myself, being in the militia: and we would go and seize him directly.

L. Aim. Softly, my dear sir; let us proceed with a little less violence in this matter, I beseech you. We should first see the young lady——Where is Miss Sycamore, madam?

L. Syc. Really, my lord, I don't know; I saw her go into the garden about a quarter of an hour ago, from our chamber window.

S. Har. Into the garden! perhaps she has got an inkling of our being informed of this affair, and is gone to throw herself into the pond. Despair, my lord, makes girls do terrible things. 'Twas but the Wednesday before we left London, that I saw, taken out of Rosamond's pond, in Saint James's Park, as likely a young woman as ever you would desire to set your eyes on, in a new callimanco petticoat, and a pair of silver buckles in her shoes.

L. Aim. I hope there is no danger of any such fatal accident happening at present; but will you oblige me, Sir Harry?

S. Har. Surely, my lord——

L. Aim. Will you commit the whole direction of this affair to my prudence?

S. Har. My dear, you hear what his lordship says.

L. Syc. Indeed, my lord, I am so much asham'd, I don't know what to answer; the fault of my daughter.—

L. Aim. Don't mention it, madam; the fault has been mine, who have been innocently the occasion of a young lady's transgressing a point of duty and decorum, which, otherwise, she would never have violated. But if you, and Sir Harry, will walk in and repose yourselves, I hope to settle every thing to the general satisfaction.

L. Syc. Come in, Sir Harry. [*Exit.*

L. Aim. I am sure, my good friend, had I known that I was doing a violence to Miss Sycamore's inclinations, in the happiness I proposed to myself—— 61

S. Har. My lord, 'tis all a case——My grandfather, by the mother's side, was a very sensible man—he was elected knight of the shire in five successive parliaments; and died high sheriff of his county—a man of fine parts, fine talents, and one of the most curiosest docker of horses in all England (but that he did only now and then for his amusement)——And he used to say, my lord, that the female sex were good for nothing but to bring forth children, and breed disturbance. 71

L. Aim. The ladies were very little obliged to your ancestor, Sir Harry: but for my part, I have a more favourable opinion———

S. Har. You are in the wrong, my lord: with submission, you are really in the wrong.

AIR.

To speak my mind of woman kind,
In one word 'tis this;
By nature they're design'd,
To say and do amiss.

Be they maids, be they wives,
Alike they plague our lives:
Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain;
Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their study day and night,
Is mischief, their delight:
And if we should prevent,
At one door their intent;
They quickly turn about,
And find another out.

SCENE II.

"*Lord* AIMWORTH," *Enter* FAIRFIELD, "RALPH."

"*Ral.* Dear goodness, my lord, I doubts I have "done some wrong here; I hope your honour will "forgive me; to be sartin, if I had known——

"*L. Aim.* You have done nothing but what's very "right, my lad; don't make yourself uneasy."—How now, master Fairfield, what brings you here?

Fai. I am come, my lord, to thank you for your bounty to me and my daughter this morning, and most humbly to intreat your lordship to receive it at our hands again.

L. Aim. Ay—why, what's the matter?

Fai. I don't know, my lord; it seems your generosity to my poor girl has been noised about the neighbourhood; and some evil-minded people have put it into the young man's head, that was to marry her, that you would never have made her a present so much above her deserts and expectations, if it had not been upon some naughty account: now, my lord, I am a poor man, 'tis true, and a mean one; but I and my father, and my father's father, have lived tenants upon your lordship's estate, where we have always been known for honest men; and it shall never be said, that Fairfield, the miller, became rich in his old days by the wages of his child's shame.

L. Aim. What then, Master Fairfield, do you believe——

Fai. No, my lord, no, Heaven forbid: but when I consider the sum, it is too much for us; "it is in-"deed, my lord," and enough to make bad folks talk: besides, my poor girl is greatly alter'd; she us'd to be the life of every place she came into; but since her being at home, I have seen nothing from her but sadness and watery eyes.

L. Aim. The farmer then refuses to marry Patty, notwithstanding their late reconciliation.

Fai. Yes, my lord, he does indeed; and has made a wicked noise, and used us in a very base manner: I did not think farmer Giles would have been so ready to believe such a thing of us.

L. Aim. Well, Master Fairfield, I will not press on you a donation, the rejection of which does you so much credit; you may take my word, however, that your fears upon this occasion are entirely groundless: but this is not enough, as I have been the means of losing your daughter one husband, it is but just I should get her another; and, since the farmer is so scrupulous, there is a young man in the house here, whom I have some influence over, and I dare say he will be less squeamish.

Fai. To be sure, my lord, you have, in all honest ways, a right to dispose of me and mine, as you think proper.

L. Aim. Go then immediately, and bring Patty hither; I shall not be easy till I have given you entire satisfaction. But, stay and take a letter, which I am stepping into my study to write: I'll order a chaise to be got ready, that you may go back and forward with greater expedition.

AIR.

Let me fly——hence tyrant fashion,
Teach to servile minds your law;
Curb in them each gen'rous passion,
Ev'ry motion keep in awe.

Shall I, in thy trammels going,
Quit the idol of my heart?
While it beats, all fervent, glowing!
With my life I'll sooner part.

SCENE III.

FANNY *following* RALPH.

Fan. Ralph, Ralph!

Ral. What do you want with me, eh?

Fan. Lord, I never knowed such a man as you are, since I com'd into the world; a body can't speak to you, but you falls strait ways into a passion: I followed you up from the house, only you run so, there was no such a thing as overtaking you, and I have been waiting there at the back door ever so long.

Ral. Well, and now you may go and wait at the fore door, if you like it: but I forewarn you and your gang not to keep lurking about our mill any longer;

for if you do, I'll send the constable after you, and have you, every mother's skin, clapt into the county gaol, you are such a pack of thieves, one can't hang so much as a rag to dry for you: it was but the other day that a couple of them came into our kitchen to beg a handful of dirty flour to make them cakes, and before the wench could turn about, they had whipped off three brass candlesticks, and a pot-lid.

Fan. Well, sure it was not I.

Ral. Then you know that old rascal, that you call father; the last time I catch'd him laying snares for the hares, I told him I'd inform the game-keeper, and I'll expose all——

Fan. Ah, dear Ralph, don't be angry with me.

Ral. Yes I will be angry with you—what do you come nigh me for?—You shan't touch me—There's the skirt of my coat, and if you do but lay a finger on it, my lord's bailiff is here in the court, and I'll call him and give you to him.

Fan. If you'll forgive me, I'll go down on my knees.

Ral. I tell you I won't.—No, no, follow your gentleman; or go live upon your old fare, crows and polecats, and sheep that die of the rot; pick the dead fowl off the dung-hills, and squench your thirst at the next ditch, 'tis the fittest liquor to wash down such dainties—skulking about from barn to barn, and lying upon wet straw, on commons, and in green lanes—go and be whipt from parish to parish, as you used to be.

Fan. How can you talk so unkind? 199

Ral. And see whether you will get what will keep you as I did, by telling of fortunes, and coming with pillows under your apron, among the young farmers wives, to make believe you are a breeding, with "the Lord Almighty bless you, sweet mistress, you cannot tell how soon it may be your own case." You know I am acquainted with all your tricks—and how you turn up the whites of your eyes, pretending you were struck blind by thunder and lightning.

Fan. Pray don't be angry, Ralph.

Ral. Yes but I will tho'; spread your cobwebs to catch flies, I am an old wasp, and don't value them a button. 212

AIR.

When you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature.
Full of kindness and good nature,
Prove as kind again to she;
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom, warm, and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be fond, as fond can be. 220

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit:

Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then agog, when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

SCENE IV.

FANNY.

"I wish I had a draught of water. I don't know "what's come over me; I have no more strength "than a babe; a straw would fling me down." —He has a heart as hard as any parish-officer; I don't doubt now but he would stand by and see me himself; and we shall all be whipt, and all through my means.—The devil run away with the gentleman, and his twenty guineas too, for leading me astray: if I had known Ralph would have taken it so, I would have hanged myself before I would have said a word—but I thought he had no more gall than a pigeon.

AIR.

O! what a simpleton was I,
To make my bed at such a rate!
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack,
Will call him back,

No tender words his heart allure;
I could bite
My tongue thro' spite——
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

SCENE V.

Changes to a Room in the Miller's House.

Enter GILES, *followed by* PATTY *and* THEODOSIA.

" AIR.

" Giles. *Women's tongues are like mill-clappers,*
" And from thence they learn the knack,
" Of for-ever-sounding clack."——

Giles. Why, what the plague's the matter with you, what do you scold at me for? I am sure I did not say un uncivil word, as I do know of: I'll be judged by the young lady if I did.

Pat. 'Tis very well, farmer; all I desire is, that you will leave the house: you see my father is not at home at present; when he is, if you have any thing to say, you know where to come.

Giles. Enough said, I don't want to stay in the house, not I; and I don't much care if I had never come into it.

The. For shame, farmer, down on your knees and beg Miss Fairfield's pardon for the outrage you have been guilty of.

Giles. Beg pardon, miss, for what?—Icod that's well enough; why I am my own master, be'nt I?—If I have no mind to marry, there's no harm in that, I hope: 'tis only changing hands.—This morning she would not have me; and now I won't have she. 272

Pat. Have you?—Heavens and earth! do you think then 'tis the missing of you that gives me concern?—No: I would prefer a state of beggary a thousand times beyond any thing I could enjoy with you: and be assured, if ever I was seemingly consenting to such a sacrifice, nothing should have compelled me to it, but the cruelty of my situation.

Giles. Oh, as for that, I believes you; but you see the gudgeon would not bite as I told you a bit agone you know: we farmers never love to reap what we don't sow. 283

Pat. You brutish fellow, how dare you talk——

Giles. So, now she's in her tantrums again, and all for no manner of yearthly thing.

Pat. But be assured my lord will punish you severely for daring to make free with his name.

Giles. Who made free with it; did I ever mention my lord? 'Tis a cursed lie.

Theo. Bless me! farmer! 291

Giles. Why it is, miss——and I'll make her prove

her words———Then what does she mean by being punished? I am not afraid of nobody, nor beholding to nobody, that I know of; while I pays my rent, my money, I believe, is as good as another's: egad, if it goes there, I think there be those deserve to be punished more than I.

Pat. Was ever unfortunate creature pursued as I am, by distresses and vexations!

The. My dear Patty—See, farmer, you have thrown her into tears—Pray be comforted.

AIR.

Patty. *Oh leave me, in pity! The falshood I scorn;*
For slander the bosom untainted defies:
But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.

Of woman defenceless, how cruel the fate!
Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,
Nature, and envy, lurk always in wait,
And innocence falls to their fury a prey.

SCENE VI.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA.

The. You are a pretty gentleman, are not you, to suffer a lady to be at a rendezvous before you?

Mer. Difficulties, my dear, and dangers——None of the company had two suits of apparel; so I was

obliged to purchase a rag of one, and a tatter from another, at the expence of ten times the sum they would fetch at the paper-mill.

The. Well, where are they? 318

Mer. Here, in this bundle——and tho' I say-it, a very decent habiliment, if you have art enough to stick the parts together: I've been watching till the coast was clear to bring them to you.

The. Let me see——I'll slip into this closet and equip myself——All here is in such confusion, there will no notice be taken.

Mer. Do so; I'll take care nobody shall interrupt you in the progress of your metamorphosis [*she goes in*]—and if you are not tedious, we may walk off without being seen by any one. 329

The. Ha! ha! ha!——What a concourse of atoms are here? tho', as I live, they are a great deal better than I expected.

Mer. Well, pray make haste; and don't imagine yourself at your toilette now, where mode prescribes two hours, for what reason would scarce allow three minutes.

The. Have patience; the outward garment is on already; and I'll assure you a very good stuff, only a little the worse for the mending. 339

Mer. Imagine it embroidery, and consider it is your wedding-suit.——Come, how far are you got?

The. Stay, you don't consider there's some contrivance necessary.——Here goes the apron flounced and furbelow'd with a witness—Alas! alas! it has no

strings! what shall I do? Come, no matter, a couple of pins will serve——And now the cap——oh, mercy! here's a hole in the crown of it large enough to thrust my head through.

Mer. That you'll hide with your straw-hat; or, if you should not——What, not ready yet?

The. Only one minute more—Yes, now the work's accomplish'd.

AIR.

Who'll buy good luck, who'll buy, who'll buy
The gipsey's favours?———Here am I!

Through the village, through the town,
What charming sav'ry scraps we'll earn!
Clean straw shall be our beds of down,
And our withdrawing-room a barn.

Young and old, and grave, and gay,
The miser and the prodigal;
Cit, courtier, bumpkin, come away;
I warrant we'll content you all.

SCENE VII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Mer. Plague, here's somebody coming.

Fai. As to the past, farmer, 'tis past; I bear no malice for any thing thou hast said.

Giles. Why, Master Fairfield, you do know I had a great regard for Miss Patty; but when I came to consider all in all, I finds as how it is not adviseable to change my condition yet awhile.

Fai. Friend Giles, thou art in the right; marriage is a serious point, and can't be considered too warily.—Ha, who have we here!—Shall I never keep my house clear of these vermin?——Look to the goods there, and give me a horse-whip—by the Lord Harry, I'll make an example—Come here, Lady Light-fingers, let me see what thou hast stolen.

Mer. Hold, miller, hold!

Fai. O gracious goodness! sure I know this face—Miss——young Madam Sycamore——Mercy heart, here's a disguise!

The. Discover'd!

Mer. Miller, let me speak to you.

The. What ill fortune is this!

Giles. Ill fortune———Miss! I think there be nothing but crosses and misfortuness of one kind or other.

Fai. Money to me, sir! not for the world; you want no friends but what you have already—Lack-a-day, lack-a-day—see how luckily I came in: I believe you are the gentleman to whom I am charged to give this, on the part of my lord Aimworth——Bless, you, dear sir, go up to his honour, with my young lady—There is a chaise waiting at the door to carry you———I and my daughter will take another way.

SCENE VIII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, GILES.

Mer. Pr'ythee read this letter, "and tell me what "you think of it."

The. Heavens, 'tis a letter from lord Aimworth!—We are betrayed.

Mer. By what means I know not.

The. I am so frighted and flurried, that I have scarce strength enough to read it.

"SIR,

"It is with the greatest concern I find, that I "have been unhappily the occasion of giving some "uneasiness to you and Miss Sycamore: be assured, "had I been apprized of your prior pretensions, and "the young lady's disposition in your favour, I "should have been the last person to interrupt your "felicity. I beg, sir, you will do me the favour to "come up to my house, where I have already so far "settled matters, as to be able to assure you, that "every thing will go entirely to your satisfaction."

Mer. Well! what do you think of it!——Shall we go to the castle?

"Well!——

"*The.* Well!——

"*Mer.* What do you think of it?

"*The.* Nay, what do you think of it?

" *Mer.* Egad, I can't very well tell——However, " on the whole, I believe it would be wrong of us to " proceed any further in our design of running away, " even if the thing was practicable.

" *The.* I am entirely of your opinion. I swear this " lord Aimworth is a charming man: I fancy 'tis " lucky for you I had not been long enough acquaint- " ed with him to find out all his good qualities.— " But how the deuce came he to hear———

" *Mer.* No matter; after this, there can be nothing " to apprehend.———What do you say, shall we go " up to the castle?"

The. By all means! and in this very trim; to show what we were capable of doing, if my father and mother had not come to reason.———" But, perhaps, " the difficulties being removed, may lessen your *pen-* " *chant:* you men are such unaccountable mortals.— " Do you love me well enough to marry me, without " making a frolic of it?

" *Mer.* Do I love you!——

" *The.* Ay, and to what degree?

" *Mer.* Why do you ask me?——

AIR.

" *Who upon the oozy beech,*
" *Can count the num'rous sands that lie;*
" *Or distinctly reckon each*
" *Transparent orb that studs the sky?*

" *As their multitude betray,*
" *And frustrate all attempts to tell:*
" *So 'tis impossible to say*
" *How much I love, I love so well.*"

But hark you, Mervin, will you take after my father, and be a very husband now?—Or don't you think I shall take after my mother, and be a commanding wife! 552

Mer. Oh, I'll trust you.

The. But you may pay for your confidence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

GILES.

So, there goes a couple! Icod, I believe Old Nick has got among the people in these parts. This is as queer a thing as ever I heard of.——Master Fairfield, and Miss Patty, it seems, are gone to the castle too; where by what I larns from Ralph in the mill, my lord has promised to get her a husband among the servants. Now set in case the wind sets in that corner, I have been thinking with myself who the plague it can be: there are no unmarried men in the family, that I do know of, excepting little Bob, the postillion, and master Jonathan, the butler; and he's a matter of sixty or seventy years old. I'll be shot if it be'nt

little Bob.———Icod, I'll take the way to the castle, as well as the rest; for I'd fain see how the nail do drive. It is well I had wit enough to discern things, and a friend to advise with, or else she would have fallen to my lot.———But I have got a surfeit of going a courting, and burn me if I won't live a bachelor; for, when all comes to all, I see nothing but ill blood and quarrels among folk when they are married.

AIR.

Then hey for a frolicksome life!
I'll ramble where pleasures are rife:
Strike up with the free-hearted lasses;
And never think more of a wife.
Plague on it, men are but asses,
To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckl'd;
'Twould have prov'd a fine affair:
Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold;
And boys, pointing, cry'd——Look there.

SCENE X.

Changes to a grand Apartment in Lord AIMWORTH's *House, opening to a view of the Garden.*

Lord AIMWORTH, FAIRFIELD, PATTY, RALPH.

L. Aim. Thus, Master Fairfield, I hope I have fully satisfied you with regard to the falsity of the imputation thrown upon your daughter and me———

Fai. My lord, I am very well content; pray do not give yourself the trouble of saying any more.

Ral. No, my lord, you need not say any more.

Fai. Hold your tongue, sirrah.

L. Aim. I am sorry, Patty, you have had this mortification.

Pat. I am sorry, my lord, you have been troubled about it; but really it was against my consent.

Fai. Well, come children, we will not take up his honour's time any longer; let us be going towards home——Heaven prosper your lordship; the pray'rs of me and my family shall always attend you.

L. Aim. Miller, come back——Patty, stay——

Fai. Has your lordship any thing further to command us?

L. Aim. Why yes, Master Fairfield, I have a word or two still to say to you——In short, though you are satisfied in this affair, I am not; and you seem to forget the promise I made you, that, since I had been

the means of losing your daughter one husband, I would find her another.

Fai. Your honour is to do as you please.

L. Aim. What say you, Patty, will you accept of a husband of my chusing?

Pat. My lord, I have no determination; you are the best judge how I ought to act; whatever you command, I shall obey.

L. Aim. Then, Patty, there is but one person I can offer you——and I wish, for your sake, he was more deserving ——— Take me ———

Pat. Sir!

L. Aim. From this moment our interests are one, as our hearts; and no earthly power shall ever divide us.

Fai. "O the gracious!" Patty—my lord—Did I hear right!——You, sir, you marry a child of mine!

L. Aim. Yes, my honest old man, in me you behold the husband designed for your daughter; and I am happy that, by standing in the place of fortune, who has alone been wanting to her, I shall be able to set her merit in a light, where its lustre will be rendered conspicuous.

Fai. But good, noble sir, pray consider; don't go to put upon a silly old man: my daughter is unworthy——Patty, child, why don't you speak?

Pat. What can I say, father! what answer to such unlook'd-for, such unmerited, such unbounded generosity!

Ral. Down on your knees, and fall a crying.

Pat. Yes, sir, as my father says, consider——your noble friends, your relations—It must not, cannot be.—

" *L. Aim.* It must, and shall——Friends! relations! " from henceforth I have none, that will not acknow- " ledge you: and I am sure, when they become ac- " quainted with your perfections, those, whose suf- " frage I most esteem, will rather admire the justice " of my choice, than wonder at its singularity."

AIR.

L. Aim. *My life, my joy, my blessing,*
In thee, each grace possessing,
All must my choice approve:

Patty. *To you my all is owing;*
O! take a heart o'erflowing
With gratitude and love.

L. Aim. *Thus infolding,*
Thus beholding,

Both. *One to my soul so dear:*
Can there be pleasure greater!
Can there be bliss compleater!
'Tis too much to bear.

SCENE XI.

Enter Sir HARRY, *Lady* SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA, MERVIN.

S. Har. Well, we have followed your lordship's counsel, and made the best of a bad market——So my lord, please to know our son-in-law, that is to be.

L. Aim. You do me a great deal of honour—I wish you joy, sir, with all my heart.—And now, Sir Harry, give me leave to introduce to you a new relation of mine——This, sir, is shortly to be my wife.

S. Har. My lord!

L. Syc. Your lordship's wife!

L. Aim. Yes, madam.

L. Syc. And why so, my lord? 669

L. Aim. Why, faith, ma'am, because I can't live happy without her——And I think she has too many amiable, too many estimable qualities to meet with a worse fate.

S. Har. Well, but you are a peer of the realm; you will have all the fleerers———

L. Aim. I know very well the ridicule that may be thrown on a lord's marrying a miller's daughter; and I own, with blushes, it has for some time had too great weight with me: but we should marry to please ourselves, not other people: and, on mature consideration, I can see no reproach justly merited, by

raising a deserving woman to a station she is capable of adorning, let her birth be what it will.

S. Har. Why 'tis very true, my lord. I once knew a gentleman that married his cook-maid: he was a relation of my own—You remember fat Margery, my lady! She was a very good sort of a woman, indeed she was, and made the best suet dumplings I ever tasted.

L. Syc. Will you never learn, Sir Harry, to guard your expressions?———Well, but give me leave, my lord, to say a word to you——There are other ill consequences attending such an alliance.

L. Aim. One of them I suppose is, that I, a peer, should be obliged to call this good old miller father-in-law. But where's the shame in that? He is as good as any lord, in being a man; and if we dare suppose a lord that is not an honest man, he is, in my opinion, the more respectable character. Come, Master Fairfield, give me your hand; from henceforth you have done with working; we will pull down your mill, and build you a house in the place of it; and the money I intended for the portion of your daughter, shall now be laid out in purchasing a commission for your son.

Ral. What, my lord, will you make me a captain?

L. Aim. Ay, a colonel, if you deserve it.

Ral. Then I'll keep Fan.

SCENE XII.

Lord AIMWORTH, *Sir* HARRY, *Lady* SYCAMORE, PATTY, THEODOSIA, MERVIN, FAIRFIELD, RALPH, GILES.

Giles. Ods bobs, where am I running—I beg pardon for my audacity.

Ral. Hip, farmer; come back, mon, come back—Sure my lord's going to marry sister himself; feyther's to have a fine house, and I'm to be a captain.

L. Aim. Ho, Master Giles, pray walk in; here is a lady who, I dare swear, will be glad to see you, and give orders that you shall always be made welcome.

Ral. Yes, farmer, you'll always be welcome in the kitchen.

L. Aim. What, have you nothing to say to your old acquaintance———Come, pray let the famer salute you———Nay, a kiss—I insist upon it.

S. Har. Ha, ha, ha—hem!

L. Syc. Sir Harry, I am ready to sink at the monstrousness of your behaviour.

L. Aim. Fye, Master Giles, don't look so sheepish; you and I were rivals, but not less friends at present. You have acted in this affair like an honest Englishman, who scorned even the shadow of dishonour, and thou shall sit rent-free for a twelvemonth.

S. Har. Come, shan't we all salute——With your leave, my lord, I'll———

L. Syc. Sir Harry!

AIR.

L. Aim. *Yield who will to forms a martyr,*
While unaw'd by idle shame,
Pride for happiness I barter,
Heedless of the millions blame.
Thus with love my arms I quarter;
Women grac'd in nature's frame,
Ev'ry privilege, by charter,
Have a right from man to claim.

The. *Eas'd of doubts and fears presaging,*
What new joys within me rise!
While mama, her frowns assuaging,
Dares no longer tyrannize,
So long storms and tempests raging,
When the blust'ring fury dies,
Ah! how lovely, how engaging,
Prospects fair, and cloudless skies!

S. Har. *Dad but this is wond'rous pretty,*
Singing each a roun-de-lay;
And I'll mingle in the ditty,
Tho' I scarce know what to say.
There's a daughter, brisk and witty;
Here's a wife, can wisely sway:
Trust me, masters, 'twere a pity,
Not to let them have their way.

Patty. *My example is a rare one;*
But the cause may be divin'd:
Women want not merit——dare one
Hope discerning men to find.
O! may each accomplish'd fair one,
Bright in person, sage in mind,
Viewing my good fortune, share one
Full as splendid, and as kind.

Giles. *Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,*
And expos'd for folks to see't,
'Tis as tho'f a man repented
For his follies in a sheet.
But my wrongs go unresented,
Since the fates have thought them meet:
This good company contented,
All my wishes are complete.

De Wilde ad vir. pinxt. Thornthwaite

Mr. LEWIS as the COPPER CAPTAIN.

'Alas. I am a fellow of no reckoning!
Nor worth a ladys eye.

RULE A WIFE

AND

HAVE A WIFE.

A

COMEDY.

By BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL

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LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC XCI.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
JOHN FLETCHER.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, those twin stars that run
Their glorious course round SHAKSPERE's golden sun.

It has seldom happened, that so perfect a parallel has been seen, as that which these friendly and illustrious Bards exhibited, in their births, minds, and accomplishments. By birth they were alike illustrious, for the father of Beaumont was a Judge of the Common Pleas, and the parent of Fletcher arrived to the dignity of the Bishopric of London.—Mentally their gifts were so similar, that it were indeed a fruitless labour for curiosity to attempt a discrimination of their blended labours.--They both, too, possessed that fashionable ease, and sprightly fancy, which so considerably polish life; and the *first* and *best* was the only company they frequented.

The year of Fletcher's birth was 1576—that of Beaumont's 1585. The latter died in

1615—the former lived nearly the same time after him as he had lived before him, for his death happened during the plague of 1625.

How that complete co-operation of design and execution, that is visible in their works was effected, there are now no means of ascertaining;—but we are given to understand, traditionally, that the fancy of FLETCHER was fertile even to luxuriance, and that BEAUMONT possessed most of the restraining severity of judgment—that BEAUMONT regulated the plots, and that FLETCHER rapidly furnished out the dialogue———that FLETCHER had most *wit*, and BEAUMONT most *thought*.—Equally gifted otherways, holding frequent conferences together, with souls that were perfectly congenial, the difficulty was soon done away, and it is probable, that the collision of these Wits might stimulate an activity which solitude is apt to dull, and invigorate the minds that began to stagnate when they were sundered.—They produced the following amazing list of Dramatic Works:

The Woman Hater	1607	*Cupid's Revenge*	1615
Masque of the Inner Temple and Grays Inn	1612	*The Scornful Lady*	1616
The Knight of the Burning Pestle	1613	*The King and no King*	1619
		The Maid's Tragedy	1619
		Thierry and Theodoret	1621

Philaster — — 1622
The Faithful Shepherdess
The Two Noble Kinsmen 1634
The Elder Brother — 1637
Monsieur Thomas — 1638
Wit without Money — 1639
Rollo — — — 1639
Rule a Wife and have a Wife — — — 1640
The Night Walker — 1640

The following 34 Plays were first published together in 1647.

The Mad Lover
The Spanish Curate
The Little French Lawyer
The Custom of the Country
The Noble Gentleman
The Captain
The Beggar's Bush
The Coxcomb
The False One
The Chances
The Loyal Subject
The Laws of Candy
The Lover's Progress
The Island Princess
The Humorous Lieutenant
The Nice Valour
The Maid in the Mill
The Prophetess
Bonduca
The Sea Voyage
The Double Marriage
The Pilgrim
The Knight of Malta
The Woman's Prize
Love's Cure
The Honest Man's Fortune
The Queen of Corinth
Women pleased
A Wife for a Month
Wit at several Weapons
Valentinian
The Fair Maid of the Inn
Love's Pilgrimage
Four Plays in One

The Wild Goose Chase 1679
The Widow — — 1652
The Jeweller of Amsterdam; or, *The Hague*
The Faithful Friend
A Right Woman
The History of Mader King of Britain

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

THE piece now to be characterized has ever been a favourite, and perhaps deservedly will continue to be so—for though the fable be improbable, and much of the sentiment prurient, yet most of the thoughts will stand upon the bases of truth and nature.

OF SHAKSPERE'S school, the language seems similar with his—It discovers the want of grammar remarkable in the writings of that age—it discovers also that pregnant power of expression which no other age has equalled.

THIS play interests variously and oddly——LEON and PEREZ are comic perfection. In modern representation, from the delight attached to female performances, ESTIFANIA is thought the principal character; but the fact is, she occasions comic situation rather than constitutes it:—if she *did* no more than she *says*, she would be dismissed with little favour or affection.

CACAFOGO is a creation of the Poet, for Nature never formed a combination of beastly *gluttony* and griping *avarice*—The characters never have been, it is believed, or will be, otherwise than dramatically compounded.

PROLOGUE.

PLEASURE attend ye, and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To stir you up; do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day we're Spaniards all again;
The story of our play, and our scene Spain:
The errors, too, do not for this cause hate,
Now we present their wit, and not their state.
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her husband, still 'tis Spain;
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:
You're Vestals all, and though we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire:
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;
A cruel scene did never lady please.
For, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad; we mean not you, you're free,
We tax no farther than our comedy,
You are our friends, sit noble, then, and see.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Duke of Medina	Mr. Barrymore.
Don Juan de Castro, *a Spanish Colonel*	Mr. Packer.
Sanchio, Alonzo, *Officers in the Army*	Mr. Phillimore. / Mr. R. Palmer.
Michael Perez, *the Copper Captain*	Mr. Palmer.
Leon, *Brother to* Altea, *and by her contrivance married to* Margaritta	Mr. Kemble.
Cacafogo, *a rich Usurer*	Mr. Moody.

Women.

Margaritta, *a wanton Lady, married to* Leon, *by whom she is reclaimed*	Mrs. Ward.
Altea, *her Servant*	Miss Tidswell.
Clara, *a Spanish Lady*	Miss Barnes.
Estifania, *a Woman of intrigue*	Miss Farren.
An Old Woman	Mr. Baddeley.
Maid	Mrs. Waldron.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Duke of Medina	Mr. Macready.
Don Juan de Castro, *a Spanish Colonel*	Mr. Davies.
Sanchio, Alonzo, *Officers in the Army*	Mr. Thompson. / Mr. Powell.
Michael Perez, *the Copper Captain*	Mr. Lewis.
Leon, *Brother to* Altea, *and by her contrivance married to* Margaritta	Mr. Holman.
Cacafogo, *a rich Usurer*	Mr. Cubit.

Women.

Margaritta, *a wanton Lady, married to* Leon, *by whom she is reclaimed*	Mrs. Bernard.
Altea, *her Servant*	Miss Stewart.
Clara, *a Spanish Lady*	Miss Platt.
Estifania, *a Woman of intrigue*	Mrs. Abington.
An Old Woman	Mr. Quick.
Maid	Miss Painter.

Visiting Ladies. Scene, Spain.

RULE A WIFE

AND

HAVE A WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber. Enter DON JUAN DE CASTRO *and* MICHAEL PEREZ.

Michael.

ARE your companies full, Colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, sir.
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?

Mich. We pick up still,
And as our monies hold out, we have men come.
About that time, I think, we shall be full too:
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd.
" The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits;
" Time and experience will allay those visions.
" We have strange things to fill our numbers:"
There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,

Commended to me from some noble friends,
For my Alferes.

Mich. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before too.

Juan. But no harm done, not ever meant, Don Michael,
That came to my ears yet: ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,
To the point less. "He wears a sword, a good one,
"And good cloaths too; he's whole skinn'd, has no hurt yet;
"Good promising hopes." I never yet heard certainly,
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him, he'll conclude a peace if need be;
Many as stout as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish.
Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for. But, Michael Perez,
When heard you of Donna Margaritta, the great heiress?

Mich. I hear every hour of her, though I ne'er saw her;
She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at ease! She's fair and young, and wealthy,

Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness:
He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Mich. Would I were married; I would find that wisdom,
With a light rein to rule my wife. If e'er woman
Of the most subtile mould went beyond me,
I'd give boys leave to hoot me out o' the parish.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to speak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome women?

Ser. They seem so, very handsome; but they're veil'd, sir.

Mich. Thou puttest sugar in my mouth. How it melts with me!
I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [*Exit Servant.*

Mich. Don Juan.

Juan. Michael, how you burnish?
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honest, what shame have you then?

Mich. I would fain see that;
I've been in the Indies twice, and have seen strange things;

But for two honest women:——one I read at once.

Juan. Pr'ythee, be modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, DONNA CLARA, *and* ESTIFANIA *veiled.*

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.

Mich. Both hooded! I like 'em well though:
They came not for advice in law sure hither:
"May be they'd learn to raise the pike; I'm for 'em."
They're very modest; 'tis a fine preludium.

Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady?

Cla. With you, sir, as I guess, Juan de Castro.

Mich. Her curtain opens; she is a pretty gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune,
I may do any service to your beauties.

Cla. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,
To serve the Catholic king.

Juan. I am, sweet lady.

Cla. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars; may be, sir, you know him;
Don Campusano, captain of carbines,
To whom I would request your nobleness
To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a letter.*

Juan. I shall do it:
I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

Cla. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[*Exeunt* Juan *and* Clara.

Mich. Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me;
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.

Mich. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours:
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd.
Lady, you may to me——

Estif. You must excuse me, Signior, I come
Not here to sell myself.

Mich. As I'm a gentleman; by the honour of a soldier.

Estif. I believe you,——
I pray be civil: I believe you'd see me,
And when you've seen me, I believe you'll like me;
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly,
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection;
I have no mistress; no desire to honour
Any but you.
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty
So deep, and taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others——
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not.
But since I see you're so desirous, sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance——

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me,
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter. Thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open;
And as I like your virtuous carriage, then

Enter JUAN, CLARA, *and Servant.*

I shall be able to give welcome to you.
She hath done her business, I must take my leave, sir.

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you lady.
My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Ser. I shall do it faithfully. [*Exit*

Juan. You will command me no more services?

Cla. To be careful of your noble health, dear sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down there.
[*Exeunt Ladies and Servan*

Mich. You had the honour to see the face that can
to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one. What was yours, Do
Michael?

Mich. Mine was i'th'eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it.

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome.
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain;
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught.

Mich. Were those she brought love letters?

Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.
Yours was very modest, methought.

Mich. Some young unmanaged thing:
But I may live to see.

Juan, 'Tis worth experience.
Let's walk abroad and view our companies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

" *A Street. Enter* SANCHIO *and* ALONZO.

" *San.* What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?

" *Alon.* It may be ay,
" It may be no, e'en as the humour takes me.
" If I find peace among the female creatures,
" And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home.
" I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches
" And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.
" When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.

" *San.* Ay, of which hospital thou'lt sweat in: wilt
" Thou never leave whoring?
" *Alon.* There is less danger in't than gunning, Sanchio.
" Tho' we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;
" Besides, it breaks no limbs.
" *San.* But it disables 'em.
" Dost see how thou pullest thy legs after thee,
" As if they hung by points?
" *Alon.* Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;
" Serve bravely for a billet to support me.
" *San.* Fie, fie, 'tis base.
" *Alon.* Dost count it base to suffer?
" Suffer abundantly? 'Tis the crown of honour.
" You think it nothing to lie twenty days
" Under a surgeon's hand that has no mercy.
" *San.* As thou hast done, I'm sure: but I perceive now
" Why you desire to stay; the orient heiress,
" The Margaritta, sir.
" *Alon.* I would I had her.
" *San.* They say she'll marry.
" *Alon.* Yes, I think she will.
" *San.* And marry suddenly, as report goes, too.
" She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.
" *Alon.* I would I had the sheathing on't.
" *San.* They say too,
" She has a greedy eye, that must be fed
" With more than one man's meat.

" *Alon.* Would she were mine,
" I'd cater for her well enough: but, Sanchio,
" There be too many great men that adore her;
" Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.
" *San.* Yet those stand off i'the way of marriage;
" To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.
" *Alon.* She has bought a brave house here in town.
" *San.* I've heard so.
" *Alon.* If she convert it now to pious uses,
" And bid poor gentlemen welcome.
" *San.* When comes she to it?
" *Alon.* Within these two days: she's in the country yet,
" And keeps the noblest house.
" *San.* Then there's some hope of her.
" Wilt thou go my way?
" *Alon.* No, no, I must leave you,
" And repair to an old gentlewoman that
" Has credit with her, that can speak a good word.
" *San.* Send thee good fortune, but make thy body sound first.
" *Alon.* I am a soldier,
" And too sound a body becomes me not;
" So farewell, Sanchio. [*Exeunt.*"

SCENE III.

Another Street, ESTIFANIA *crosses the Stage. Enter a Servant of* MICHAEL PEREZ *after her.*

Ser. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim;
They're both fair buildings;—she walk'd plaguy fast.

Enter ESTIFANIA, *courtesies, and exit.*

And hereabouts I lost her. Stay, that's she;
'Tis very she;——she makes me a low court'sy:——
Let me note the place, the street I well remember.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Chamber in Margaritta's *House. Enter three old Ladies.*

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste we're sent for?

2 *Lady.* Belike the Lady Margaret has some business
She'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'tis a pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3 *Lady*, 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

Enter ALTEA.

Alt. Good-morrow, ladies.

All. 'Morrow, my good madam.

1 *Lady*. How does the sweet young beauty, lady Margaret?

2 *Lady*. Has she slept well after her walk last night?

1 *Lady*. Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's well,
She's very well: she sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.

2 *Lady*. She does well and wisely,
" To ask the counsel of the ancient'st. Madam,
" Our years have run through many things she knows not."

Alt. She would fain marry.

1 *Lady*. 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on. I pray come in
And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2 *Lady*. And good wine breeds good counsel, we'll yield to ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street. Enter JUAN DE CASTRO *and* LEON.

Juan. Have you seen any service?
Leon. Yes.
Juan. Where:
Leon. Every where.
Juan. What office bore ye?
Leon. None, I was not worthy.
Juan. What captains know you?
Leon. None, they were above me.
Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?
Leon. Not that I well remember;
But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.
Pray ask me no long questions. I've an ill memory.
Juan. This is an ass. Did you ne'er draw your sword yet?
Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?
Leon. No, I ran away;
For I ne'er had no money to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a drum?
Leon. It makes my head ach.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?
Leon. I think not; but I am loving, Sir.
Juan. What a lump is this man!
Was your father wise?
Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure;
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.
Canst thou lie with a woman?

Leon. I think I could make shift, Sir;
But I am bashful.

Juan. In the night?

Leon. I know not.
Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I'm cozen'd, Sir; men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a bullet?

Leon. Why, by chance.
They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none, Sir.

Juan. This fellow hath some doubts in his talk that strike me.

Enter ALONZO.

He cannot be all fool. Welcome, Alonzo.

Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into your company?
The spirit of peace? we shall have wars by the ounce then.

Enter CACAFOGO.

Oh, here's another pumpion, the cramm'd son of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo.
Both their brains butter'd, cannot make two spoonfuls.

Caca. My father's dead, I am a man of war too,
Monies, demesnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o' the Hollanders, your ships may leak else.

Caca. I'scorn the Hollanders, there are my drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold, sir, I will borrow it else.

Caca. I'm satisfied you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou 'st wrong'd mine honour,

Thou look'st upon my mistress thrice laciviously,

I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourself, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou want'st my money too, with a pair of base bones,

In whom there was no truth for which I beat thee,

I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes.*

" *Alon* You struck too low, by a foot sir.

" *Juan.* You must get a ladder, when you would beat this fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again; pray, pardon me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee.

I leave thee, as a thing despis'd, *baso las manos a vostra Seignora.* [*Exit* Caca.

Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracles, there is not in all Spain,

A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I see he's hasty, and I'd give him leave

To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.
Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?
Alon. Turn him off,
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.
Juan. About some week hence, sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.
Leon. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in MARGARITTA's *House. Enter* ESTIFANIA *and* PEREZ.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends,
Lady,
For your strict carriage when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;
I could now chide ye, but it shall be thus:
No other anger ever touch your sweetness,
Estif. Y' appear to me so honest and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.
Per. Now, let me ask your name.
Estif. 'Tis Estifania, the heir of this poor place.
Per. Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms

Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious.
Is all that plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use; I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it;
The suits you see of all the upper chambers,
Are those that commonly adorn the house;
I think I have besides, as fair as Seville,
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some hopes
Are you a maid? 34

Estif. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, sir.

Per. Then would I counsel you to marry presently
(If I can get her I am made for ever) [*Aside*
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty.
A husband now, an honest, careful husband,
Were such a comfort. Will ye walk above stairs?

Estif. This place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far, sir
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust, sir.

Per. She's excellent wise withal, too.

Estif. You nam'd a husband; I am not so strict, sir
Nor ty'd unto a virgin's solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him.
But above all, he must love.

Per. He were base else.
There's comfort ministred in the word soldier.
How sweetly should I live!
Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir.
I waste but little? I have gather'd much:
My rial not less worth when it is spent,
If spent by my direction. To please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.
Per. Sweet, rich, and provident; now, fortune, stick to me.
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely.
They that use many words, some are deceitful:
I long to be a husband, and a good one;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me, to love their ladies.
I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too;
If 't please you know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth with ye;
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats too in ready gold,
As rich clothes, too, as any he bears arms, lady.
Estif. You're a gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,
And such a man I'd rather take——
Per. Pray do so.
I'll have a priest o' the sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.

Per. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this kiss.

Estif. You're a flatterer,
But I must say there was something when I saw you
First, in that noble face, that stirred my fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet lady.
I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye;
And then, sweet wench.

Estif. You have the art to cozen me. 39

[*Exeunt*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Margaritta's House. Enter MARGARITTA, *three Ladies, and* ALTEA.

Margaritta.

COME in, and give me your opinions seriously.

1 *Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit,
" Yet not so much for that, as to preserve my state,
ladies.
" Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' question:
" Credit I can redeem, money will imp it;
" But when my money's gone, when the law shall

‘ Seize that, and for incontinency, strip me
‘ Of all.

“ 1 *Lady*. Do you find your body so malicious that way?

“ *Mar*. I find it as all bodies are, that are young and lusty,
‘ Lazy, and high fed.”
I desire my pleasure, and pleasure I must have.

2 *Lady*. ’Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and ’tis necessary;
As necessary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 *Lady*. But might not all this be, and keep ye single?
You take away variety in marriage,
Th’ abundance of your pleasure you are barr’d then;
Is’t not abundance that you aim at?

Mar. Yes; why was I made a woman?

2 *Lady*. And ev’ry day a new?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to use it?

1 *Lady*. You’re still i’th’right; why would you marry then?

Alt. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.

2 *Lady*. What husband mean ye?

Alt. A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;
One, though he sees himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

2 *Lady*. You grant there may be such a man.

1 *Lady.* Yes, marry; but how to bring him to this rare perfection.

2 *Lady.* They must be chosen so, things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, so they be comely.

2 *Lady.* Methinks now, a rich lawyer, some such fellow,
That carries credit, and a face of awe,
"But lies with nothing but his client's business."

Mar. No, there's no trusting them, they are too subtle;
The law has moulded them of natural mischief.

1 *Lady.* Then some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

Mar. If he has honour, I'm undone; I'll none such.

Alt. With search, and wit, and labour,
I've found one out, a right one, and a perfect.

Mar. Is he a gentleman?

Alt. Yes, and a soldier; but as gentle as you'd wish him. A good fellow, and has good clothes, if he knew how to wear 'em.

Mar. Those I'll allow him;
They are for my credit. Does he understand
But little.

Alt. Very little?

Mar. 'Tis the better.
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites him;

Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.
Mar. H'as no capacity what honour is;
For that's a soldier's good?
Alt. Honour's a thing too subtle for his wisdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.
Mar. Is he so goodly a man, do you say?
Alt. As you shall see, lady;
But to all this he's but a trunk.
Mar. I'd have him so;
"I shall add branches to adorn him."
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him;
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.
Let him be here.
Alt. He shall attend your ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter JUAN, ALONZO, *and* PEREZ.

Juan. Why, thou'rt not married indeed?
Per. No, no, pray think so.
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning!
Nor worth a lady's eye.
Alon. Wou'dst steal a fortune,
And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?
Per. No indeed.
There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet.

I can cut up my pie without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i'the veil?

Per. Basta, 'twas she.

The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon;
The loving'st thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Per. A mine, a mine; there is no end of wealth, Colonel.
I am an ass, a bashful fool. Pr'ythee, Colonel,
How do thy companies fill now?

Juan. You're merry, sir;
You intend a safer war at home, belike, now?

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this year, Colonel;
I find myself given to my ease a little.
I care not if I sell my foolish company;
They're things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench——"And I, that have consum'd
"My time and art in searching out their subtleties,
"Like a fool'd alchymist, blow up my hopes still."
When shall we come to thy house, and be freely merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more.
I have an house to maintain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.

Per. Where they'll get entertainment is the point;
Signior, I beat no drum.

" May be I'll march, after a month or two,
" To get a fresh stomach. I find, Colonel,
" A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with.
" 'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
" And have a thousand things of great importance,
" Jewels and plate, and fooleries molest me,
" To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth.
" Before I walked contentedly."

Enter Servant.

Ser. My mistress, sir, is sick, because you're absent.
She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my jewel!
Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your fair leaves,
You see I'm ty'd a little to my yoke;
Pray, pardon me; would ye had both such loving wives. [*Exeunt* Perez *and Servant.*

Juan. I thank ye
For your old boots. Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has out-stripp'd thy fortune.
" Tell me, ten days hence, what he is, and how
" The gracious state of matrimony stands with him."
Come, let's to dinner; when Margaritta comes,
We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber. Enter MARGARITTA, ALTEA, *and Ladies.*

Mar. Is he come?

Alt. Yes, madam, he has been here this half hour.
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him fit as you had made the man.

Mar. Call him in, Altea. [*Exit* Altea.

Enter LEON *and* ALTEA.

A man of a comely countenance. Pray ye come this way.
Is his mind so tame?

Alt. Pray question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harm done.

Mar. Can ye love a young lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up.
And speak to th' lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I must be taught; I know not what it means, madam.

Mar. You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And money in your purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am so merry.

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?

Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her friends here,
Or, noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Come, salute me.

Leon. Ma'am!

Mar. How the fool shakes! I will not eat you, sir. Can't you salute me?

Leon. Indeed I know not; but if your ladyship will please to instruct me, sure I shall learn.

Mar. Come on, then.

Leon. Come on, then. [*He kisses her.*

" *Mar.* Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly!
" Can you do any thing else?
" *Leon.* Indeed I know not; but if your Ladyship
" will please to instruct me, sure I shall learn."

Mar. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this lady that affects ye;
Nay, say I marry ye?

Alt. Hark to the lady.

Mar. What money have ye?

Leon. None, madam, nor no friends.
I would do any thing to serve your ladyship. 130

Mar. You must not look to be my master, sir.
Nor talk i' the house as though you wore the breeches;
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not;
Alas, I am not able! I've no wit, madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;
'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a servant ye must be unto me.
"As I behold your duty, I shall love you;
"And as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye."
Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently!

Mar. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kiss me again. [*Kisses her.*
"A strong fellow; there's vigour in his lips."
If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kiss a thousand, I shall be contented,

It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, madam.

Mar. 'Tis the man I wish'd for; the less you speak—

Leon. I'll never speak again, madam,

But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a priest; I'll wed him instantly.

But when you're married, sir, you must wait on me,

And see ye observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give you better clothes when you deserve 'em.

Come in, and serve for witness.

Omnes. We shall, madam. 220

Mar. And then away to the city presently;

I'll to my new house, and new company.

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine; I'm a made man.

Alt. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A grand Saloon. Enter CLARA *and* ESTIFANIA *with a Paper.*

Cla. What, have you caught him?

Estif. Yes.

Cla. And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Estif. Yes, too, and the most kind man;

" And the ablest, also,

" To give his wife content: he is sound as old wine,
" And to his soundness rises on the pallat;
" And there's the man."
I find him rich, too, Clara.

Cla. Hast thou married him?

Estif. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait, wench?

I bob for fools. He is mine own. I have him.
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily;
And all he has I've 'stow'd at my devotion.

Cla. Does the lady know this? she's coming now to town:
Now, to live here, in this house.

Estif. Let her come,
She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;
She's mad sure, if she be angry at my fortune;
For what I have made bold.

Cla. Dost thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he stays and looks no farther
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him;
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him;
" How to decline their wives, and curb their manners;
" To put a stern and strong rein to their natures:
" And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,
" That cannot mould a devil into obedience.
" I owe him a good turn for these opinions;
" And, as I find his temper, I may pay him."

Enter PEREZ.

O here he is; now you shall see a kind man.

Per. My Estifania, shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You're welcome to it, sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench.
Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden,
In one o' the arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant;
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that?

Estif. A friend of mine, sir.

Per. Of what breeding?

Estif. A gentlewoman, sir.

Per. What business has she?
Is she a woman learned i' the mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute ye,
And learn your health? she looks not like a confessor.

Estif. What needs all this? why are you troubled, sir?
What do you suspect? she cannot cuckold ye:
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.

Per. Your very woman may do very well, sir,
Towards the matter; for though she cannot perform it

In her own person, she may do it by proxy.
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy, husband, you are jealous then,
And haply suspect me.

Per. No, indeed, wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more cause,
And clearer too. I'm sure you've heard say, husband,
A woman forc'd will free herself through iron:
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented,
May be caught by tricks.

Per. No, no: I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

Cla. I shall leave ye
Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

[*Knocking.*

Estif. Why, where's the girl? who's at the door?

[*Knock.*

Per. Who knocks there?
Is't for the king you come, ye knock so boisterously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady, as I live, mistress, my lady's come;
She's at the door; I peep'd through, I saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon, but I must meet with her,
And set a new wheel going; and a subtle one
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd. [*Aside.*

Per. What, are they at the door?

Estif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me.
What have I now to do but advance your fortune?

Per. Do, I dare trust thee; I am asham'd I was angry,
I find thee a wise young wife.

Estif. I'll wise your worship
Before I leave ye. [*Aside.*] Pray ye walk by, and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir;
I was born to make ye a man.

Per. The rogue speaks heartily;
Her good-will colours in her cheeks; I'm born to love her.
I must be gentle to these tender natures:
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies;
Nor must we talk to them, as we talk to
Our officers. I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she
Works now; I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter MARGARITTA, LEON, ALTEA, *and* Ladies.

Who're these? I hate such flaunting things.
A woman of rare presence! excellent fair;
This is too big, sure, for a bawdy-house;
Too open seated too.

Estif. My husband, lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady. [*Kisses.*

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now, [*Apart to* Perez.

And I shall make you rich: this is my cousin;
That gentleman doats on her, even to death.
See how he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly woman.

Estif. She is a mirror.
But she is poor, she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and on my courtesy——
Conceive me short; he knows not but she's wealthy:
" Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
" He's so far gone."

Per. Forward; she's a rare face.

Estif. This we must carry with discretion, husband,
And yield unto her for four days.

Per. Yield our house up, our goods and wealth!

Estif. All this is but seeming.—Do you see this writing?
Two hundred pounds a year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good—The time is unfit now;
I'll shew it you to-morrow.

Per. All the house?

Estif. All, all; and we'll remove, too, to confirm him.
They'll into the country suddenly again,
" After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him."

Per. The whole possession, wife? Look what you do.
A part o' the house.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days? Had you a sister, sir,
A niece, or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, sir, as easily as it came on.
"Is't not pity
"To let such a gentlewoman for a little help——"
You give away no house.

Per. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I'm satisfied.—Would I had the wench too.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove my trunks straight,
And take some poor house by, 'tis but for four days.

Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we will be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.

Per. Well.

Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.

Mar. Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept sweet, wench?

Estif. They're sweet and neat. [*Exit* Perez.

Mar. Why, where's your husband?

Estif. Gone, madam.

When you come to your own, he must give place, lady.

Mar. Well, send you joy, you would not let me know't,

Yet I shall not forget ye.

Estif. Thank your ladyship.

" *Mar.* Come, lead me." [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chamber. Enter MARGARITTA *and* ALTEA.

ALTEA.

ARE you at ease now? Is your heart at rest,

" Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,

" To keep the scorching world's opinion

" From your fair credit?"

Mar. I am at peace, Altea.

If he continue but the same he shews,

And be a master of that ignorance

He outwardly professes, I am happy.

" The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom

" Without the squint eye of the law upon me,

" Or prating liberty of tongues that envy!"

Alt. You're a made woman.

Mar. But if he should prove now

A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,

One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd.
Alt. My life, an innocent.
Mar. That's it I aim at.
That's it I hope too, then I'm sure I rule him:
" For innocents are like obedient children,
" Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
" Who, being not us'd to breakfasts and collations,
" When they have coarse bread offered, are thankful,
" And take it for a favour too."
Are the rooms made ready
To entertain my friends? I long to dance now,
" And to be wanton. Let me have a song. Is the great couch up
" The duke of Medina sent?
" *Alt.* 'Tis up and ready.
" *Mar.* And day-beds in all chambers?
Alt. " In all, lady."
Your house is nothing now but various pleasures.
The gallants begin to gaze too.
Mar. Let 'em gaze on.
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy;
And company is my delight and courtship;
And handsome servants at my will. Where's my good husband?
Where does he wait?
Alt. He knows his distance, madam.
I warrant ye he is busy in the cellar
Among his fellow-servants, or asleep,
Till your commands awake him.

Enter LEON *and* LORENZO.

Mar. 'Tis well, Altea,
It should be so; my ward I must preserve him.
Who sent for him? How dare he come uncall'd for?
His bonnet on too!

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings every hour for entertainment?
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

Ser. They are, and yet there must be more and richer;
It is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so? 'Tis excellent.
Is it her will, too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels and masques?

Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly;
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir.
I must not call ye master; she has warn'd me;
Nor must not put my hat off to you.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion.
What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow;
I may cut first?

Ser. That's as you shall deserve, sir.

Leon. I thank you, sir.—"And when I lie with her—

"*Ser.* May be I'll light ye:
"On the same point you may do me that service."

Enter a Lady.

1 *Lady.* Madam, the Duke Medina, with some captains,

Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.

Mar. They shall be welcome.
See all be ready in the noblest fashion;
" The house perfum'd.
" Now I shall take my pleasure,
" And not my neighbour justice maunder at me."
Go, get your best clothes on; but till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave yourself handsomely, sir, 'tis for my credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia—— 80

Leon. That's a bawd;
A three-pil'd bawd; bawd major to the army.

2 *Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship,
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.

Leon. The neat air of her nunnery.

Mar. Tell her no; i' the afternoon I'll call on her.

2 *Lady.* I will, madam. [*Exit.*

" *Mar.* Why are you not gone to prepare yourself?
" May be you shall be sewer to the first course.
" A portly presence. Altea, he looks lean—
" 'Tis a vast knave, he will not keep his flesh well.
" *Alt.* A willing, madam, one that needs no spurring."

Leon. Faith, madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,

Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Mar. How now, what this?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane men that will not last, madam;
An egg and pepper goes farther than their potions;
And in a well-knit body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potables.

Mar. The fellow's mad!

Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That hath both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry;
My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk?

Leon. Not much, madam;
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue,
He dare not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I'm your husband:
But what are husbands? Read the New World's Wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such strange deformities;
They're shadows to conceal your venal virtues;
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions;
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains;

And bills nail'd up with horns before your doors,
To rent out wantonness.
Mar. Do you hear him talk?
Leon. I've done, madam:
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders.
'Till when I tie myself to my obedience. [*Exit.*
Mar. First I'll untie myself. Did you mark the gentleman,
How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for!
"The piece of ignorant dough, he stood up to me,
"And rated my commands."
This was your providence,
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge;
What think ye now?
Alt. I think him an ass still. 140
This boldness some of your people have blown into him,
This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.
Mar. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whys and wherefores,
To grass immediately: I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools that shall know nothing.
Nothing belongs to mankind but obedience,

And such a hand I'll keep over this husband.

Alt. He'll fall again: my life, he cries by this time:
Keep him from drink, he's a high constitution.

Enter LEON.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam?

Mar. No, your old clothes.
And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd: you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,
And lodgings with the hinds, it is too good too.

Leon. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance.

Alt. You see how he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, madam, if it please your ladyship.

Alt. He's humbled;
Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady. [*Exit.*

Mar. See you preserve him thus, upon my favour.
You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone;
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.
I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An ordinary Apartment. Enter PEREZ.

Per. Shall I
Never return to mine own house again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A conjuror's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And we lie like butter clapt together,
And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately;
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
" And to that so thick they cut like marmalade;"
So various too, they'll pose a gold finder.
Never return to mine own paradise——
Why, wife, I say; why, Estifania?
Estif. [*within.*] I'm going presently.
Per. Make haste, good jewel.
I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:
I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here.
" My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,
" And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts."
The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
For they're not able to maintain a cat here,
And those appear as fearful as two devils;
They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,
And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dry'd in this brick-kiln, and she sits i'the chimney,

(Which is but three tiles rais'd, like a house of cards)
The true proportion of an old smoak'd Sybil.
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid servant, but 'tis now a monster;
She has a husk about her like a chesnut,
With laziness, and living under the line here;
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter ESTIFANIA.

Mercy deliver me. Oh, are you come, wife;
Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going,
And you shall presently to your own house, sir:
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my fast, break my neck rather.
Is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent.
Let's have our house again immediately,
And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled.

Estif. Not a pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both; there's reason in all courtesy;
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,

And has provided too: she sent me word, sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I will walk i'the church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than these living.
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, sir.

Per. And do you hear? let's have a handsome dinner,
And see all things be decent as they have been;
And let me have a strong bath to restore me;
I stink like a stale-fish shambles, or an oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing.
I'll send ye people for the trunks afore-hand,
"And for the stuff."

Per. Let 'em be known and honest;
And do my service to your niece.

Estif. I shall, sir:
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy,
And pray you, be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter JUAN DE CASTRO, SANCHO, *and* CACAFOGO.

San. Thou'rt very brave.

Caca. I've reason, I have money.

San. Is money reason?

Caca. Yes, and rhyme too, Captain.
If you've no money, you're an ass.
San. I thank ye.
Caca. Ye've manners, ever thank him that has money.
San. Wilt thou lend me any?
Caca. Not a farthing, Captain:
Captains are casual things.
San. Why so are all men. Thou sha't have my bond.
Caca. Nor bonds nor fetters, Captain.
My money is my own, I make no doubt on't.
Juan. What dost thou do with it?
Caca. Put it to pious uses.
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.
Juan. Are those hospitals?
Caca. I first provide to fill my hospitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep th' inheritance in my name still.
Juan. A provident charity. Are you for the wars, sir?
Caca. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet;
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.
Juan. Ye have said wisely.
Caca. Had you but my money,
You'd swear it, Colonel. I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing.
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.
San. A right state usurer. Why dost not marry,
And live a reverend justice?

Caca. Is it not nobler to command a reverend justice than to be one?

And for a wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?

Caca. I will go, and view the pearl of Spain, the orient
Fair one, the rich one too; and I will be respected.
I bear my patent here; I will talk to her;
And when your captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.

Juan. The Duke dines there to-day too, the Duke of Medina.

Caca. Let the king dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain.

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Caca. Like a true born Spaniard:
Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows:
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the intellectuals of the ladies;
I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Caca. You must pawn a horse troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

San. Come, let's go.
This rascal will make rare sport. How the ladies
Will laugh at him!

Juan. If I light on him I'll make his purse sweat too.
Caca. Will ye lead, gentlemen? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An ordinary Apartment. Enter PEREZ, *Old Woman, and Maid.*

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
I'll hold ye fast. How came my trunks open?
And my goods gone? What pick-lock spirit——
Old Wom. Ha! What would ye have?
Per. My goods again. How came my trunks allopen?
Old Wom. Are your trunks all open?
Per. Yes, and cloaths gone,
And chains and jewels. How she smells like hung beef!
The palsy, and pick-locks. Fye, how she belches
The spirit of garlick!
Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?
Per. What's that to my question?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.
Maid. Is she your wife, sir?
Per. Yes, sir: is that a wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?
Old Wom. Is she duly and truly your wife?
Per. Duly and truly my wife! I think so,
For I married her. It was no vision sure!

Maid. She has the keys, sir.

Per. I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man: she has twenty husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, sir.

Per. The devil she has! I had a fair house with her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

Old Wom. You're cozen'd too, 'tis none of her's, good gentleman,
It is a lady's.

Maid. The lady Margaritta; she was her servant,
And kept the house; but going from her, sir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd.

Per. Plague o' the devil;
Am I, i' the full meridian of my wisdom,
Cheated by a stale quean! What kind of lady
Is that that owns the house?

Old Wom. A young sweet lady.

Per. Of low stature.

Old Wom. She's indeed but little, but she's wondrous fair.

Per. I feel I'm cozen'd:
Now I am sensible I am undone.
This is the very woman sure, that cousin,
She told me would entreat but for four days
To make the house hers—I am entreated sweetly.

Maid. When she went out this morning, I saw, sir,
She had two women at the door attending,

And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em:
But what they were——I heard your trunks too open,
If they be yours.

Per. They were mine while they were laden;
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth owning.
Was she her mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own mistress, her very mistress, sir; and all you saw
About and in that house was hers.

Per. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing; she's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing.

Per. No money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.
But for one single gown her lady gave her,
She might go bare, good gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now:
I think I am as poor as she, I'm wild else.
One single suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steals that she must flay me for it.
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find the truth as soon.
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in.
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.

Per. Is she a whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman:
I dare not say she is so, sir, because

She's yours, sir: these five years she has firk'd
A pretty living. " Until she came to serve.
" I fear he will knock my brains out for lying."
Per. She has firk'd me finely.
A whore and thief; two excellent moral learnings
In one she saint. I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And been courted by all women to conceal 'em;
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warning to young gentlemen;
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And make them bear all tests; and am I trick'd now?
Caught in my own noose? Here's a rial left yet,
There's for your lodging, and your meat for a week;
A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box,
Farewell, great grandmother,
If I do find you were an accessary,
'Tis but the cutting off two smoaking minutes!
I'll hang ye presently.
Old Wom. And I deserve it—I tell you truth.
Per. Not I, I am an ass, mother.
Old Wom. *O the rogue, the villain! Is this usage for the fair sex.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A grand Apartment. Enter the Duke of MEDINA, JUAN DE CASTRO, ALONZO, SANCHO, CACAFOGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly; I like that preparation;
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial;
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn.

Caca. I shall be master of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord;
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affection stands to the young lady.

Enter MARGARITTA, ALTEA, *Ladies, and Servant.*

Mar. All welcome to your Grace, and to these soldiers,
You honour my poor house with your fair presence;
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,
I do beseech your Grace command, they're yours,
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye lady, I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty,

'T has been a long night since you left the court,
For till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Duke's meat.

San. She's most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;
I rather would command her than my regiment.

Caca. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up in ten days.
" And some few jewels to justify my knavery.
" Say, shall I marry her, she'll get more money
" Than all my usury, put my knavery to it;
" She appears the most infallible way of purchase.
" I could wish her a size or two stronger for the encounter,
" For I am like a lion where I lay hold:
" But these lambs will endure a plaguy load
" And never bleat neither; that, sir, time has taught us.
" I am so virtuous now I cannot speak to her,
" The errantest shame-fac'd ass; I broil away too."

Enter LEON.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor shall it be, until I know the guests too,
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my Alferes? he looks another thing;
Are miracles a foot again?

Mar. Why, sirrah; why, sirrah, you!

Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;
And as you are my wife, command your absence,

And know your duty; 'tis the crown of modesty.

Duke. Your wife!

Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband,
And, pray take notice, that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.

Caca. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold;
I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill,
I will not lose my anger on a rascal.
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown-up body
Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.

Caca. I'll talk with you another time. [*Exit*

Alon. This is miraculous!

San. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool,
" A flutter'd fool, and on a sudden break,
" As if he would shew a wonder to the world,
" Both in bravery and fortune too?"
I am astonish'd!

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon. You shall not.
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady.
You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool,
You had thought you had found a coxcomb,
I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye.
Only I will be known to be your lord now,

And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool,
I will not be commanded: I'm above ye.
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your 'state you never shall. I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use, the law allows it.
And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?

Leon. 'Tis mine, madam,
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it, I rule it,
And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, madam,
But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to do me service,
And so I'll keep it.

Mar. 'Tis well.

Leon. It shall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon I will give none, madam;
I stand upon the ground of my own honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me now
To be an understanding, feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at;
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with;
A wanton woman, that her blood provokes too.
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief,
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wond'rous highly.

Leon. As a husband ought, sir,
In his own house, and it becomes me well too.
I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it,
To have a wife or servant of your own,
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)
Under your own roof to command ye.

" *Juan.* Brave! a strange conversion; thou shalt lead
" In chief now."

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, sir?

Leon. Not now my lord, my fortune makes me ev'n,
And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Mar. Get me my coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach
And eat your coach too (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will; or, take your coach, lady,
I give you liberty; and take your people
Which I turn off; and take your will abroad with ye,
Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it.
We shall not stand by as bawds to your brave fury.
To see a lady weep—*Draw, sir.*

Leon. They're tears of anger,

Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not.
She would e'en now swoon if she could not cry,
" Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too;
" But falling thus, they shew nor sweet nor orient."
Put up my lord, this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me;
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my guard, and if I spare your grace,
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
Mercy forsake me. [*Draws.*
I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye. 561

Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech ye,
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold,
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it,
" No conscience to reclaim her from a monster;"
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour:
" Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
" Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him."
Now, sir, fall on, I'm ready to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought. I pray, sir, use your wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, sir.

And now, you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner;
This is my wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet.

Juan. I've seen a miracle, hold thine own, soldier.
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

" *San.* He has beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,
" As if he had thresh'd 'em out of the husk."

Enter PEREZ.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, sir, that good-natur'd pretty lady,
If you'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael!

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business.
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the woman. Good madam, tell me truly,
Had you a maid call'd Estifania!

Mar. Yes, truly had I.

Per. Was she a maid d'you think?

Mar. I dare not swear for her.——
For she had but a scant fame.

Per. Was she your kinswoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew; now I look better,
I think you married her, give you much joy, sir.

Per. Give me a halter.

Mar. You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl

Per. Is not this house mine, madam?
Was not she owner of it? " Pray, speak truly."

Mar. No, certainly, I'm sure my money paid for it
And ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.

Per. The hangings and the plate too?

Mar. All are mine, sir,
And every thing you see about the building;
She only kept my house when I was absent;
And so I'll keep it, I was weary of her.

Per. Where is your maid?

Mar. Do you not know that have her?
She's yours now, why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, would the devil had had her.
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? Thy excellent wife.
Art thou a man yet?

Alon, When shall we come and visit thee?

San. And eat some rare fruit? Thou hast admirable orchards.
You are so jealous now! Pox o' your jealousy,
How scornfully you look.

Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling,
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes, many times,
So often that I was asham'd to keep her.
But I forgave her, sir, in hopes she'd mend still;
And had not you o' the instant married her,
I'd put her off.

Per. I thank ye; I am blest still;
Which way so'er I turn I'm a made man.
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest ass!—But I must leave ye.
I am in haste, in haste. Bless you, good madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife.

Leon. *What then, sir?*

Per. *No matter, if the devil had one to fetch the other.*
[*Exit* Perez.

Leon. Will you walk in, sir, will your grace but honour me,
And taste our dinner? You are nobly welcome,
All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye. [*Exeunt.*

Act IV. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter PEREZ.

Perez.

I'll to a conjurer, but I'll find this pole-cat,
This pilfering whore. A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women,
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.
It is my evil angel, let me bless me.

Enter ESTIFANIA, *with a casket.*

Estif. 'Tis he! I'm caught. I must stand to it stoutly,
And show no shake of fear. I see he's angry,
Vex'd at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.
Estif. My most noble husband,
I'm glad I have found ye; for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your lordship.
Per. I've been in bawdy houses———
Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.
Per. 'Pray ye, pardon me;
To seek your ladyship, I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
Hear your confessions; I have been at plays,
To look you out among the youthful actors;
At puppet-shows, you are mistress of the motions;
" At gossiping I hearken'd after you,
" But among those confusions of lewd tongues,
" There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel;
" I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well,
" But they say yours are bawdy songs, and they mourn for ye;"
And last, I went to church to seek you out,
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.
Estif. You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine now.
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns——
Per. And are you sober?
Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, sir;
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers,
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too;
From hence to the dicing-house, there I found quarrels

Needless and fenceless, swords, pots, and candlesticks,
Tables, and stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his friend. I left this chaos,
And to the surgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
For, says he, learnedly, if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I sought ye where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongst diseases, base and vile, vile women,
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the honour.
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray? and here I've found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.
Why am I cozen'd?——

Estif. Why am I abus'd?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable——

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, over-stew'd, incorrigible——

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you echo me?

Estif. Yes, sir, and go before ye,
And round about ye, why do you rail at me,
For that was your own sin, your own knavery.

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You'd best now draw your sword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain,

Upon your wife, Oh, most renown'd captain!

Per. A plague upon thee, answer me directly;
Why didst thou marry me?

Estif. To be my husband;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?
A house and riches, when they are but shadows.
Shadows to me!

Estif. Why did you work on me?
It was but my part to requite you, sir,
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring me
So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
So much in right rich clothes?

Per. Thou hast 'em rascal; 80
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd them, and sold my treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your treasure, sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles! Is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure.
A man would think now these were worthy matters;
Here's a shoeing-horn chain gilt over, how it scenteth,
Worse than the dirty mouldy heels it serv'd for;
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my dog in't,
These are my jointure; blush and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A fire subtile ye, are ye so crafty?

Estif. Here's a goodly jewel,

Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw?
See how it sparkles ——Like an old lady's eyes;
" And fills each room with light like a close lanthorn,
This would do rarely in an abbey window,
" To cozen pilgrims."

Per. Pr'ythee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a chain of whitings eyes for pearls,
A mussel-monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pr'ythee wife, my clothes, my clothes.

Estif. I'll tell ye,
Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper,
" A kind of candlestick,"
A copper, a copper captain; these you thought, my husband,
To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate nor hangings?

Estif. There are none, sweet husband.
Shadow for shadow is as equal justice.
[*Perez sings—Estif sings.*
Can you rail now? Pray put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words, you are a soldier, thunder.

Per. I will speak little, I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You have spoke well, sir;
And now I see you're so conformable,
I'll heighten you again. Go to your house,
They're packing to be gone, you must sup there,

I'll meet you, and bring clothes and clean linen after,
And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring copper.

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me truth, wife;
However, I forgive thee; art thou honest?
The beldam swore——

Estif. I bid her tell you so, sir,
It was my plot; alas, my credulous husband;
The lady told you too——

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your suff'rance.
And she denied the house?

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor title that I had,

Estif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I'm right and straight.

Per. I would believe thee,
But, Heaven knows, how my heart is; will ye follow me?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit Perez.*

Estif. Go, silly fool? thou may'st be a good soldier
In open fields, but for our private service
Thou art an ass. "I'll make thee so, or miss else."

Enter CACAFOGO.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.
May I crave your leave, sir?

Caca. Pr'ythee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave,

I'm in my meditations, do not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,
That people had compassion on, " it look'd so:
" The next Sir Palmerin. Here's fine proportion!
" An ass, and then an elephant. Sweet justice!
" There's no way left to come at her now, no craving,
" If money could come near, yet I would pay him;"
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much; a thousand ducats!
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

Estif. 'Pray you, hear me.

Caca. I know thou hast some wedding-ring to pawn now,
Of silver gilt, with a blind posy in't:
" Love and a mill-horse should go round together:"
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain.
I'll none of 'em. I would she did but know me.
Or would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way.

Estif. I'm gone, sir;
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye;
The lady Margaritta——

Caca. Stay, I pr'ythee.
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye;
And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will hear ye.

Estif. She would entreat you, sir.

Caca. She shall command, sir;
Let it be so; I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman,
Do not forget thyself.

Estif. She does command then

This courtesy, because she knows you're noble.
Caca. Your mistress by the way?
Estif. My natural mistress.
Upon these jewels, sir, they're fair and rich,
And view 'em right.
Caca. To doubt 'em is an heresy.
Estif. A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity
Of present use; her husband, sir, is stubborn.
Caca. Long may he be so.
Estif. She desires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and person,
And when you please to do her so much honour——
Caca. Come let's dispatch.
Estif. In truth I've heard her say, sir,
Of a fat man she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, sir.
Caca. Let's do it first,
And then dispute; the lady's use may long for't.
Estif. All secrecy she would desire. She told me
How wise you are.
Caca. We are not wise to talk thus.
Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a jewel
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve the lady;
Long monstrously. Now, valour, I shall meet ye,
You that dare dukes.
" *Estif.* Green goose, you are now in sippets."
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber. Enter the Duke, SANCHIO, JUAN, *and* ALONZO.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him.
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly and strangely. Here, Don Juan,
Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*

Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,
" And moulded to the height, contemn his maker,
" Curb the free hand that fram'd him!"
It must not be.

San. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price, in prison!
" Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing,
" To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,
" Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties? 220
" We suffer all, sir, in this sad eclipse;
" She should shine, where she might show like herself,
" An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,
" And shed her beams upon her friends.
" We are gull'd all,
" And all the world will grumble at your patience,
" If she be ravish'd thus."

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio;
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in it.

Duke. I'll warrant ye, he shall be glad to please us,
" And glad to share too; we shall hear anon
" A new song from him; let's attend a little."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Chamber. Enter LEON *and* JUAN *with a Commission.*

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness.
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir;
And a proud man I should have been to've serv'd you.
'T has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion: this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company.
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it.
The time grows shorter still—Are your goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear, ho? Go carry this unto your mistress, sir,
And let her see how much the king has honour'd me;
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.
Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.
And, do your hear? let all your lady's wardrobe
Be safely placed in trunks; they must along too.

Ser. Whither must they go, sir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo.

Ser. Must my mistress go, sir?

Leon. Ay, your mistress, and you, and all must go.
I will not leave a turnspit behind me
"That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman:"
All must go.

Ser. Why Pedro, Vasco, Diego, come, help me, boys.
[*Exit.*

Juan. H'as taken a brave way to save his honour,
"And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly."
By the life of credit thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter MARGARITTA, *led by two Ladies.*

Leon. Why how now, wife; what, sick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.

Mar. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye!
This is a cruelty. I'll to the king,
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweat-heart.

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am—

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aside.*

Mar. He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife.
What, should I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the duke, my cousin; he shall to th' king.

Leon. He did me this great office;
I thank his grace for't: should I pray him now
T'undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, sir, to bear you company;
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall, not. [*Knocking within.*

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh, Heaven, my head! Why, rascal,
I think the wars begun i'the house already.

Leon. The preparation is, they're taking down

And packing up the hangings, plate, and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall befit me
When I lie in garrison.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Must the coach go to, sir?

Leon. How will your lady pass to the sea else easily? We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Mar. I go? Alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye:
I know you are sickly, he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. Would I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye.
Am not I with ye, sweet? Are her clothes packt up,
And all her linen? Give your maids direction:
You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Mar. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me;
An easy bark.

Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant ye; 320
Curvet it may sometimes.

Mar. I am with child, sir.

Leon. At four days warning! This is something speedy.
Do you conceive as our jennets do, with a west-wind?
My heir will be an errant fleet one, lady.
" I'll swear you was a maid when I first lay with ye.

" *Mar.* Pray do not swear. I thought I was a maid too:

" But we may both be cozen'd in that point, sir.

" *Leon.* In such a strait point, sure I could not err, madam.

" *Juan.* This is another tenderness to try him.

" Fetch her up now."

Mar. You must provide a cradle, and what a trouble's that!

Leon. The sea shall rock it;
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock together.
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!

Mar. Faith let me stay: I shall but shame you, sir.

Leon. An you were a thousand shames you shall along with me:
At home I'm sure you'd prove a million.
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his back: you are mine; I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, ALONZO, *and* SANCHIO.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care.
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove some good man for your country;
Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement!
You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet cousin:
Meantime, like sad Penelope and sage,
Among your maids at home, and housewifely—

Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness:
She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters,
May daily cross her: she shall go along, sir.

Duke. By no means, captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What, take a young and tender-body'd lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults!
A sickly lady too!

Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir;
There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.

San. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, sir.
Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her tears——Fright her with tempests,
With thunder of the war!
I dare swear if she were able——

Leon. She's most able:
And, pray ye, swear not: she must go, there's no remedy:
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which smells too rank, too open, too evident,
Shall hinder me. Had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me;
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit, as
Her weakness and your hot will wou'd work her to.
Fie, fie, for shame!

Enter PEREZ.

What mask is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuse my suff'rance!
What cousin's this?

Juan. Michael Van Owle, how dost thou?
In what dark barn, or tod of aged ivy,
Hast thou lain hid?

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people must conceal and shine again.
You're welcome hither, as your friend may say, gentlemen;
A pretty house, ye see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French taylor, that
Has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.

Per. I see you're packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so;
'Tis true I do: you were merry when I was last here;
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honoured cousin,
This house, and all I have, are all your servants.

Leon. What house, what pleasure, sir? what do you mean?

Per. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous.
This house, I mean; the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of them?

Per. They're mine, sir, and you know it:
My wife's, I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.
The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,

Again to minister to their right uses.
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place. You're merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution:
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum.*

Leon. Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly;
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so fantastic———all the house?

Per. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate you an ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o' the top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently? I could have done, sir.

Leon. For you must law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd you were ne'er yet in Bedlam;
Never in love, for that's a lunacy;
No great 'state left ye, that ye never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper;
That you were christen'd, and who answered for you,
And then I yield——*Do but look at him.*

Per. He has half persuaded me I was bred i' th' moon:
I have ne'er a brush at my breech—Are not we both
mad?

And is not this a fantastic house we are in,
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out?
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And say, I was one o' th' Cæsars done by a seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the house is his, and all that's in it:
I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo ye:
I gave it to his wife. You must restore, sir;
And make a new provision.

Per. Am I mad, now,
Or am I christen'd? You, my Pagan cousin,
My mighty Mahound kinsman, what quirk now?
You shall be welcome all. I hope to see, sir,
Your grace here, and my coz: we are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are you blank at this? Then I must tellye, sir,
Ye've no command; now you may go at pleasure,
And ride your ass troop. " 'Twas a trick I used
' To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,
' And saving of your wife."

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too; I will make bold with those;
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it;
Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates,

Visit your factors there, that may betray ye.
'Tis done, we must go.

Mar. Now thou'rt a brave gentleman;
And by this sacred light I love thee dearly. Hark ye, sir,
The house is none of yours; I did but jest, sir;
You are no coz of mine; I beseech ye, vanish.
" I tell you plain, you have no more right than he
" Has, that senseless thing. Your wife has once more
fool'd ye, sir.
" Go ye and consider."

Leon. Good-morrow, my sweet Mahound cousin.
You are welcome—welcome all—my cousin too—
We are soldiers, and should naturally do for one another.

Per. By this hand she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her.
" These are fine toys." [*Exit* Perez.

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor month;
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too.
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye.
Good-morrow to your grace; we've private business.

" *Duke.* If I miss thee again, I'm an arrant bungler.
" *Juan.* Thou shalt have my command, and I'll
march under thee,
" Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled;
" Thou art so brave a fellow.
" *Alon.* I have seen visions." [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MARGARITTA's *House.* *Enter* LEON, *with a letter, and* MARGARITTA.

" *Leon.*

" COME hither, wife. Do you know this hand?

" *Mar.* I do, sir; 'tis Estifania's, that was once my woman.

" *Leon.* She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,

" An usuring jeweller's son, I know the rascal,

" Is mortally fallen in love with you.

" *Mar.* He is a monster; deliver me from mountains.

" *Leon.* Do you go a birding for all sorts of people?

" And this evening will come to ye, and shew ye jewels,

" And offers any thing to get access to you.

" If I can make or sport or profit on him,

" (For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,

" And so I will. Be you conformable, and follow but my will.

" *Mar.* I shall not fail, sir.

" *Leon.* Will the duke come again, do you think?

" *Mar.* No, sure, sir.

" H'as now no policy to bring him hither.

" *Leon.* Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife.

" Let's in to dinner." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter PEREZ.

Per. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
That men might run away from the contagion,
I had my wish. Would it were made high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry;
I mean, for a man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman in's wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to? "Phalaris' bull now?
"Pox! they love bulling too well, tho' they smoke for't."
Cut her in pieces, every piece will live still,
And every morsel of her will do mischief.
They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;
They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders:
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her as they did the giants,
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I must destroy her.

Enter CACAFOGO, *with a casket.*

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts! a she moth,
That every silkman's shop breeds! To be cheated,
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!

Per. Who's that is cheated? Speak again, thou vision.

But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort.
Tell me, I conjure thee, "art thou cheated bravely?
"Come, pr'ythee come; art thou so pure a coxcomb,
"To be undone? Do not dissemble with me."

Caca. Then keep thy circle:
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee;
And, whosoe'er thou art, if thou be'sthuman,
I'd let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha!

Caca. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

Per. By whom, good spirit? Speak, speak! Ha, ha, ha!

Caca. I'll utter; laugh till thy lungs crack; by a rascal woman!
"A lewd, abominable, and plain woman!"
Dost thou laugh still?

Per. I must laugh, pr'ythee pardon me,
I shall laugh terribly.

Caca. I shall be angry,
Terribly angry; I have cause.

Per. That's it;
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,
Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee.
By a woman cheated! Art sure it was a woman?

Caca. I shall break thy head; my valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd,
A real woman!

Caca. By a real devil.
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet, cozen'd sir, let's see them.
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that;
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman. I am undone, sweet sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.
Caca. Pray ye take it;
You are the merriest undone man in Europe.
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sherry,
When our own miseries can make us merry?
Per. Ha, ha, ha!
I've seen these jewels: what a notable pennyworth
Have you had! You will not take, sir,
Some twenty ducats—
Caca. Thou'rt deceiv'd; I will take——
" *Per.* To clear your bargain, now.
" *Caca.* I'll take some ten,"
Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.
Per. An excellent lapidary set these stones, sure:
D'ye mark their waters?
Caca. Quicksand choak their waters,
And her's that brought them too: but I shall find her.
Per. And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt her.
" If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
" (For such gross natures will desire it often,
" 'Tis, at sometimes too, a fine variety)"
You cannot find in all this kingdom,
A woman that can cozen yé so neatly.
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*
Caca. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow.
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,

To pay for twenty rascals lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA, *meeting.*

Per. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel,
And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou com'st t' invite me, com'st upon me.
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' the manner,
And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!
Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor e'er a string to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
That dare administer a dram of ratsbane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you've mercy.

Per. If I had tons of mercy thou deserv'st none.
What new tricks now a-foot, and what new houses
Have you i' the air? What orchards in apparition?
What can'st thou say for thy life?

Estif. Little or nothing.

I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little;

For I have farther business than thy killing.
I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you're ready.

Estif. Now, now, sir, now [*Shews a pistol.*
Come on. Do you start off from me?
Do you sweat, great captain? Have you seen a spirit?

Per. Do you wear guns?

Estif. I am a soldier's wife, sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? And let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Per. Let me see,
Pr'ythee let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, sir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye villain! what, would you
Kill your own husband?

Estif. Let mine own husband then,
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thousand ducats.
Who must provide for you? And yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawn'd 'em,
You see for what we must keep touch.

Per. I'll kiss thee;
And yet as many more, I'll make thee famous.
Had we the house now!

Estif. Come along with me;
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, sir.
Per. I see I am an ass when thou art near me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Chamber. Enter LEON *and* MARGARITTA.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly.
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities,
Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure:
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with ye.
Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband.
Why, now I doat upon you, love ye dearly;
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
" When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
" And through the world we hold our current virtues.
" Alone we are single medals, only faces,
" And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows."
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble
I'll be as humble to you as a servant.
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,

They shall be welcome all, now experience
Has bound you fast unto the chain of goodness.
[*Clashing swords, a cry within.*] Down with their swords!
What noise is this? what dismal cry?

Mar. 'Tis loud too.
Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street; look out there.

Leon. Look out, and help.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Oh, sir, the duke Medina——

Leon. What of the duke Medina?

Ser. Oh, sweet gentleman is almost slain!

Mar. Away, away, and help him;
All the house help. [*Exit Servant.*

Leon. How! slain? Why, Margaritta,
Wife, sure some new device they have a foot again,
Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.
I'd rather guide a ship imperial,
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, SANCHIO, ALONZO, *and Servant.*

Mar. How came you hurt, sir?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel.
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour;
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers,
"And he has left me thus;" for charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
That ere I perish I may shew my penitence.
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble sir.

Leon. To bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance.

[*Exeunt Duke*, San. Alon. Marg. *and Servant.*

Enter JUAN.

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so, sir?
"And take you heed this last blow do not spoil ye."
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger: that same scratch,
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay; stand now, and you're a brave fellow,

Leon. I thank ye, noble colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet! [*Exit* Juan.

Enter MARGARITTA.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, sir;
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted.
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?

Mar. What ail you, sir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?

What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer this?
" Have I not done my part like a true husband,
" And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for?
" *Mar.* You have done handsomely, I must confess, sir.
" *Leon.* Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk,
" And watch'd thee with delights, to satisfy thee,
" The very tithes of which had won a widow?"
Mar. Alas, I pity ye,
Leon. Thou'lt make me angry;
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.
Mar. You are always;
You carry a kind of bedlam still about ye.
Leon. If thou pursu'st me farther, I run stark mad.
If you have more hurt dukes, or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate.
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it,
Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee;
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye.
The maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,
And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,
And go through cheerfully, or else sleep empty,
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty;
You in a pallet by, to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose, *thou foolish, wicked woman.*
Mar. I've lost myself, sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience: [*Kneels.*

My wantonness, my stubbornness I've lost too.
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleness———

Leon. *Beware, beware——have you no fetch now?*

Mar. *No, by my repentance, no.*

Leon. *And art thou truly, truly honest?*

Mar. *These tears will shew it.*

Leon. I take you up, and wear you next my heart:
See you be worth it.——

Enter ALTEA.

Now, what with you? 260

Alt. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak wih her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo; keep him from the duke,
The duke from him; anon he'll yield us laughter.

Alt. *Where is it, please you, that we shall detain him?*
He seems at war with reason, full of wine.

Leon. *To the cellar with hi , 'tis the drunkard's den,*
Fit cover for such beasts. Should he be resty,
Say I'm at home; unwieldy as he is,
He'll creep into an augre-hole to shun me.

Alt. *I'll dispose him there.* [Exit.

Leon. Now, Margaritta, comes your trial on:
The duke expects you; acquit yourself to him;
I put you to the test; you have my trust,
My confidence, my love.

Mar. I will deserve 'em. [*Exit.*

Leon. *My work is done, and now my heart's at ease.*

I read in ev'ry look, she means me fairly;
And nobly shall my love reward her for't.
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
To pride and wantonness; or who denies
Affection to the heart he has subdu'd,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity. [Exit.

* SCENE V.

A Chamber. Duke discovered in a Night-gown.

Duke. Why,—now this is most excellent invention.
I shall succed, spite of this huffing husband.
I can but smile to think most wary spouses
The soonest are deceiv'd.

Enter MARGARITTA.

Who's there? My love?

Mar. 'Tis I, my lord.

Duke. Are you alone, sweet friend?

Mar. Alone, and come to enquire how your wounds are.

Duke. I have none, lady; not a hurt about me;
My damages I did but counterfeit,
And feign'd the quarrel to enjoy you, lady.
I am as lusty and as full of health,
As high in blood——

* This scene is entirely altered for representation; as there was no possibility of distinguishing the variations from the original, it was thought necessary to omit it in order to prevent confusion.

Mar. As low in blood, you mean:
Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth;
The man that acts unworthily, tho' ennobled,
Sullies his honour.

Duke. Nay, nay, my Margaritta;
Come to my couch, and there let's lisp love's language.

Mar. Would you take that which I've no right to give?
Steal wedlock's property; and in his house,
Beneath the roof of him that entertains you,
Would you his wife betray?—Will you become
Th' ungrateful viper, who, restor'd to life,
Venom'd the breast which sav'd him?

Duke. Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying penance;
Let us, while love is lusty, prove its power.

Mar. Ill wishes, once, my lord, my mind debas'd:
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it:
Shameful, I own my fault, but 'tis repented.
No more the wanton Margaritta now,
But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
Commands from me affection in return,
Pure as esteem can offer. He has won me;
I owe him all my heart.

Duke. Indeed, fair lady,
This jesting well becomes a sprightly beauty.
Love prompts to celebrate sublimer rights.
No more memento's; let me press you to me,
And stifle with my kisses——

Mar. Nay, then, within, there!

Enter LEON, JUAN, ALONZO, *and* SANCHIO.

Leon. *Did you call, my wife; or you, my lord?*
Was it your grace that wanted me?—No answer!
How do you, my good lord? *What, out of bed!*
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you? You were well before.

Duke. *More hurt than ever; spare your reproach;*
I feel too much already.

Leon. *I see it sir—And now your grace shall know,*
I can as readily pardon as revenge.
Be comforted; all is forgotten.

Duke. *I thank you, sir.*

Leon. Wife, you are a right one;
And now, with unknown nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord, they never prosper.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. *Please you, sir.*
We cannot keep this gross fat man in order:
He swears he'll have admittance to my lady,
And reels about and clamours most outrageously.

Leon. *Let him come up—Wife, here's another suitor*
We forgot; h'as been sighing in the cellar,
Making my casks his mistresses.
Will your grace permit us to produce a rival?

Duke. *No more on that theme, I request, Don Leon.*

Leon. Here comes the porpus; he's devilish drunk. Let me stand by.

Enter CACAFOGO *drunk.*

Caca. *Where is my* bona roba? *Oh, you're all here. Why, I don't fear snap-dragons—Impotential, powerfully potion'd—I can drink with Hector, and beat him too. Then what care I for captains; I'm full of Greek wine; the true, ancient courage.—Sweet Mrs. Margaritta, let me kiss thee —Your kisses shall pay me for his kicking.*

Leon. *What would you?*

Caca. *Sir!*

Leon. *Lead off the wretch.*

Duke. *Most filthy figure, truly.*

Caca. *Filthy! Oh, you're a prince; yet I can buy all of you, your wives and all.*

Juan. *Sleep, and be silent.*

Caca. *Speak you to your creditors, good Captain Half-pay;*
I'll not take thy pawn in.

Leon. Which of the butts is thy mistress?

Caca. Butt in thy belly.

Leon. There are two in thine, I'm sure, it is grown so monstrous,

Caca. Butt in thy face.

Leon. Go, carry him to sleep; [*Exit* Caca.
When he is sober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA

Leon. Who's this; my Mahound cousin?

Per. Good sir, 'tis very good: would I'd a house too,
For there's no talking in the open air.
You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too, I have miss'd both;
My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him.
Do me the courtesy to let me see it,
See it once more. But I shall cry for anger.
I'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye,
And for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little;
And now I've done. Coz, thou shalt live with me,
My merry coz, the world shall not divorce us:
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.
Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye;
I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.
Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honest,
And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.

Mar. Hold, this is yours, some recompence for service,
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, sir.
Now you're a captain.

Leon. You're a noble prince, sir;
And now a soldier.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alt. And I must needs attend my mistress.

Leon. Will you go, sister?

Alt. Yes, indeed, good brother:
I have two ties, mine own blood, and my mistress.

Mar. Is she your sister?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sister, for she prov'd so, wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

Alt. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.

Mar. Well, I could chide ye, but it must be lovingly,
And like a sister.
I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too.
And all the world shall know we're virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

Leon. All you who mean to lead a happy life,
First learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

EPILOGUE.

GOOD night, our worthy friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither. To those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many to such fortune sends
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste:
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste.

De Wilde pinx.t Thornthwaite

M.r FARREN as SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir Cha. Well don't be uneasy — I am not angry

THE

CARELESS HUSBAND,

A

COMEDY,

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

" The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCI.

TO

THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

JOHN,

DUKE OF ARGYLE.

THIS play, at last, through many difficulties, has made way to throw itself at your Grace's feet: and considering what well-meant attempts were made to intercept it in its course to so great an honour, I have had reason not to think it entirely successful, till (where my ambition always designed it) I found it safe in your protection: which when several means had failed of making it less worthy of, the spleen ended with the old good-nature that was offered to my first play, viz. that it was none of my own; but that's a praise I have indeed some reason to be proud of, since your Grace, from evincing circumstances, is able to divide the malice from the compliment.

The best critics have long and justly complained, that the coarseness of most characters in our late comedies, have been unfit entertainments for people of quality, especially the ladies: and therefore I was long in hopes that some able pen (whose expectations did not hang upon the profits of success) would generously attempt to reform the town into a better taste

than the world generally allows them: but nothing of that kind having lately appeared, that would give me an opportunity of being wise at another's expence, I found it impossible any longer to resist the secret temptations of my vanity, and so even struck the first blow myself; and the event has now convinced me, that whosoever sticks closely to nature, can't easily write above the understanding of the galleries, though at the same time he may possibly deserve applause of the boxes.

This play, before its trial on the stage, was examined by several people of quality, that came into your Grace's opinion of its being a just, a proper, and diverting attempt in comedy; but few of them carried the compliment beyond their private approbation: for when I was wishing for a little farther hope, they stopped short of your Grace's penetration, and only kindly wished me what they seem'd to fear, and you assured me of, a general success.

But your Grace has been pleased, not only to encourage me with your judgment, but have likewise by your favourable influence in the bounties that were raised for me the third and sixth day, defended me against any hazards of an entire disappointment from so bold an undertaking: and therefore, whatever the world may think of me, as one they call a poet, yet I am confident, as your Grace understands me, I shall not want your belief, when I assure you that this dedication is the result of a profound a-

knowledgment, an artless inclination, proudly glad and grateful.

And if the dialogue of the following scenes flows with more easy turn of thought and spirit, than what I have usually produced; I shall not yet blame some people for saying 'tis not my own, unless they knew at the same time, I owe most of it to the many stolen observations I have made from your Grace's manner of conversing.

And if ever the influence of your Grace's more shining qualities should persuade me to attempt a tragedy, I shall then, with the same freedom, borrow all the ornamental virtues of my hero, where now I am only indebted for part of the fine gentleman. Greatness of birth and mind, sweetness of temper, flowing from the fixt and native principles of courage and of honour, are beauties that I reserve for a farther opportunity of expressing the zeal and gratitude of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

And most obliged humble servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

Dec. 15, 1704.

THE

CARELESS HUSBAND.

THIS comedy, as it would do honour to the pen of any modern, will establish the fame of COLLEY CIBBER.

It abounds in correct delineations of polished life, and many shrewd sentiments of character. There is a delicacy in the recovery of the libertine, which every reader or spectator feels and receives as a lesson by which the heart may become the better.

" Your GENTLENESS shall *move*,
" More than your FORCE move us to *gentleness*."

For so, in the language of Shakspere, it might be said to every reformer whose discipline seems harsh and unpalatable.

Of CIBBER, every reader, except the dramatic, will no doubt be sufficiently ready to join in the splenetic abuse, by which a good poet has marked him for derision. Time not in this case, as in most others, will find its rectifying power applied in vain. The idle injustice of the satirist will remain from the predo-

minance of verse, and thus demonstrate that the poet and the priest, over and above their Roman designation by the same name, should, if possible, participate their qualities, that *humanity* and *rhime* might go together, and the glitter of *verse* be never abused to embalm *injustice*.

In order that, as far as depends upon the present writer, the indecent acrimony of POPE may be defeated, the following extracts are made from a manly appeal of CIBBER to his puny, yet venomous enemy.

After an explicit challenge to prove that he ever was otherwise than Mr. POPE's admirer, and remarking upon the miserable excuse for his attacks--the DULNESS of those he assailed—he goes on:

"No, sure, dulness can be no vice or crime, or is "at worst but a misfortune, and you ought no more "to censure or revile a man for it, than for his being "blind or lame; the cruelty or injustice will be evi- "dently equal either way. But, if you please, I will "wave this part of my argument, and for once take "no advantage of it--but will suppose dullness to be "actually criminal, and then will leave it to your own "conscience to declare, whether you really think I "am generally so guilty of it as to deserve the name "of the dull fellow you make of me. Now, if the "reader will call upon my conscience to speak upon "the question, I do from my heart solemnly declare,

Such as in wit are often seen t'abound,
And yet have some weak part, where folly's found:
For follies sprout like weeds, highest in fruitful ground,
And 'tis observ'd, the garden of the mind
To no infestive weed's so much inclin'd,
As the rank pride that some from affectation find.
A folly too well known to make its court
With most success among the better sort.
Such are the persons we to-day provide,
And nature's fools for once are laid aside.
This is the ground, on which our play we build;
But in the structure must to judgment yield:
And where the poet fails in art, or care,
We beg your wonted mercy to the player.

my wrongs; nor would I have him think my virtue could suspect him, till by some gross, apparent proof of his misdoing, he forces me to see—and to forgive it.

Enter EDGING *hastily.*

Edg. O madam!

L. Easy. What's the matter?

Edg. I have the strangest thing to shew your ladyship——such a discovery———

L. Easy. You are resolved to make it without much ceremony, I find. What's the business, pray?

Edg. The business, madam, I have not patience to tell you; I am out of breath at the very thoughts on't; I shall not be able to speak this half hour.

L. Easy. Not to the purpose, I believe! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of ease.

Edg. Nay, madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your ladyship thinks; there is that will speak to the purpose, I am sure—A base man— [*Gives a letter.*

L. Easy. What is this? An open letter! Whence comes it?

Edg. Nay, read it, madam, you will soon guess---If these are the tricks of husbands, keep me a maid still, say I.

L. Easy. [*Looking on the superscription.*] *To Sir* Charles Easy! Ha! Too well I know this hateful hand.---O my heart: but I must veil my jealousy, which 'tis not fit this creature should suppose I am

acquainted with. [*Aside.*] This direction is to your master, how came you by it?

Edg. Why, madam, as my master was lying down, after he came in from hunting, he sent me into his dressing-room to fetch his snuff-box out of his waistcoat-pocket, and so as I was searching for the box, madam, there I found this wicked letter from a mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very blood rose at him again; methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

L. Easy. Intolerable! This odious thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a revenge upon him---Sure I am fallen, indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. [*Aside*

Edg. Nay, pray, madam, read it, you will be out of patience at it.

L. Easy. You are bold, mistress; has my indulgence, or your master's good humour, flattered you into the assurance of reading his letters; a liberty I never gave myself---Here---lay it where you had it immediately---should he know of your sauciness, 'twould not be my favour could protect you.

[*Exit L.* Easy.

Edg. Your favour! marry come up! sure I don't depend upon your favour!---It's not come to that, I hope.---Poor creature—don't you think I am my master's mistress for nothing---You shall find, madam, I won't be snapt up as I have been---Not but it vexes me to think she should not be as uneasy as I. I am

sure he is a base man to me, and I could cry my eyes out that she should not think him as bad to her every jot. If I am wronged, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his wife—A conceited thing---she need not be so easy, neither---I am as handsome as she, I hope---Here's my master---I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her or no. [*Walks behind.*

Enter Sir CHARLES EASY.

Sir Cha. So! The day is come again!---Life but rises to another stage, and the same dull journey is before us.---How like children do we judge of happiness! When I was stinted in my fortune, almost every thing was a pleasure to me, because most things then being out of my reach, I had always the pleasure of hoping for them; now fortune's in my hand, she is as insipid as an old acquaintance---It is mighty silly, faith!---Just the same thing by my wife, too; I am told she is extremely handsome---nay, and have heard a great many people say she is certainly the best woman in the world---Why, I don't know but she may, yet I could never find that her person or good qualities gave me any concern---In my eye, the woman has no more charms than my mother.

Edg. Hum!---he takes no notice of me yet---I'll let him see I can take as little notice of him. [*She walks by him gravely, he turns her about and holds her, she struggles.*] Pray, sir!

Sir Cha. A pretty pert air, that—I'll humour it—

What's the matter, child? Are not you well? Kiss me, hussy.

Edg. No, the deuce fetch me if I do.

Sir Cha. Has any thing put thee out of humour, love?

Edg. No, sir, 'tis not worth my being out of humour at—tho' if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burned.

Sir Cha. Somebody has belied me to thee.

Edg. No, sir, 'tis you have belied yourself to me—Did not I ask you, when you first made a fool of me, if you would be always constant to me; and did not you say, I might be sure you would? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old intrigue with my Lady Graveairs.——

Sir Cha. So——

Edg. Beside, don't you suffer my lady to huff me every day as if I were her dog, or had no more concern with you—I declare I won't bear it, and she shan't think to huff me—for aught I know I am as agreeable as she: and tho' she dares not take any notice of your baseness to her, you shan't think to use me so—and so pray take your nasty letter—I know the hand well enough—for my part I won't stay in the family to be abused at this rate: I that have refused lords and dukes for your sake; I'd have you to know, sir, I have had as many blue and green ribbons after me, for aught I know, as would have made me a falbala apron.

Sir Cha. My Lady Graveairs! my nasty letter! and I won't stay in the family! Death!—I'm in a pretty condition!---What an unlimited privilege has this jade got from being a whore?

Edg. I suppse, sir, you think to use every body as you do your wife.

Sir Cha. My wife, hah! Come hither, Mrs. Edging; hark you, drab. [*Seizing her by the shoulder.*

Edg. Oh!

Sir Cha. When you speak of my wife, you are to say, your lady, and you are never to speak of your lady to me in any regard of her being my wife---for look you, child, you are not her strumpet, but mine, therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me. ---In the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such person as my Lady Graveairs; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this letter?

Edg. It's no matter, perhaps.

Sir Cha. Aye, but if you should not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great piece of flesh out of your shoulder?---My dear. [*Shakes her.*

Edg. O lud! O lud! I will tell you, sir.

Sir Cha. Quickly then———

Edg. Oh! I took it out of your pocket, sir.

Sir Cha. When?

Edg. Oh! this morning, when you sent me for your snuff-box.

Sir Cha. And your ladyship's pretty curiosity has looked it over, I presume---ha--- [*Shakes her again.*

Edg. O lud! dear sir, don't be angry—indeed I'll never touch one again.

Sir Cha. I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

Edg. Yes, sir.

Sir Cha. By stedfastly believing that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white neck twisted behind you.

Edg. Yes, sir. [*Curt'sying.*

Sir Cha. And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you!

Edg. Yes, sir.

Sir Cha. And now, child, I was not angry with your person, but your follies; which, since I find you are a little sensible of—don't be wholly discouraged—for I believe I——I shall have occasion for you again———

Edg. Yes, sir.

Sir Cha. In the mean time, let me hear no more of your lady, child.

Edg. No, sir.

Sir Cha. Here she comes: begone.

Edg. Yes, sir—Oh! I was never so frightened in my life. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. So! good discipline makes good soldiers--It often puzzles me to think, from my own carelessness, and my wife's continual good humour, whether she really knows any thing of the strength of my forces--I'll sift her a little.

Enter Lady EASY.

My dear, how do you do? You are dressed very early to-day: are you going out?

L. Easy. Only to church, my dear.

Sir. Cha. Is it so late then?

L. Easy. The bell has just rung.

Sir Cha. Well, child, how does Windsor air agree with you? Do you find yourself any better yet? or have you a mind to go to London again?

L. Easy. No, indeed, my dear; the air is so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less company, I could be content to end my days here.

Sir Cha. Pr'ythe, my dear, what sort of company would most please you.?

L. Easy. When business would permit it, yours; and in your absence a sincere friend, that were truly happy in an honest husband, to sit a cheerful hour, and talk in mutual praise of our condition.

Sir Cha. Are you then really very happy, my dear?

L. Easy. Why should you question it?

[*Smiling on him.*

Sir Cha. Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

L. Easy. Pshaw.

Sir Cha. Nay, the deuce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wondered how any woman of your sense, rank, and person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good qualities.

L. Easy. Fie, my dear.

Sir Cha. By my soul, I am serious.

L. Easy. I cannot boast of my good qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think them useless.

Sir Cha. Nay, I submit to you---Don't you find them so? Do you perceive that I am one tittle the better husband for your being so good a wife?

L. Easy. Pshaw! you jest with me.

Sir Cha. Upon my life I don't--Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

L. Easy. Did I ever give you any sign of it?

Sir Cha. Um---that's true--but do you really think I never gave you occasion?

L. Easy. That's an odd question---but suppose you had?

Sir Cha. Why then, what good has your virtue done you, since all the good qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

L. Easy. What occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

Sir Cha. I given you occasion--Fie! my dear---you may be sure---I---look you, that is not the thing, but still a---(death! what a blunder have I made?)--a---still, I say, madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real cause, but I know women of your principles have more pride than those that have no principles at all; and where there is pride, there must be some jealousy—so that if you are jealous, my dear, you know you wrong me, and—

L. Easy. Why then, upon my word, my dear, I don't know that ever I wronged you that way in my life.

Sir Cha. But suppose I had given a real cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

L. Easy. It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

Sir Cha. Say it were a substantial one; suppose now I were well with a woman of your own acquaintance, that, under pretence of frequent visits to you, should only come to carry on an affair with me—suppose now my Lady Graveairs and I were great?

L. Easy. Would I could not suppose it. [*Aside,*

Sir Cha. If I come off here I believe I am pretty safe. [*Aside.*]—Suppose, I say, my lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the town should see it?

L. Easy. Then I should cry myself sick in some dark closet, and forget my tears when you spoke kindly to me.

Sir Cha. The most convenient piece of virtue sure that ever wife was mistress of. [*Aside.*

L. Easy. But pray, my dear, did you ever think that I had any ill thoughts of my Lady Graveairs?

Sir Cha. O fie! child; only you know she and I used to be a little free sometimes, so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it; but since I find you very easy, I think myself obliged to tell you, that upon my soul, my dear, I have so little regard to her person, that the deuce take me,

if I would not as soon have an affair with thy woman.

L. Easy. Indeed, my dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t'other.

Sir Cha. Poor dear—should'st thou—give me a kiss.

L. Easy. Pshaw! you don't care to kiss me.

Sir Cha. By my soul, I do————I wish I may die, if I don't think you a very fine woman.

L. Easy. I only wish you would think me a good wife. [*Kisses her.*] But pray, my dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

Sir. Cha. Inquisitive—Why—a—I don't know, one is always saying one foolish thing or another—Toll le roll. [*Sings and talks.*] My dear, what! are we never to have any ball here! Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practice. Toll loll loll!

L. Easy. This excess of carelessness to me excuses half his vices. If I can make him once think seriously—Time yet may be my friend.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord Morelove gives his service——

Sir Cha. Lord Morelove? where is he?

Serv. At the chocolate-house; he called me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your honour he'll wait upon you presently.

L. Easy. I thought you had not expected him here again this season, my dear.

Sir Cha. I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the resolution of a man that's in love.

L. Easy. Is there a chair?

Serv. Yes, madam. [*Exit Servant.*

L. Easy. I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

Sir Cha. Aye, poor soul, for all his bravery, I am afraid so.

L. Easy. Well, my dear, I ha'nt time to ask my lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

Sir Cha. I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at prayers, make her dine too, but don't take any notice of my lord's being in town.

L. Easy. Very well! if I should not meet her there, I'll call at her lodgings.

Sir Cha. Do so.

L. Easy. My dear, your servant. [*Exit L. Easy.*

Sir Cha. My dear, I'm yours.——Well! one way or other this woman will certainly bring about her business with me at last; for though she cannot make me happy in her own person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair way of being as weary of them too.

Enter Servant and Lord MORELOVE.

Serv. Sir, my lord's come.

L. Mor. Dear Charles!

Sir Cha. My dear lord! this is an happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at Windsor again this season! I concluded of course, that books and solitude had secured you 'till winter.

L. Mor. Nay, I did not think of coming myself, but I found myself not very well in London, so I thought —a—little hunting, and this air———

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Mor. What do you laugh at?

Sir Cha. Only because you should not go on with your story: if you did but see how silly a man fumbles for an excuse, when he is a little ashamed of being in love, you would not wonder what I laugh at; ha! ha! ha!

L. Mor. Thou art a very happy fellow——nothing touches thee—always easy—Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again.

Sir Cha. Yes, faith do I: and, to make you easy, my lord, I cannot see why a man that can ride fifty miles after a poor stag, should be ashamed of running twenty in chase of a fine woman, that, in all probability, will show him so much the better sport too. [*Embracing.*

L. Mor. Dear Charles, don't flatter my distemper; I own I still follow her: do you think her charms have power to excuse me to the world?

Sir Cha. Aye! aye! a fine woman's an excuse for any thing, "and the scandal of our being in jest, is a jest itself;" we are all forced to be their fools, before we can be their favourites.

L. Mor. You are willing to give me hope; but I can't believe she has the least degree of inclination for me.

Sir Cha. I don't know that—I am sure her pride likes you, and that's generally your fine ladies darling passion.

L. Mor. Do you suppose if I could grow indifferent, it would touch her?

Sir Cha. Sting her to the heart——Will you take my advice?

L. Mor. I have no relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an hour, my life were insupportable.

Sir Cha. I am sorry for that, my lord;--but mind what I say to you--but hold, first, let me know the particulars of your late quarrel with her.

L. Mor. Why,--about three weeks ago, when I was last here at Windsor, she had for some days treated me with a little more reserve, and another with more freedom than I found myself easy at.

Sir Cha. Who was that other?

L. Mor. One of my Lord Foppington's gang--"the pert coxcomb that's just come to a small estate "and a great periwig"--he that sings himself among the women--What do you call him--He won't speak to a commoner when a lord is in company--"you al-"ways see him with a cane dangling at his button, "his breast open, no gloves, one eye tucked under "his hat, and a tooth-pick"——Startup, that's his name.

Sir Cha. O! I have met him in a visit——but pray go on.

L. Mor. So, disputing with her about the conduct of women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she erred in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any man could love a woman that thought her in the wrong in any thing she had a mind to, at least if he dared to tell her so--- This provoked me into her whole character, with so much spirit and civil malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a woman of true beauty, when the men first toasted her; so in the middle of my wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud heart along with me, and trouble her no more——I——bowed very low, and as I left the room, vowed I never would, and that my proud heart should never be humbled by the outside of a fine woman---About an hour after, I whipped into my chaise for London, and have never seen her since.

Sir Cha. Very well, and how did you find your proud heart by that time you got to Hounslow?

L. Mor. I am almost ashamed to tell you---I found her so much in the right, that I cursed my pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think, according to her maxim, that no woman could be in the wrong to a man that she had in her power.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! Well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without trembling, I hope.

L. Mor. Not if she receives me well.

Sir Cha. If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you—first you shall dine with her.

L. Mor. How! where! when!

Sir Cha. Here! here! at two o'clock.

L. Mor. Dear Charles!

Sir Cha. My wife is gone to invite her; when you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn: let her see, by the ease in your behaviour, you are still pleased in being near her, while she is upon reasonable terms with you. This will either open the door of an *eclaircissement*, or quite shut it against you—and if she is still resolved to keep you out—

L. Mor. Nay, if she insults me, then, perhaps, I may recover pride enough to rally her by an overacted submission.

Sir Cha. Why, you improve, my lord: this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

L. Mor. Was it, faith! hark you, dare you stand by me?

Sir Cha. Dare I! aye, to my last drop of assurance, against all the insolent airs of the proudest beauty in Christendom.

L. Mor. Nay, then defiance to her—We two—Thou hast inspired me—I find myself as valiant as a flattered coward.

Sir Cha. Courage, my lord—I'll warrant we beat her.

L. Mor. My blood stirs at the very thought on't; I long to be engaged.

Sir Cha. She will certainly give ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provoked.

L. Mor. Dear Charles, thou art a friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington gives his service, and if your honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he is dressed.

L. Mor. Lord Foppington! Is he in town?

Sir. Cha. Yes,—I heard last night he was come. Give my service to his lordship, and tell him I should be glad he will do me the honour of his company here at dinner. [*Exit Serv.*] We may have occasion for him in our design upon Lady Betty.

L. Mor. What use can we make of him?

Sir Cha. We'll see when he comes; at least there is no danger in him; but I suppose you know he is your rival.

L. Mor. Pshaw! a coxcomb.

Sir Cha. Nay, don't despise him neither—he is able to give you advice; for though he is in love with the same woman, yet to him she has not charms enough to give a minute's pain.

L. Mor. Pr'ythee, what sense has he of love?

Sir Cha. Faith very near as much as a man of sense ought to have; I grant you he knows not how to value a woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just esteem for most ladies about town.

L. Mor. That he follows, I grant you—for he seldom visits any of extraordinary reputation.

Sir Cha. Have a care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

L. Mor. To be laughed at.

Sir Cha. Don't be too confident of that; the women now begin to laugh with him, not at him: for he really sometimes rallies his own humour with so much ease and pleasantry, that a great many women begin to think he has no follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his youth, and a great estate, as want of natural wit: 'tis true, he often is a bubble to his pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the ladies' humble servant in love.

L. Mor. There, indeed, I almost envy him.

Sir Cha. The easiness of his opinion upon the sex, will go near to pique you—We must have him.

L. Mor. As you please—but what shall we do with ourselves till dinner?

Sir Cha. What think you of a party at picquet?

L. Mor. O! you are too hard for me.

Sir Cha. Fie! fie! when you play with his Grace?

L. Mor. Upon my honour, he gives me three points.

Sir Cha. Does he? Why then you shall give me but two—Here, fellow, get cards. *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady BETTY MODISH'S *Lodgings. Enter Lady* BETTY, *and Lady* EASY, *meeting.*

Lady Betty.

OH, my dear! I am overjoyed to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just received my new scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

L. Easy. Oh, your servant, madam, I am a very indifferent judge, you know. What is it with sleeves?

L. Betty. Oh, 'tis impossible to tell you what it is! ——'Tis all extravagance both in mode and fancy, my dear. I believe there's six thousand yards of edging in it——Then such an enchanting slope from the elbow—something so new, so lively, so noble, so coquette and charming—but you shall see it, my dear——

L. Easy. Indeed, I won't, my dear; I am resolved to mortify you for being so wrongfully fond of a trifle.

L. Betty. Nay, now, my dear, you are ill-natured.

L. Easy. Why, truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense, so warmly concerned in the care of her outside; for when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting virtue.

L. Betty. Ah, my dear! my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind. Take my word, a new fashion upon a fine woman, is often a greater proof of her value, than you are aware of.

L. Easy. That I can't comprehend, for you see among the men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last that come into 'em.

L. Betty. That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but doubtless the greatest value of a woman is her beauty; an homely woman at the head of a fashion, would not be allowed in it by the men, and consequently not followed by the women; so that to be successful in one's fancy, is an evident sign of one's being admired, and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the height of happiness.

L. Easy. At this rate you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

L. Betty. As I had rather command than obey: the wisest homely woman can't make a man of sense of a fool, but the veriest fool of a beauty shall make an ass of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress—and make the men like her.

L. Easy. Do you suppose this is a principle the men of sense will admire you for?

L. Betty. I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he shan't dare to find fault with my principle.

L. Easy. But men of sense are not so easily humbled.

L. Betty. The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

L. Easy. Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good humour, in hopes of *tendresse* from my Lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my Lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

L. Betty. The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world: their sincerity and good breeding throws them so entirely into one's power, and gives one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to shew that power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

L. Easy. But, methinks, my Lord Morelove's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

L. Betty. Aye, but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor weak woman to have a man of his quality and reputation in her power, and not to let the world see him there? Would any creature sit new dressed all day in her closet? Could you bear to have a sweet-fancy'd suit, and never shew it at the play, or the drawing-room?

L. Easy. But one would not ride in't, methinks, or harass it out, when there's no occasion.

L. Betty. Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask, one can't wear him out; o'my conscience I must give him to my woman at last; I begin to be known by him: had not I best leave him off, my dear? for, poor soul, I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

L. Easy. Now 'tis to me amazing, how a man of his spirit can bear to be used like a dog for four or five years together—but nothing's a wonder in love; yet pray when you found you could not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

L. Betty. Why, what would you have one do? for my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye, than a shoe; one must draw them on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

L. Easy. But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, than I'd wear a shoe that pinched me.

L. Betty. Aye, but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle, as a pair of shoes, or an heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

L. Easy. Well; I confess you are very happily distinguished among most women of fortune, to have a man of my Lord Morelove's sense and quality so long and honourably in love with you; for now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he would marry. To be in love now, is only to have a design upon a woman, a modish way of declaring war against her vir-

tue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

L. Betty. Aye, but the world knows, that is not the case between my lord and me.

L. Easy. Therefore I think you happy.

L. Betty. Now I don't see it; I'll swear I'm better pleased to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality that take occasion to toast me frequently.

L. Easy. I vow I shou'd not thank any gentleman for toasting me, and I have often wondered how a woman of your spirit could bear a great many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

L. Betty. As how, my dear! Come, pr'ythee, be free with me, for you must know, I love dearly to hear my faults—Who is't you have observ'd to be too free with me?

L. Easy. Why, there's my Lord Foppington; could any woman but you bear to see him with a respectful leer stare full in her face, draw his breath, and cry—Gad, you're handsome?

L. Betty. My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it; but, poor things, they do it no harm: for if you observe, people are generally most apt to choose that the flies have been busy with, ha, ha, ha!

"*L. Easy.* Thou art a strange giddy creature.

"*L. Betty.* That may be from so much circulation "of thought, my dear."

L. Easy. But my Lord Foppington's married, and

one would not fool with him, for his lady's sake; it may make her uneasy, and——

L. Betty. Poor creature, her pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any notice of it to me; tho' I know, she hates me in her heart, and I can't endure malicious people, so I used to dine with her once a week, purely to give her disorder; if you had but seen when my lord and I fooled a little, the creature looked so ugly.

L. Easy. But I should not think my reputation safe; my Lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours, but seldom speaks of favours that are refused him.

L. Betty. Pshaw! will any thing a man says make a woman less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's complexion, or put one's hair out of order?—and for reputation, look you, my dear, take it for a rule, that as amongst the lower rank of people, no woman wants beauty that has fortune; so among people of fortune, no woman wants virtue that has beauty: but an estate and beauty join'd, are of an unlimited, nay, a power pontifical, make one not only absolute, but infallible—A fine woman's never in the wrong, or, if we were, 'tis not the strength of a poor creature's reason that can unfetter him—Oh, how I love to hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a——

Yet for the plague of human race,
This devil has an angel's face.

L. Easy. At this rate, I don't see you allow reputation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

L. Betty. Just as much as honour to a great man, "Power is always above scandal. Don't you hear "people say the king of France owes most of his "conquests to breaking his word, and would not the "confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only "to go to war with reproaches." Indeed, my dear, that jewel reputation is a very fanciful business! one shall not see an homely creature in town, but wears it in her mouth as monstrously as the Indians do bobs at their lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

L. Easy. Have a care, my dear, of trusting too far to power alone: for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride; and woman's pride at best may be suspected to be more a distrust, than a real contempt of mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness; and I don't question but my Lord Morelove's merit, in a little time, will make you think so too; for whatever airs you give yourself to the world, I'm sure your heart don't want good-nature.

L. Betty. You are mistaken, I am very ill-natured, tho' your good humour won't let you see it.

L. Easy. Then to give me a proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promised Sir Charles to bring you.

L. Betty. Pray don't ask me.

L. Easy. Why?

L. Betty. Because, to let you see I hate good-na-

ture, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the malice to say I did you a favour.

L. Easy. Thou art a mad creature.

[*Exeunt arm in arm*

SCENE II.

Changes to Sir CHARLES'S *Lodgings. Lord* MORELOVE *and Sir* CHARLES *at Piquet.*

Sir Cha. Come, my lord, one single game for the *rout*, and so have done.

L. Mor. No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em? ill cards are the dullest company in the world—How much is it?

Sir Cha. Three parties.

L. Mor. Fifteen pounds—very well.

[*While Lord* Morelove *counts out his money, a Servant gives Sir* Charles *a Letter, which he reads to himself.*

Sir Cha. [*To the Servant.*] Give my service, say I have company dines with me, if I have time I'll call there in the afternoon—ha! ha! ha! [*Exit Servant.*

L. Mor. What's the matter—there—

[*Paying the money.*

Sir Cha. The old affair—my Lady Graveairs.

L. Mor. Oh! Pr'ythee how does that go on?

Sir Cha. As agreeably as a Chancery suit; for now it's come to the intolerable plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may see——

[*Giving the Letter.*

L. Mor. [*reads.*] "Your behaviour since I came to Windsor has convinced me of your villany, without my being surprised or angry at it. I desire you would let me see you at my lodgings immediately, where I shall have a better opportunity to convince you, that I never can, or positively will, be as I have been. Yours, &c." A very whimsical letter!—Faith, I think she has hard luck with you; if a man were obliged to have a mistress, her person and condition seem to be cut out for the ease of a lover; for she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointur'd widow—But what's your quarrel?

Sir Cha. Nothing—She sees the coolness happens to be first on my side, and her business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me how heartily she's vexed that she was not beforehand with me.

L. Mor. Her pride, and your indifference, must occasion a pleasant scene, sure; what do you intend to do?

Sir Cha. Treat her with a cold familiar air, till I pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take her at her word.

L. Mor. Very gallant and provoking.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington—— [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. Oh—now, my lord, if you have a mind to be let into the mystery of making love without pain—here's one that's a master of the art, and shall declaim to you——

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.

My dear Lord Foppington?

L. Fop. My dear agreeable! *Que je t'embrasse! Pardi! Il y a cent ans que je ne t'ai vu*—my lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

L. Mor. My lord, I kiss your hands—I hope we shall have you here some time; you seem to have laid in a stock of health to be in at the diversions of the place—You look extremely well.

L. Fop. To see one's friends look so, my lord, may easily give a *vermeille* to one's complexion.

Sir Cha. Lovers in hope, my lord, always have a visible brilliant in their eyes and air.

L. Fop. What dost thou mean, Charles?

Sir Cha. Come, come, confess what really brought you to Windsor, now you have no business there?

L. Fop. Why two hours, and six of the best nags in Christendom, or the devil drive me.

L. Mor. You make haste, my lord.

L. Fop. My lord, I always fly when I pursue—But they are well kept indeed—I love to have creatures go as I bid 'em: you have seen 'em, Charles, but so has all the world; Foppington's long tails are known on every road in England.

Sir Cha. Well, my lord, but how came they to bring you this road? You do'nt use to take these irregular jaunts without some design in your head of having more than nothing to do.

L. F. Pshaw! Pox! pr'ythee, Charles, thou

knowest I am a fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

Sir Cha. Nay, nay, this is too much among friends, my Lord; come, come,—we must have it, your real business here?

L. Fop. Why then, *entre nous*, there is a certain *fille de joye* about the court here, that loves winning at cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her,—so I have brought an odd thousand bill in my pocket that I design, *téte-à-téte*, to play off with her at picquet, or so; and now the business is out.

Sir Cha. Ah, and a very good business too, my lord.

L. Fop. If it be well done, Charles——

Sir Cha. That's as you manage your cards, my lord.

L. Mor. This must be a woman of consequence, by the value you set upon her favours.

Sir Cha. Oh, nothing's above the price of a fine woman.

L. Fop. Nay, look you, gentleman, the price may not happen to be altogether so high neither—For I fancy I know enough of the game, to make it an even bet I get her for nothing.

L. Mor. How so, my lord?

L. Fop. Because, if she happen to lose a good sum to me, I shall buy her with her own money.

L. Mor. That's new, I confess.

L. Fop. You know, Charles, 'tis not impossible but

I may be five hundred pounds deep with her—then bills may fall short, and the devil's in't if I want assurance to ask her to pay some way or other.

Sir Cha. And a man must be a churl indeed, that won't take a lady's personal security; hah! hah! hah!

L. Fop. Heh! heh! heh! thou art a devil, Charles.

L. Mor. Death! how happy is this coxcomb? [*Aside.*

L. Fop. But to tell you the truth, gentlemen, I had another pressing temptation that brought me hither, which was—my wife.

L. Mor. That's kind, indeed, my lady has been here this month: she'll be glad to see you.

L. Fop. That I don't know; for I design this afternoon to send her to London.

L. Mor. What! the same day you come, my lord? that would be cruel.

L. Fop. Aye, but it will be mighty convenient; for she is positively of no manner of use in my amours.

L. Mor. That's your fault, the town thinks her a very deserving woman.

L. Fop. If she were a woman of the town, perhaps I should think so too; but she happens to be my wife, and when a wife is once given to deserve more than her husband's inclinations can pay, in my mind she has no merit at all.

L. Mor. She's extremely well-bred, and of a very prudent conduct.

L. Fop. Um—aye—the woman's proud enough.

L. Mor. Add to this, all the world allows her handsome.

L. Fop. The world's extremely civil, my lord; and I should take it as a favour done me, if they could find an expedient to unmarry the poor woman from the only man in the world that can't think her handsome.

L. Mor. I believe there are a great many in the world that are sorry 'tis not in their power to unmarry her.

L. Fop. I am a great many in the world's very humble servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their power, their high and mighty wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an hour's warning.

L. Mor. Pray, my lord, what did you marry for?

L. Fop. To pay my debts at play, and disinherit my younger brother.

L. Mor. But there are some things due to a wife.

L. Fop. And there are some debts I don't care to pay—to both which I plead husband, and my lord.

L. Mor. If I should do so, I should expect to have my own coach stopt in the street, and to meet my wife with the windows up in a hackney.

L. Fop. Then would I put in bail, and order a separate maintenance

L. Mor. So pay the double the sum of the debt, and be married for nothing.

L. Fop. Now I think deferring a dun, and getting rid of one's wife, are two the most agreeable sweets in the liberties of an English subject.

L. Mor. If I were married, I would as soon part from my estate as my wife.

L. Fop. Now I would not, sun-burn me if I would.

L. Mor. Death! but since you are thus indifferent, my lord, why would you needs marry a woman of so much merit? Could not you have laid out your spleen upon some ill-natured shrew, that wanted the plague of an ill husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest man of quality, that would have deserved her.

L. Fop. Why faith, my lord, that might have been considered; but I really grew so passionately fond of her fortune, that, curse catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good qualities: for, to tell you the truth, if it had been possible the old put of a peer could have tossed me in t'other five thousand for 'em, by my consent, she should have relinquished her merit and virtues to any of her younger sisters.

Sir Cha. Aye, aye, my lord, virtues in a wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the world in mind of her husband's faults.

L. Fop. Right, Charles: and, strike me blind, but the women of virtue are now grown such ideots in love, that they expect of a man, just as they do of a coach-horse, that one's appetite, like t'other's flesh, should increase by feeding.

Sir Cha. Right, my lord, and don't consider, that *toujours chapons bouillis* will never do with an English stomach.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the truth, Charles,

I have known so much of that sort of eating, that I now think, for an hearty meal, no wild fowl in Europe is comparable to a joint of Banstead mutton.

L. Mor. How do you mean?

L. Fop. Why that, for my part, I had rather have a plain slice of my wife's woman, than my guts full of e'er an Ortolan dutchess in Christendom.

L. Mor. But I thought, my lord, your chief business now at Windsor had been your design upon a woman of quality.

L. Fop. That's true, my lord; though I don't think your fine lady the best dish myself, yet a man of quality can't be without such things at his table.

L. Mor. Oh, then you only desire the reputation of an affair with her.

L. Fop. I think the reputation is the most inviting part of an amour with most women of quality.

L. Mor. Why so, my lord?

L. Fop. Why, who the devil would run through all the degrees of form and ceremony, that lead one up to the last favour, if it were not for the reputation of understanding the nearest way to get over the difficulty?

L. Mor. But, my lord, does not the reputation of your being so general an undertaker frighten the women from engaging with you? For they say, no man can love but one at a time.

L. Fop. That's just one more than ever I came up to: for, stop my breath, if ever I lov'd one in my life.

L. Mor. How do you get 'em then?

L. Fop. Why, sometimes as they get other people: I dress and let them get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my title, I buy 'em.

L. Mor. But how can you, that profess indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the price of a woman of quality?

L. Fop. Because you must know, my lord, that most of them begin now to come down to reason; I mean those that are to be had, for some die fools: but with the wiser sort, 'tis not, of late, so very expensive; now and then a *partie quarré*, a jaunt or two in a hack to an Indian house, a little China, an odd thing for a gown, or so, and in three days after, you meet her at the conveniency of trying it *chez Mademoiselle d'Epingle*.

Sir Cha. Aye, Aye, my lord, and when you are there, you know, what betwen a little chat, a dish of tea, Mademoiselle's good humour, and a *petit chanson*, or two, the devil's in't if a man can't fool away the time, 'till he sees how it looks upon her by candle-light.

L. Fop. Heh! heh! well said, Charles, I'gad I fancy thee and I have unlaced many a reputation there——Your great lady is as soon undressed as her woman.

L. Mor. I could never find it so——the shame or scandal of a repulse always made me afraid of attempting women of condition.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! I'gad, my lord, you deserve to

be ill used; your modesty's enough to spoil any woman in the world; but my lord and I understand the sex a little better; we see plainly that women are only cold, as some men are brave, from the modesty or fear of those that attack 'em.

L. Fop. Right, Charles,—a man should no more give up his heart to a woman, than his sword to a bully; they are both as insolent as the devil after it.

Sir Cha. How do you like that, my lord?

[*Aside to Lord* Morelove.

L. Mor. Faith, I envy him—But my lord, suppose your inclination should stumble upon a woman truly virtuous, would not a severe repulse from such an one, put you strangely out of countenance?

L. Fop. Not at all, my lord—for if a man don't mind a box o'the ear in a fair struggle with a fresh country girl, why the deuce should he be concerned at an impertinent frown for an attack upon a woman of quality?

L. Mor. Then you have no notion of a lady's cruelty?

L. Fop. Ha! ha! let me blood, if I think there's a greater jest in nature. I am ready to crack my guts with laughing, to see a senseless flirt, because the creature happens to have a little pride that she calls virtue about her, give herself all the insolent airs of resentment and disdain to an honest fellow, that all the while does not care three pinches of snuff if she and her virtue were to run with their last favours through the first regiment of guards—Ha!

he! it puts me in mind of an affair of mine, so impertinent———

L. Mor. Oh, that's impossible, my Lord——Pray let's hear it.

L. Fop. Why I happened once to be very well in a certain man of quality's family, and his wife liked me.

L. Mor. How do you know she liked you?

L. Fop. Why from the very moment I told her I liked her, she never durst trust herself at the end of a room with me.

L. Mor. That might be her not liking you.

L. Fop. My lord—Women of quality don't use to speak the thing plain—but, to satisfy you I did not want encouragement, I never came there in my life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my snuff box.

L. Mor. She liked your snuff at least—Well, but how did she use you?

L. Fop. By all that's infamous, she jilted me.

L. Mor. How! Jilt you?

L. Fop. Ay, death's curse, she jilted me.

L. Mor. Pray, let's hear.

L. Fop. For when I was pretty well convinced she had a mind to me, I one day made her a hint of an appointment: upon which, with an insolent frown in her face (that made her look as ugly as the devil) she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her lord should know that she had forbidden me the house before.—Did you ever hear of such a slut?

Sir Cha. Intolerable!

L. Mor. But how did her answer agree with you?

L. Fop. Oh, passionately well! for I stared full in her face, and burst out a laughing; at which she turned upon her heel, and gave a crack with her fan like a coach-whip, and bridled out of the room with the air and complexion of an incensed Turkey-cock.

[*A servant whispers Sir* Charles.

L. Mor. What did you then?

L. Fop. I——looked after her, gaped, threw up the sash, and fell a singing out of the window——so that you see, my lord, while a man is not in love, there's no great affliction in missing one's way to a woman.

Sir Cha. Aye, aye, you talk this very well, my lord; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon action—dinner's served, and the ladies stay for us—There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a man as yourself.

L. Mor. I guess who you mean—Have a care, my lord, she'll prove your courage for you.

L. Fop. Will she? then she's an undone creature. For let me tell you, gentlemen, courage is the whole mystery of making love, and of more use than conduct is in war; for the bravest fellow in Europe may beat his brains out again the stubborn walls of a town—But

——*Women, born to be controll'd,*
Stoop to the forward, and the bold. [Exeunt.

Act III. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter Lord MORELOVE, *and Sir* CHARLES.

Lord Morelove.

So! Did not I bare up bravely?

Sir Cha. Admirably! with the best bred insolence in nature, you insulted like a woman of quality when her country-bred husband's jealous of her in the wrong place.

L. Mor. Ha! ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the room, how care lessly she brushed her eyes over me, and when the company saluted me, stood all the while with her face to the window? ha! ha!

Sir Cha. What astonished airs she gave herself, when you asked her, what made her so grave upon her old friends?

L. Mor. And whenever I offered any thing in talk, what affected care she took to direct her observations of it to a third person?

Sir Cha. I observed she did not eat above the rump of a pigeon all dinner time.

L. Mor. And how she coloured when I told her, her ladyship had lost her stomach?

Sir Cha. If you keep your temper she's undone.

L. Mor. Provided she sticks to her pride, I believe I may.

Sir Cha. Aye! never fear her; I warrant, in the

humour she is in, she would as soon part with her sense of feeling.

L. Mor. Well, what's to be done next?

Sir Cha. Only observe her motions: for, by her behaviour at dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my lord Foppington: if so, you must even stand her fire, and then play my lady Graveairs upon her, whom I'll immediately pique, and prepare for your purpose.

L. Mor. I understand you——the properest woman in the world too; for she'll certainly encourage the least offer from me, in hopes of revenging her slights upon you.

Sir Cha. Right: and the very encouragement she gives you, at the same time will give me a pretence to widen the breach of my quarrel with her.

L. Mor. Besides, Charles, I own I am fond of any attempt that will forward a misunderstanding there, for your lady's sake. A woman so truly good in her nature, ought to have something more from a man, than bare occasions to prove her goodness.

Sir Cha. Why, then, upon honour, my lord, to give you proof that I am positively the best husband in the world, my wife——never yet found me out.

L. Mor. That may be by her being the best wife in the world: she, may be, won't find you out.

Sir Cha. Nay, if she won't tell a man of his faults, when she sees them, how the deuce should he mend them? But, however, you see I am going to leave them off as fast as I can.

L. Mor. Being tired of a woman, is, indeed, a pretty

tolerable assurance of a man's not designing to fool on with her——Here she co ..es, and, if I don't mistake, brimful of reproaches——You can't take her in a better time——I'll leave you.

Enter Lady GRAVEAIRS.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. Is the company broke up, pray?

L. Gra. No, my lord, they are just talking of basset; my Lord Foppington has a mind to tally, if your lordship would encourage the table.

L. Mor. Oh, madam, with all my heart! But Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it: I'll leave your ladyship to prevail with him. [*Exit L.* Morelove

[*Sir* Charles *and Lady* Graveairs *salute coldly, and trifle some time before they speak.*

L. Gra. Sir Charles, I sent you a note this morning——

Sir Cha. Yes, madam; but there were some passages I did not expect from your ladyship; you seem to tax me with things that——

L. Gra. Look you, sir, 'tis not at all material whether I taxed you with any thing or no; I don't desire you to clear yourself; upon my word, you may be very easy as to that matter; for my part, I am mighty well satisfied things are as they are; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the trouble to call at my lodgings this afternoon, if you should have time, as you were pleased to send me word—and so, your servant, sir, that's all——

[*Going.*

Sir Cha. Hold, madam.

L. Gra. Look you, Sir Charles, 'tis not your calling me back that will signify any thing, I can assure you.

Sir Cha. Why this extraordinary haste, madam?

L. Gra. In short, Sir Charles, I have taken a great many things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer. But I see things are in vain, and the more people strive to oblige people, the less they are thanked for it: and since there must be an end of one's ridiculousness one time or other, I don't see any time so proper as the present; and therefore, sir, I desire you would think of things accordingly. Your servant. [*Going, he holds her.*

Sir Cha. Nay, madam, let us start fair, however; you ought, at least, to stay till I am as ready as your ladyship; and then, if we must part,

Adieu, ye silent grots, and shady groves;
Ye soft amusements of our growing loves;
Adieu, ye whisper'd sighs, that fann'd the fire,
And all the thrilling joys of young desire.

[*Affectedly.*

L. Gra. Oh, mighty well, sir; I am very glad we are at last come to a right understanding, the only way I have long wished for; not but I'd have you to know I see your design thro' all your painted ease of resignation: I know you'd give your soul to make me uneasy now.

Sir Cha. Oh, fie, madam! upon my word I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my power.

L. Gra. Oh, dear sir, you need not take such care, upon my word; you'll find I can part with you without the least disorder; I'll try, at least; and so, once more, and for ever, sir, your servant: not but you must give me leave to tell you, as my last thought of you too, that I do think——you are a villain.

[*Exit hastily.*

Sir Cha. Oh, your very humble servant, madam!—

[*Bowing low.*

What a charming quality is a woman's pride, that is strong enough to refuse a man her favours, when he's weary of them——Ah!

Re-enter Lady GRAVEAIRS.

L. Gra. Look you, Sir Charles; don't presume upon the easiness of my temper: for to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you would let me have what letters you have had of mine since you came to Windsor; and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to London.

Sir Cha. Upon my faith, madam, I never keep any; I always put snuff in them, and so they wear out.

L. Gra. Sir Charles, I must have them; for positively I won't stir without them.

Sir Cha. Ha! then I must be civil, I see. [*Aside.* Perhaps, madam, I have no mind to part with them ——or you.

L. Gra. Look you, sir, all those sort of things are in vain, now there's an end of every thing between us

—If you say you won't give them, I must e'en get them as well as I can.

Sir Cha. Ha! that won't do then, I find. [*Aside.*

L. Gra. Who's there? Mrs. Edging—Your keeping a letter, sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

Enter EDGING.

Edg. Did your ladyship call me, madam?

L. Gra. Ay, child; pray do me the favour to fetch my cloak out of the dining room.

Edg. Yes, madam.

Sir Cha. Oh, then there's hope again. [*Aside.*

Edg. Ha! she looks as if my master had quarrelled with her; I hope she's going away in a huff—she shan't stay for her cloak, I warrant her——This is pure. [*Aside. Exit smiling.*

L. Gra. Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me leave, now after all, to ask you—why you have used me thus?

Sir Cha. What is it you call usage, madam?

L. Gra. Why, then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me of late? Only tell me seriously, wherein I have deserved this.

Sir Cha. Why, then, seriously, madam——

Re-enter EDGING *with a cloak.*

We are interrupted——

Edg. Here is your ladyship's cloak, madam.

L. Gra. Thank you, Mrs. Edging—Oh, law! pray will you let somebody get me a chair to the door.

Edg. Humph—She might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go. [*Aside. Exit.*

L. Gra. Now, sir.

Sir Cha. Then, seriously, I say I am of late grown so very lazy in my pleasures, "that I had rather lose "a woman, than go through the plague and trouble "of having or keeping her: and, to be free, I have "found so much, even in my acquaintance with you, "whom I confess to be a mistress in the art of pleas-"ing," that I am from henceforth resolved to follow no pleasure that arises above the degree of amusement —And that woman that expects I should make her my business; why—like my business, is then in a fair way of being forgot. When once she comes to reproach me with vows and usage, and stuff—I had as lief hear her talk of bills, bonds, and ejectments; her passion becomes as troublesome as a law-suit, and I would as soon converse with my solicitor. In short, I shall never care sixpence for any woman that won't be obedient.

L. Gra. I'll swear, sir, you have a very free way of treating people; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles, however——And you would have me obedient?

Sir Cha. Why not? My wife's so; and I think she has as much pretence to be proud as your ladyship.

L. Gra. Lard! is there no chair to be had, I wonder?

Enter EDGING.

Edg. Here's a chair, madam.

L. Gra. 'Tis very well, Mrs. Edging: pray will you let somebody get me a glass of fair water?

Edg. Humph—her huff is almost over, I suppose—I see he's a villain still. [*Aside.*] *Exit.*

L. Gra. Well, that was the prettiest fancy about obedience, sure, that ever was. Certainly, a woman of condition must be infinitely happy under the dominion of so generous a lover. "But how came you "to forget kicking and whipping all this while? Me-"thinks, you should not have left so fashionable an "article out of your scheme of government.

"*Sir Cha.* Um——No, there is too much trouble "in that; though I have known them of admirable "use in reformation of some humoursome gentle-"women."

L. Gra. But one thing more, and I have done——Pray, what degree of spirit must the lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much freedom, order, and tranquillity?

Sir Cha. Oh, she must at least have as much spirit as your ladyship, or she'd give me no pleasure in breaking it.

L. Gra. No, that would be troublesome. You had better take one that's broken to your hand; there are such souls to be hired, I believe; things that will rub your temples in an evening, till you fall fast asleep in their laps; creatures, too, that think their wages

their reward. I fancy, at last, that will be the best method for the lazy passion of a married man, that has out-lived his any other sense of gratification.

Sir Cha. Look you, madam; I have loved you very well a great while; now you would have me love you better and longer, which is not in my power to do; and I don't think there is any plague upon earth, like a dun that comes for more money than one is ever likely to be able to pay.

L. Gra. A dun! Do you take me for a dun, sir? Do I come a dunning to you? [*Walks in a heat.*

Sir Cha. Hist! don't expose yourself——here's company——

L. Gra. I care not——A dun! You shall see, sir, I can revenge an affront, tho' I despise the wretch that offers it——A dun! Oh, I could die with laughing at the fancy! [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. So—she's in admirable order——Here comes my lord; and, I am afraid, in the very nick of his occasion for her.

Enter Lord MORELOVE.

L. Mor. Oh, Charles, undone again! all is lost and ruined.

Sir Cha. What's the matter now?

L. Mor. I have been playing the fool yonder, even to contempt; my senseless jealousy has confessed a weakness I never shall forgive myself. She has insulted on it to that degree too——I can't bear the thought——Oh, Charles, this devil still is mistress of

my heart! and I could dash my brains out to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

Sir Cha. Ah, how it would tickle her if she saw you in this condition! ha, ha, ha!

L. Mor. Pr'ythee don't torture me: think of some present ease, or I shall burst.

Sir Cha. Well, well, let's hear, pray—What has she done to you? Ha, ha!

L. Mor. Why, ever since I left you, she has treated me with so much coolness and ill nature, and that thing of a lord, with "so much laughing ease, such "an acquainted," such a spiteful familiarity, that, at the last, she saw, and triumphed in my uneasiness.

Sir Cha. Well, and so you left the room in a pet? Ha!

L. Mor. Oh, worse, worse still! for at last, with half shame and anger in my looks, I thrust myself between my lord and her, pressed her by the hand and in a whisper, trembling, begged her, in pity of herself and me, to shew her good humour only where she knew it was truly valued: at which she broke from me with a cold smile, sat her down by the peer, whispered him, and burst into a loud laughter in my face.

Sir Cha. Ha, ha! then would I have given fifty pounds to have seen your face. Why, what in the name of common sense had you to do with humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted match to gunpowder, to blow yourself up.

L. Mor. I see my folly now, Charles. But what shall I do with the remains of life that she has left me?

Sir. Cha. Oh, throw it at her feet, by all means! put on your tragedy face, catch fast hold of her petticoat, whip out your handkerchief, and in point blank verse, desire her, one way or other, to make an end of the business. [*In a whining tone.*

L. Mor. What a fool dost thou make me!

Sir Cha. I only shew you as you came out of her hands, my lord.

L. Mor. How contemptibly have I behaved myself?

Sir Cha. That's according as you bear her behaviour.

L. Mor. Bear it! no—I thank thee, Charles; thou hast waked me now; and if I bear it——What have you done with my Lady Graveairs?

Sir Cha. Your business, I believe——She's ready for you; she's just gone down stairs, and if you don't make haste after her, I expect her back again, with a knife or a pistol presently.

L. Mor. I'll go this minute.

Sir Cha. No, stay a little: here comes, my lord; we'll see what we can get out of him, first.

"*L. Mor.* Methinks, now, I could laugh at her."

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee——We have been so *chagrin* without

thee, that, stop my breath, the ladies are gone half asleep to church for want of thy company.

Sir Cha. That's hard, indeed, while your lordship was among them. Is Lady Betty gone too?

L. Fop. She was just upon the wing; but I caught her by the snuff-box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

L. Mor. Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only present she would ever receive from me——Ask him how he came by it. [*Aside to Sir* Charles.

Sir Cha. Pr'ythee don't be uneasy——Did she give it you, my lord?

L. Fop. Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not; but we were playing the fool, and I took it ——*à la*—Pshaw! I can't tell thee in French neither; but Horace touches it to a nicety—'twas *pignus direptum malè pertinàci.*

L. Mor. So—but I must bear it——If your lordship has a mind to the box, I'll stand by you in keeping of it.

L. Fop. My lord, I am passionately obliged to you; but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the lady's favour.

L. Mor. Not at all, my lord: 'tis possible I may not have the same regard to her frown that your lordship has.

L. Fop. That's a bite, I am sure—he'd give a joint of his little finger to be as well with her as I am: [*Aside.*] But here she comes——Charles, stand by

me——Must not a man be a vain coxcomb now, to think this creature followed one?

Sir Cha. Nothing so plain, my lord.

L. Fop. Flattering devil!

Enter Lady BETTY.

L. Betty. Pshaw, my Lord Foppington! pr'ythee don't play the fool now, but give me my snuff-box—Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

Sir Cha. You know I hate trouble, madam.

L. Betty. Pooh! you'll make me stay till prayers are half over now.

L. Fop. If you'll promise me not to go to church, I'll give it you.

L. Betty. I'll promise nothing at all; for positively I will have it. [*Struggling with him.*

L. Fop. Then, comparatively, I won't part with it. Ha, ha! [*Struggles with her.*

L. Betty. Oh, you devil, you have killed my arm! Oh!——Well, if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

L. Mor. Oh, Charles! that has a view of distant kindness in it. [*Aside to Sir* Charles.

L. Fop. Nay, now I keep it superlatively——I find there's a secret value in it.

L. Betty. Oh, dismal! Upon my word, I am only ashamed to give it to you. Do you think I would offer such an odious fancied thing to any body I had the least value for?

Sir Cha. Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any kindness at all.

[*Aside to Lord* Morelove.

L. Fop. Why, really, madam, upon second view, it has not extremely the mode of a lady's utensil. Are you sure it never held any thing but snuff?

L. Betty. Oh, you monster!

L. Fop. Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me to have very much the air and fancy of Monsieur Smoakandsot's tobacco-box.

L. Mor. I can bear no more.

Sir Cha. Why, don't, then: I'll step in to the company, and return to your relief immediately. [*Exit.*

L. Mor. [*To Lady* Bet.] Come, madam, will your ladyship give me leave to end the difference? Since the slightness of the thing may let you bestow it without any mark of favour, shall I beg it of your ladyship.

L. Bet. Oh, my lord, nobody sooner——I beg you give it, my lord. [*Looking earnestly on Lord* Fop. *who, smiling, gives it to Lord* Mor. *and then bows gravely to her.*]

L. Mor. Only to have the honour of restoring it to your lordship; and if there be any other trifle of mine your lordship has a fancy to, tho' it were a mistress, I don't know any person in the world that has so good a claim to my resignation.

L. Fop. Oh, my lord, this generosity will distract me!

L. Mor. My lord, I do you but common justice.

But from your conversation, I had never known the true value of the sex. You positively understand them the best of any man breathing; therefore I think every one of common patience ought to resign to you.

L. Fop. Then, positively, your lordship is the most obliging person in the world; for I'm sure your judgment can never like any woman that is not the finest creature in the universe. [*Bowing to Lady* Betty.

L. Mor. Oh, your lordship does me too much honour! I have the worst judgment in the world; no man has been more deceived in it.

L. Fop. Then your lordship, I presume, has been apt to choose in a mask, or by candle-light.

L. Mor. In a mask, indeed, my lord, and of all masks the most dangerous.

L. Fop. Pray, what's that, my lord?

L. Mor. A bare face.

L. Fop. Your lordship will pardon me, if I don't so readily comprehend how a woman's bare face can hide her face.

L. Mor. It often hides her heart, my lord; and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous mask than a piece of velvet: that's rather a mark than a disguise of an ill woman. But the mischiefs shulking behind a beauteous form give no warning; they are always sure, fatal, and innumerable.

L. Betty. Oh, barbarous aspersion! My lord Foppington, have you nothing to say for the poor women?

L. Fop. I must confess, madam, nothing of this nature ever happened in my course of amours. I always judge the beauteous part of a woman to be the most agreeable part of her composition; and when once a lady does me the honour to toss that into my arms, I think myself obliged, in good nature, not to quarrel about the rest of her equipage.

L. Betty. Why, ay, my lord, there's some good humour in that now.

L. Mor. He's happy in a plain English stomach, madam; I could recommend a dish that's perfectly to your lordship's *gout*, where beauty is the only sauce to it.

L. Betty. So——

L. Fop. My lord, when my wine's right, I never care it should be zested.

L. Mor. I know some ladies would thank you for that opinion.

L. Betty. My Lord Morelove is really grown such a churl to the women, I don't only think he is not, but cann't conceive how he ever could be, in love.

L. Mor. Upon my word, madam, I once thought I was. [*Smiling.*

L. Betty. Fie, fie! how could you think so? I fancy now you had only a mind to domineer over some poor creature, and so you thought you were in love, ha, ha!

L. Mor. The lady I loved, madam, grew so unfortunate in her conduct, that at last she brought me to

treat her with the same indifference and civility as I now pay your ladyship.

L. Betty. And, ten to one, just at that time she never thought you such tolerable company.

L. Mor. That I cann't say, madam; for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her thoughts at all. [*Mimicking her.*

L. Betty. What, and so you left the poor lady. Oh, you inconstant creature!

L. Mor. No, madam, to have loved her on had been inconstancy; for she was never two hours together the same woman.

[*Lady* Bet. *and Lord* Mor. *seem to talk.*

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha! I see he has a mind to abuse her: so I'll even give him an opportunity of doing his business with her at once for ever—My lord, I perceive your lordship is going to be good company to the lady; and, for her sake, I don't think it good manners in me to disturb you———

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. My Lord Foppington———

L. Fop. Oh, Charles! I was just wanting thee—Hark thee—I have three thousand secrets for thee—I have made such discoveries! to tell thee all in one word, Morelove's as jealous of me as the devil, he, he, he!

Sir Cha. Is it posible? Has she given him any occasion?

L. Fop. Only rallied him to death on my account;

she told me, within, just now, she'd use him like a dog, and begged me to draw off for an opportunity.

Sir Cha. Oh, keep in while the scent lies, and she is your own, my lord.

L. Fop. I cann't tell that, Charles; but I am sure she is fairly unharboured; and when once I throw off my inclinations, I usually follow them till the game has enough on't: and between thee and I, she is pretty well blown too; she cann't stand long, I believe; for, curse catch me, if I have not rid down half a thousand pounds after her already.

Sir Cha. What do you mean?

L. Fop. I have lost five hundred to her at picquet since dinner.

Sir Cha. You are a fortunate man, faith; you are resolved not to be thrown out, I see.

L. Fop. Hang it, what should a man come out for, if he does not keep up to the sport?

Sir Cha. Well pushed, my lord.

L. Fop. Tayo! have at her———

Sir Cha. Down, down, my lord——ah! 'ware haunches!

L. Fop. Ah, Charles! [*Embracing him.*] Pr'ythee, let's observe a little: there's a foolish cur, now I have run her to a stand, has a mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see, she won't stir out of her way for him. [*They stand aside.*

L. Mor. Ha, ha! your ladyship is very grave of a sudden; you look as if your lover had insolently recovered his common senses.

L. Betty. And your lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one would swear you were just come from the pleasure of making your mistress afraid of you.

L. Mor. No, faith, quite contrary; for, do you know, madam, I have just found out, that, upon your account, I have made myself one of the most ridiculous puppies upon the face of the earth——I have, upon my faith—nay, and so extravagantly such, ha, ha, ha! that it is at last become a jest even to myself; and I cann't help laughing at it for the soul of me, ha, ha, ha!

L. Betty. I want to cure him of that laugh, now. [*Aside.*] My lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another secret—Do you know, too, that I still find, (spite of all your great wisdom, and my contemptible qualities, as you are pleased, now and then, to call them) do you know, I say, that I see, under all this, that you still love me with the same helpless passion: and can your vast foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly for these extraordinary airs you are pleased to give yourself?

L. Mor. Oh, by all means, madam! 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your power —Confusion! [*Aside.*

L. Betty. My lord, you have talked to me this half hour, without confessing pain. [*Pauses, and affects to gape.*] Only remember it.

L. Mor. Hell and tortures!

L. Betty. What did you say, my lord?

L. Mor. Fire and furies!

L. Betty. Ha, ha! he's disordered—Now I am easy ——My Lord Foppington, have you a mind to your revenge at picquet?

L. Fop. I have always a mind to an opportunity of entertaining your ladyship, madam.

[*Lady* Betty *coquets with Lord* Fop.

L. Mor. Oh, Charles! the insolence of this woman might furnish out a thousand devils.

Sir Cha. And your temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such women. Come away; I have business for you upon the terrace.

L. Mor. Let me but speak one word to her.

Sir Cha. Not a syllable: the tongue's a weapon you'll always have the worst at; for I see you have no guard, and she carries a devilish edge.

L. Betty. My lord, don't let any thing I have said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old conditions; 'tis but your asking me pardon the next day, and you may give your passion any liberty you think fit.

L. Mor. Daggers and death!

Sir Cha. *Is the man distracted?*

L. Mor. Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst—

Sir Cha. Upon condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my lord, do as you please.

L. Mor. Pr'ythee, pardon me—I know not what to do.

Sir Cha. Come along; I'll set you to work, I war-

rant you—Nay, nay, none of your parting ogles——Will you go?

L. Mor. Yes——and I hope for ever———

[*Exit Sir* Cha. *pulling away Lord* Mor.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha! Did ever mortal monster set up for a lover with such unfortunate qualifications?

L. Betty. Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his manner.

L. Fop. I thought I should have burst to see the creature pretend to rally, and give himself the airs of one of us—But, run me through, madam, your ladyship pushed like a fencing master; that last thrust was a *coup de grace*, I believe: I'm afraid his honour will hardly meet your ladyship in haste again.

L. Betty. Not unless his second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in practice, perhaps——Well, the humour of this creature has done me signal service to-day. I must keep it up, for fear of a second engagement.

[*Aside.*

L. Fop. Never was poor wit so foiled at his own weapon, sure!

L. Betty. Wit! had he ever any pretence to it?

L. Fop. Ha, ha! he has not much in love, I think, tho' he wears the reputation of a very pretty young fellow among some sort of people; but, strike me stupid, if ever I could discover common sense in all the progress of his amours: he expects a woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good quality belonging to the whole composition of her soul and body.

L. Betty. That, I suppose, is only in a modest hope that she'll mend her faults, to qualify herself for his vast merit, ha, ha!

L. Fop. Poor Morelove! I see she cann't endure him. [*Aside.*

L. Betty. Or if one really had all those faults, he does not consider that sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff; nobody takes it now.

L. Fop. Oh, no mortal, madam, unless it be here and there a 'squire, that's making his lawful court to the cherry-cheek charms of my Lord's Bishop's great fat daughter in the country.

L. Betty. O what a surfeiting couple has he put together—— [*Throwing her hand carelesly upon his.*

L. Fop. Fond of me, by all that's tender——Poor fool, I'll give thee ease immediately. [*Aside.*—But, madam, you were pleased just now to offer me my revenge at piquet——Now here's nobody within, and I think we cann't make use of a better opportunity.

L. Betty. O! no: not now, my lord!——I have a favour I would fain beg of you first.

L. Fop. But time, madam, is very precious in this place, and I shall not easily forgive myself if I don't take him by the forelock.

L. Betty. But I have a great mind to have a little more sport with my Lord Morelove first, and would fain beg your assistance.

L. Fop. O! with all my heart; and, upon second thoughts, I don't know but piquing a rival in public may be as good sport as being well with a mistress in

private: for, after all, the pleasure of a fine woman is like that of her virtue, not so much in the thing as the reputation of having it. [*Aside.*]—Well, madam, but how can I serve you in this affair?

L. Betty. Why, methought, as my Lord Morelove went out, he shewed a stern resentment in his look, that seemed to threaten me with rebellion, and downright defiance: now I have a great fancy that you and I should follow him to the Terrace, and laugh at his resolution before he has time to put it in practice.

L. Fop. And so punish his fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

L. Betty. Nay, we won't give him time, if his courage should fail, to repent it.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha! let me blood, if I don't long to be at it, ha! ha!

L. Betty. O! 'twill be such diversion to see him bite his lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our sides in laughing at nothing! ha! ha!

L. Fop. Ha! ha! I see the creature does really like me. [*Aside.*] And then, madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a tune, in affectation of his not minding us—'twill be so foolish, when we know he loves us to death all the while, ha! ha!

L. Betty. And if at last his sage mouth should open in surly contradiction of our humour, then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not gallant and fashionable: constancy shall be the mark of age and ugliness, virtue

a jest, we'll rally discretion out of doors, lay gravity at our feet, and only love, free love, disorder, liberty, and pleasure, be our standing principles.

L. Fop. Madam, you transport me: for if ever I was obliged to nature for any one tolerable qualification, 'twas positively the talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this subject—I am impatient—my fancy's upon the wing already—let's fly to him.

L. Betty. No, no; stay till I am just got out; our going together won't be so proper.

L. Fop. As your ladyship pleases, madam—But when this affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain revenge due.

L. Betty. Aye, aye! after supper I am for you—Nay, you shan't stir a step, my lord!——

[*Seeing her to the door.*

L. Fop. Only to tell you, you have fixed me yours to the last existence of my soul's eternal entity.—

L. Betty. O, your servant. [*Exit.*

L. Fop. Ha, ha! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! Poor Morelove! That a fellow, who has ever been abroad, should think a woman of her spirit is to be taken by a regular siege, "as the confederates do towns," when "so many of the French successes might have shewn him," the surest way is to whisper the governor.—"How can a coxcomb "give himself the fatigue of bombarding a woman's "understanding, when he may with so much ease "make a friend of her constitution—" I'll see if I can shew him a little French play with Lady Betty—

let me see—aye, I'll make an end of it the old way get her into picquet at her own lodgings—not mine one tittle of my play, give her every game before she's half up, that she may judge of the strength o my inclination by my haste of losing up to her price then of a sudden, with a familiar leer, cry—ra picquet—sweep counters, cards, and money all upon the floor, *& donc—l'affaire est faite.* [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Castle Terrace. Enter Lady BETTY, *and Lady* EASY.

Lady Easy.

My dear, you really talk to me as if I were your lover and not your friend : or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least guess at your real thoughts—Can you be serious for a moment ?

L. Betty. Not easily : but I would do more to oblige you.

L. Easy. Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord Morelove ?

L. Betty. Then seriously—I think not—But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my symptoms—First, I own I like his conversation, his person has neither fault, nor beauty—well enough—I don't remember I ever secretly wished

myself married to him, or—that I ever seriously resolved against it.

L. Easy. Well, so far you are tolerably safe:—But come—as to his manner of addressing you, what effect has that had?

L. Betty. I am not a little pleased to observe few men follow a woman with the same fatigue and spirit that he does me—am more pleased when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that usage.

L. Easy. Have a care; that last is a dangerous symptom—he pleases your pride, I find.

L. Betty. Oh! perfectly,; in that—I own no mortal ever can come up to him.

L. Easy. But now, my dear! now comes the main point—Jealousy! Are you sure you have never been touched with it? Tell me that with a safe conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

L. Betty. Nay, then I defy him, for positively I was never jealous in my life.

L. Easy. How, madam! have you never been stirred enough, to think a woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in talk with him? Or, are you sure his gallantry to another never gave you the least disorder? Were you never, upon no accident, in an apprehension of losing him?

L. Betty. Hah! Why, madam—Bless me!—wh—wh—why sure you don't call this jealousy, my dear?

L. Easy. Nay, nay, that is not the business—Have you ever felt any thing of this nature madam!

L. Betty. Lord! don't be so hasty, my dear—anything of this nature——O Lud! I swear I don't like it: dear creature, bring me off here; for I am half frighted out of my wits.

L. Easy. Nay, if you can rally upon't, your wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

L. Betty. Well, that's comfortably said, however.

L. Easy. But come to the point——How far have you been jealous?

L. Betty. Why,——O, bless me! He gave the music one night to my Lady Languish here upon the terrace: and (tho' she and I were very good friends) I remember I could not speak to her in a week for't ——Oh!

L. Easy. Nay, now you may laugh if you can: for, take my word, the marks are upon you——But come ——what else?

L. Betty. O, nothing else, upon my word, my dear!

L. Easy. Well, one word more, and then I give sentence: suppose you were heartily convinced, that he actually followed another woman?

L. Betty. But, pray, my dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such a thing at all?

L. Easy. Guilty upon my honour.

L. Betty. Pshaw! I defy him to say, that ever I owned any inclination for him.

L. Easy. No, but you have given him terrible leave to guess it.

L. Betty. If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little reason to think so, I can assure you.

L. Easy. That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I'm sure my lord can't be far off.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. Servant, Lady Betty——my dear, how do you do.

L. Easy. At your service, my dear——but, pray what have you done with my Lord Morelove?

L. Betty. Aye, Sir Charles, pray how does your pupil do? Have you any hopes of him? Is he docible?

"*Sir Cha.* Well, madam, to confess your triumph "over me, as well as him, I own my hopes of him "are lost. I offer'd what I cou'd to his instruction, "but he is incorrigibly yours, and undone—and the "news, I presume, does not displease your ladyship.

"*L. Betty.* Fye, fye, Sir Charles, you disparage "your friend, I am afraid you don't take pains with "him.

"*Sir Cha.* Ha! I fancy, Lady Betty, your good-"nature won't let you sleep a nights: don't you love "dearly to hurt people?

"*L. Betty.* O! your servant: then, without a jest, "the man is so unfortunate in his want of patience, "that, let me die, if I don't often pity him.

"*Sir Cha.* Ha! Strange goodness—O that I were "your lover for a month or two.

"*L. Betty.* What then!

"*Sir Cha.* I would make that pretty heart's blood "of yours ach in a fortnight.

" *L. Betty.* Hugh—I should hate you: your assur-
" ance wou'd make your address intolerable.

" *Sir Cha.* I believe it wou'd, for I'd never ad-
" dress you at all.

" *L. Betty.* O! you clown you!

" [*Hitting him with her fan.*

" *Sir Cha.* Why, what to do? to feed a diseased
" pride, that's eternally breaking out in the affecta-
" tion of an ill-nature, that—in my conscience I be-
" lieve is but affectation.

" *L. Betty.* You, or your friend, have no great
" reason to complain of my fondness, I believe.
" Ha, ha!"

Sir Cha. [*Looking earnestly at her.*] Thou insolent creature! How can you make a jest of a man, whose whole life's but one continued torment, from your want of common gratitude?

L. Betty. Torment! for my part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

Sir Cha. Poor intolerable affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours, you know your power, and the whole pleasure of your life's the poor and low abuse of it.

L. Betty. Pray how do I abuse it——if I have any power.

Sir Cha. You drive him to extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his reason: you've almost turned his brain, " his common judg-
" ment fails him," he is now, at this very moment, driven by his despair upon a project, in hopes to free

him from your power, that I am sensible, and so must every one be that has his sense, of course must ruin him with you, for ever. "I almost blush "to think of it, yet your unreasonable disdain has "forced him to it;" and should he now suspect I offered but a hint of it to you, and in contempt of his design, I know he'd call my life to answer it: but I have no regard to men in madness, I rather choose for once to trust in your good-nature, in hopes the man, whom your unwary beauty had made miserable, your generosity wou'd scorn to make ridiculous.

L. Betty. Sir Charles, you charge me very home; I never had it in my inclination to make any thing ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this business you think so extravagant in him?

Sir Cha. Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

L. Betty. O fie! If it be a fault, Sir Charles, I shall consider it as his, not yours. Pray, what is it?

"*L. Easy.* I long to know, methinks."

Sir Cha. You may be sure he did not want my dissuasions from it.

L. Betty. Let's hear it.

Sir Cha. Why this man, whom I have known to love you with such excess of generous desire, whom I have heard in his extatic praises on your beauty talk, till from the soft heat of his distilling thoughts, the tears have fall'n——

L. Betty. O! Sir Charles—— [*Blushing.*

Sir Cha. Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear

what was (though you contemned it) once his merit: but now I own that merit ought to be forgotten.

L. Betty. Pray, sir, be plain.

Sir Cha. This man, I say, whose unhappy passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my friendship had lately flattered him) his hopes of even deserving now your lowest pity or regard.

L. Betty. You amaze me——For I cann't suppose his utmost malice dares assault my reputation—and what—

Sir Cha. No, but he maliciously presumes the world will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely means to make them busy with their tongues; for he is this moment upon the open terrace, in the highest public gallantry with my Lady Graveairs. "And to convince the world and me, he said, he was "not that tame lover we fancied him, he'd ven- "ture to give her music to-night: nay, I heard "him, before my face, speak to one of the hautboys "to engage the rest, and desired they would all take "their directions only from my Lady Graveairs."

L. Betty. My Lady Graveairs! truly I think my lord's very much in the right on't——for my part, Sir Charles, I don't see any thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or the worse of him for't.

Sir Cha. Pshaw! pshaw! madam, you and I know 'tis not in his power to renounce you; this is but the poor disguise of a resenting passion, vainly ruffled to

a storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will, and laugh into a calm again.

L. Betty. Indeed, Sir Charles, I shan't give myself that trouble, I believe.

Sir Cha. So I told him, madam: are not all your complaints, said I, already owing to her pride; and can you suppose this public defiance of it (which you know you cann't make good too) won't incense her more against you?—That's what I'd have, said he, staring wildly; I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

L. Betty. Upon my word. I fancy my lord will find himself mistaken—I shan't be piqued, I believe—I must first have a value for the thing I lose, before it piques me: piqued! ha, ha, ha! [*Disordered.*

Sir Cha. Madam, you've said the very thing I urged to him; I know her temper so well, said I, that though she doated on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than shew the least motion of uneasiness.

L. Betty. I can assure you, Sir Charles, my lord won't find himself deceived in your opinion——— piqued!

Sir Cha. She has it. [*Aside.*

"*L. Easy.* Alas, poor woman! how little do our "passions make us!"

L. Betty. Not but I would advise him to have a little regard to my reputation in this business; I would have him take heed of publicly affronting me.

Sir Cha. Right, madam, that's what I strictly warned him of; for, among friends, whenever the world sees him follow another woman, the malicious tea-tables will be very apt to be free with your ladyship.

L. Betty. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

Sir Cha. But, alas! madam, 'tis not in his power to think with reason; his mad resentment has destroyed even his principles of common honesty: he considers nothing but a senseless proud revenge, which in his fit of lunacy 'tis impossible that either threats or danger can dissuade him from.

L. Betty. What! does he defy me, threaten me! then he shall see, that I have passions too, and know, as well as he, to stir my heart against any pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? Fear the little malice of a slighted passion, that my own scorn has stung into a despised resentment? Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have such a thought!

L. Easy. Dear creature, don't disorder yourself so.

L. Betty. Let me but live to see him once more within my power, and I'll forgive the rest of fortune.

L. Easy. "Well, I am certainly very ill-natured; "for though I see this news has disturbed my friend, "I can't help being pleased with any hopes of my "Lady Graveairs being otherwise disposed of." [*Aside.*] My dear, I am afraid you have provoked her a little too far.

Sir Cha. Oh! not at all——You shall see——I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea.

L. Betty. I may see him with his complaining face again—

Sir Cha. I am sorry, madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in hopes to have stirred your pity, not your anger: I little thought your generosity would punish him for faults, which you yourself resolved he should commit——Yonder he comes, and all the world with him: might I advise you, madam, you should not resent the thing at all—I would not so much as stay to see him in his fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it: nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his folly as your utter neglect of it.

L. Easy. Come, dear creature, be persuaded, and go home with me? Indeed it will shew more indifference to avoid him.

L. Betty. No, madam, I'll oblige his vanity for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

Sir Cha. [*Aside.*] O not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome companion to you. [*Goes from them and whispers Lord* Morelove.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON; *a little after, Lord* MORELOVE, *and Lady* GRAVEAIRS.

L. Fop. Ladies, your servant!—O! we have wanted you beyond reparation—such diversion!

L. Betty. Well! my lord! have you seen my Lord Morelove?

L. Fop. Seen him! ha, ha, ha, ha!—O! I have such things to tell you, madam—you'll die—

L. Betty. O, pray let's hear them, I was never in a better humour to receive them.

L. Fop. Hark you. [*They whisper*

L. Mor. So, she's engag'd already. [*To Sir* Cha.

Sir Cha. So much the better; make but a just advantage of my success, and she's undone.

L. Fop.
L. Betty. } Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Cha. You see already what ridiculous pains she is taking to stir your jealousy, and cover her own.

L. Fop.
L. Betty. } Ha! ha! ha!

L. Mor. O, never fear me; for, upon my word, it now appears ridiculous even to me.

Sir Cha. And, hark you— [*Whispers L.* Mor.

L. Betty. And so the widow was as full of airs as his lordship?

Sir Cha. Only observe that, and it is impossible you can fail. [*Aside.*

L. Mor. Dear Charles, you have convinced me, and I thank you.

L. Gra. My Lord Morelove! What, do you leave us?

L. Mor. Ten thousand pardons, madam, I was but just—

L. Gra. Nay, nay, no excuse, my lord, so you will but let us have you again.

Sir Cha. [*Aside to Lady* Graveairs.] I see you have good humour, madam, when you like your company.

L. Gra. And you, I see, for all your mighty thirst of dominion, could stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

Sir Cha. Ha! power would make her an admirable tyrant. [*Aside.*

L. Easy. [*Observing Sir* Charles *and Lady* Graveairs.] So! there's another couple have quarrelled too, I find—Those airs to my Lord Morelove, look as if designed to recover Sir Charles into jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the company, and it may be, that will let me into the secret. [*Aside.*] My Lord Foppington, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable part of the company to yourself.

Sir Cha. Nay, my lord, this is not fair, indeed, to enter into secrets among friends!—Ladies, what say you? I think we ought to declare against it.

L. Betty. Well, ladies, I ought only to ask your pardon: my lord's excusable, for I would haul him into a corner.

L. Fop. I swear 'tis very hard, ho! I observe, two people of extreme condition can no sooner grow particular, but the multitude of both sexes are immediately up, and think their properties invaded———

L. Betty. Odious multitude———

L. Fop. Perish the canaille.

L. Gra. O, my lord, we women have all reason to be jealous of Lady Betty Modish's power.

L. Mor. [*To Lady* Betty.] As the men, madam, all

have of my Lord Foppington; besides, favourites of great merit discourage those of an inferior class for their prince's service; he has already lost you one of your retinue, madam.

L. Betty. Not at all, my lord; he has only made room for another: one must sometimes make vacancies, or there could be no preferments.

L. Easy. Ha, ha! Ladies' favours, my lord, like places at court, are not always held for life, you know.

L. Betty. No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine women would be always used like their wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation.

L. Easy. Have a care, madam: an undeserving favourite, has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.

L. Fop. Ha, ha! Upon my soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for positively if we go on at this rate, we shall have the world throw you under the scandal of constancy; and I shall have all the swords of condition at my throat for a monopolist.

L. Mor. O! there's no great fear of that, my lord; though the men of sense give it over, there will be always some idle fellows vain enough to believe their merit may succeed as well as your lordship's.

L. Betty. Or if they should not, my lord, cast-lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of employment, while there are so many well disposed people in the world——There are generally neglected wives, stale maids, or charitable widows always ready to relieve the necessities of a disappointed passion——and, by the way, hark you, Sir Charles——

"*L. Mor.* [*Aside.*] So! she's stirr'd, I see; for all "her pains to hide it—she would hardly have glanced "an affront at a woman she was not piqued at."

L. Gra. [*Aside.*] That wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

L. Betty. [*Softly to Sir* Charles,] Pray, how come you all this while to trust your mistress so easily?

Sir Cha. One is not so apt, madam, to be alarmed at the liberties of an old acquaintance, as perhaps your ladyship ought to be at the resentment of an hard-used, honourable lover.

L. Betty. Suppose I were alarmed, how does that make you easy?

Sir Cha. Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that, (as I told you before,) I know his addresses to her are only outward, and it will be your fault now, if you let him go on till the world thinks him in earnest; and a thousand busy tongues are set upon malicious enquiries into your reputation.

L. Betty. Why, Sir Charles, do you suppose, while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my indifference?

Sir Cha. But hear me, madam——

L. Gra. [*Aside.*] The air of that whisper looks as if the lady had a mind to be making her peace again; and 'tis possible, his worship's being so busy in the matter too, may proceed as much from his jealousy of my lord with me, as friendship to her; at least I fancy so: therefore I'm resolved to keep her still

piqued, and prevent it, though it be only to gall him ——Sir Charles, that is not fair to take a privilege you just now declared against in my Lord Foppington.

L. Mor. Well observed, madam.

L. Gra. Besides, it looks so affected to whisper, when every body guesses the secret.

L. Mor. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Betty. O! madam, your pardon in particular: but it is possible you may be mistaken: the secrets of people that have any regard to their actions, are not so soon guessed, as theirs that have made a confidant of the whole town.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Gra. A coquette in her affected airs of disdain t' a revolted lover, I'm afraid must exceed your ladyship in prudence, not to let the world see, at the same time, she'd give her eyes to make her peace with him: ha, ha!

L. Mor. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Betty. 'Twould be a mortification, indeed, if it were in the power of a fading widow's charms to prevent it; and the man must be miserably reduced, sure, that could bear to live buried in woollen, or take up with the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. Ha, ha!

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Gra. Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their interest; they know their own minds, and take the man they like, though it happens to be one that a

froward, vain girl has disobliged, and is pining to be friends with.

L. Mor. Nay, though it happens to be one that confesses he once was fond of a piece of folly, and afterwards ashamed on't.

L. Betty. Nay, my lord, there's no standing against two of you.

L. Fop. No, faith, that's odds at tennis, my lord: not but if your ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your back-hand a little; though upon my soul you may safely set me up at the line: for, knock me down, if ever I saw a rest of wit better played, than that last, in my life—What say you, madam, shall we engage?

L. Betty. As you please, my lord.

L. Fop. Ha, ha, ha! *Allons! tout de bon jouer, mi lor.*

L. Mor. O, pardon me, sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a match for the lady.

L. Fop. To you, madam.

L. Betty. That's much, my lord, when the world knows you have been so many years teasing me to play the fool with you.

L. Fop. Ah *bien-joué,* Ha, ha, ha!

L. Mor. At that game, I confess your ladyship has chosen a much properer person to improve your hand with.

L. Fop. To me, madam—My lord, I presume whoever the lady thinks fit to play the fool with, will at

least be able to give as much envy as the wise person that had not wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

L. Gra. O! my lord! Both parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any rivals to disturb them.

L. Mor. Ha! ha!

L. Betty. None that will disturb them, I dare swear.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Mor.
L. Gra.
L. Betty. } Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Cha. I don't know, gentlefolks——but you are all in extreme good humour, methinks, I hope there's none of it affected.

L. Easy. I shou'd be loth to answer for any but my Lord Foppington. [*Aside.*

L. Betty. Mine is not, I'll swear.

L. Mor. Nor mine, I'm sure.

L. Gra. Mine's sincere, depend upon't.

L. Fop. And may the eternal frowns of the whole sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

L. Easy. Well, good people, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all performed extremely well: but if you please, you shall ev'n give over your wit now, while it is well.

L. Betty. [*To herself.*] Now I see his humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for't.

Sir Cha. You shou'd not have proceeded so far

with my Lord Foppington, after what I had told you. [*Aside to Lady* Betty.

L. Betty, Pray, Sir Charles, give me leave to understand myself a little.

Sir Cha. Your pardon, madam. I thought a right understanding wou'd have been for both your interest and reputation.

L. Betty. For his, perhaps.

Sir Cha. Nay, then, madam, it's time for me to take care of my friend.

L. Betty. I never, in the least, doubted your friendship to him in any thing that was to shew yourself my enemy.

Sir Cha. Since I see, madam, you have so ungrateful a sense of my Lord Morelove's merit, and my service, I shall never be ashamed of using my power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your ladyship's.

L. Betty. Was ever any thing so insolent! I could find in my heart to run the hazard of a downright compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [*To herself.*

L. Easy. My Lord Foppington, I think you generally lead the company upon these occasions. Pray will you think of some prettier sort of diversion for us than parties and whispers?

L. Fop. What say you, ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the basset-table?

L. Betty. With all my heart; Lady Easy——

L. Easy. I think 'tis the best thing we can do, and

because we won't part to-night, you shall all sup where you dined——What say you, my lord?

L. Mor. Your ladyship may be sure of me, madam.

L. Fop. Aye! aye! we'll all come.

L. Easy. Then pray, let's change parties a little. My Lord Foppinton, you shall 'squire me.

L. Fop. O! you do me honour, madam.

L. Betty. My Lord Morelove, pray let me speak with you.

L. Mor. Me, madam?

L. Betty. If you please, my lord.

L. Mor. Ha! that look shot through me. What can this mean? [*Aside.*

L. Betty. This is no proper place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answered in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy's by and by, and if you'll give me leave there——

L. Mor. If you please to do me that honour, madam, I shall certainly be there.

L. Betty. That's all, my lord.

L. Mor. Is not your ladyship for walking?

L. Betty. If your lordship dares venture with me.

L. Mor. O! madam! [*Taking her hand.*] How my heart dances! what heav'nly music's in her voice, when softened into kindness. [*Aside.*

L. Betty. Ha! his hand trembles——Sir Charles may be mistaken.

L. Fop. My Lady Graveairs, you won't let Sir Charles leave us. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manent Sir* Charles *and Lady* Graveairs

L. Gra. No, my lord, we'll follow you——stay a little. [*To Sir* Charles.

Sir Cha. I thought your ladyship designed to follow them.

L. Gra. Perhaps I'll speak with you.

Sir Cha. But, madam, consider, we shall certainly be observed.

L. Gra. Lord, sir, if you think it such a favour. [*Exit hastily.*

Sir Cha. Is she gone! let her go, &c. [*Exit singing.*

Act V. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter Sir Charles *& Lord* Morelove.

Sir Charles.

Come a little this way——My Lady Graveairs had an eye upon me as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any opportunity to talk with me.

L. Mor. O! we are pretty safe here——Well, you were speaking of Lady Betty.

Sir Cha. Aye, my lord——I say, notwithstanding all this sudden change of her behaviour, I wou'd not have you yet be too secure of her: "for, between "you and I, since I told you, I have professed my-"self an open enemy to her power with you, 'tis not "impossible but this new air of good humour may

" very much proceed from a little woman's pride, of " convincing me you are not yet out of her power.

" *L. Mor.* Not unlikely. But still, can we make " no advantage of it?

" *Sir Cha.* That's what I have been thinking of— " look you——Death! my Lady Graveairs!

" *L. Mor.* Ha! she will have audience, I find.

" *Sir Cha.* There's no avoiding her——the truth " is, I have owed her a little good-nature a great " while——I see there is but one way of getting rid " of her——I must even appoint her a day of pay- " ment at last." If you'll step into my lodgings, my lord, I'll give her an answer, and be with you in a moment.

L. Mor. Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[*Exit Lord* Morelove.

Enter Lady GRAVEAIRS *on the other side.*

L. Gra. Sir Charles!

Sir Cha. Come, come, no more of these reproach- ful looks; you'll find, madam, I have deserved bet- ter of you than your jealousy imagines—Is it a fault to be tender of your reputation?——fye, fye—This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving too—you see I just now shook off my Lord Morelove on purpose.

L. Gra. May I believe you?

Sir Cha. Still doubting my fidelity, and mistaking my discretion for want of good-nature.

" *L. Gra.* Don't think me troublesome——For I

"confess 'tis death to think of parting with you: "since the world sees for you I have neglected friends "and reputation, have stood the little insults of dis- "dainful prudes, that envied me perhaps your friend- "ship; have borne the freezing looks of near and "general acquaintance—Since this is so—don't let "them ridicule me too, and say my foolish vanity "undid me? Don't let them point at me as a cast "mistress?

"*Sir Cha.* You wrong me, to suppose the thought: "you'll have better of me when we meet:" When shall you be at leisure?

L. Gra. I confess I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my interest to part with you—Can you come to-night.

Sir Cha. You know we have company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late—Can't it be before supper?—What's o'clock now?

L. Gra. It's almost six.

Sir Cha. At seven then be sure of me, till when I'd have you go back to the ladies, to avoid suspicion, and about that time have the vapours.

L. Gra. May I depend upon you? [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. Depend on every thing—A very troublesome business this—Send me once, fairly rid on't—if ever I'm caught in an honourable affair again!—A debt now that a little ready civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a rent-charge upon one's good-nature, with an unconscion-

able long scroll of arrears too, that would eat out the profits of the best estate in Christendom—ah—intolerable! Well! I'll even to my lord, and shake off the thoughts on't. [*Exit*

"*Enter Lady* BETTY *and Lady* EASY.

"*L. Betty.* I observe, my dear, you have usually "this great fortune at play, it were enough to make "one suspect your good luck with an husband.

"*L. Easy.* Truly I don't complain of my fortune "either way.

"*L. Betty.* Pr'ythee tell me, you are often advising "me to it; are there those real comfortable advan-"tages in marriage, that our old aunts and grand-"mothers would persuade us of?

"*L. Easy.* Upon my word, if I had the worst hus-"band in the world, I should still think so.

"*L. Betty.* Ay, but then the hazard of not having "a good one, my dear.

"*L. Easy.* You may have a good one, I dare say, "if you don't give airs till you spoil him.

"*L. Betty.* Can there be the same dear, full delight "in giving ease as pain? Oh, my dear, the thought "of parting with one's power is insupportable.

"*L. Easy.* And the keeping it, till it dwindles into "no power at all, is most ruefully foolish.

"*L. Betty.* But still to marry before one's heartily "in love——

"*L. Easy.* Is not half so formidable a calamity—— "but if I have any eyes, my dear, you'll run no great

" hazard of that in venturing on my Lord Morelove
" ——You don't know, perhaps, that within this
" half hour the tone of your voice is strangely sof-
" tened to him: ha! ha! ha!

" *L. Betty.* My dear, you are positively, one or
" other, the most censorious creature in the world—
" and so I see it's in vain to talk with you——Pray,
" will you go back to the company?

L. Easy. Ah! Poor Lady Betty! [*Exeunt.*"

SCENE II.

Changes to Sir CHARLES's *Lodgings. Enter Sir* CHARLES *and Lord* MORELOVE.

L. Mor. Charles, you have transported me! you have made my part in the scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

Sir Cha. That's what I considered; for now the more you throw yourself into her power, the more I shall be able to force her into yours.

L. Mor. After all, (begging the ladies' pardon) your fine women, like bullies, are only stout when they know their men: a man of an honest courage may fright them into any thing! Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly—Won't you go along with me?

Sir. Cha. That may not be so proper;—besides, I have a little business upon my hands.

L. Mor. Oh, your servant, sir—Good bye to you—you shan't stir.

Sir Cha. My lord, your servant—[*Exit Lord* Mor.] So! now to dispose myself 'till 'tis time to think o my Lady Graveairs—Umph! I have no great maw t that business, methinks—I don't find myself in hu mour enough to come up to the civil things that ar usually expected in the making up of an old quarre ——[Edging *crosses the stage.*] There goes a warmer temptation by half;——Ha! into my wife's bed-chamber too——I question if the jade has any great business there;—I have a fancy she has only a mind to be taking the opportunity of no body's being at home, to make her peace with me—let me see—aye, I shall have time enough to go to her ladyship afterwards—Besides, I want a little sleep, I find—Your young fops may talk of their women of quality—but to me now, there's a strange agreeable convenience in a creature one is not obliged to say much to upon these occasions. [*Going.*

Enter EDGING.

Edg. Did you call me, sir?

Sir Cha. Ha! all's right—*Aside.*]—Yes, madam, I did call you. [*Sits down.*

Edg. What would you please to have, sir?

Sir Cha. Have! Why, I would have you grow a good girl, and know when you are well used, hussy.

Edg. Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

Sir Cha. Well, don't be uneasy—I am not angry with you now——Come and kiss me.

Edg. Lard, sir!

Sir Cha. Don't be a fool, now——Come hither.

Edg. Pshaw—— [*Goes to him.*

Sir Cha. No wry face—so—sit down, I won't have you look grave neither, let me see you smile, you jade you.

Edg. Ha! ha! [*Laughs and blushes.*

Sir Cha. Ah! you melting rogue.

Edg. Come, don't you be at your tricks now—— Lard! cann't you sit still and talk with one! I am sure there's ten times more love in that, and fifty times the satisfaction, people may say what they will,

Sir Cha. Well! now you're good, you shall have your own way—I am going to lie down in the next room; and, since you love a little chat, come and throw my night-gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep. [*Exit Sir* Charles.

Edg. Yes, sir——for all his way, I see he likes me still. [*Exit after him.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Terrace. Enter Lady BETTY, *Lady* EASY, *and Lord* MORELOVE.

L. Mor. Nay, madam, there you are too severe upon him; for, bating now and then a little vanity,

my Lord Foppington does not want wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable woman's man.

L. Betty. But such eternal vanity grows tiresome.

L. Easy. Come, if he were not so loose in his morals, his vanity methinks might be easily excused, considering how much 'tis in fashion: for, pray observe what's half the conversation of most of the fine young people about town, but a perpetual affectation of appearing foremost in the knowledge of manners, new modes, and scandal? and in that I don't see any body comes up to him.

L. Mor. Nor I, indeed——and here he comes—— Pray, madam, let's have a little more of him; nobody shews him to more advantage than your ladyship.

L. Bet. Nay, with all my heart; you'll second me, my lord.

L. Mor. Upon occasion, madam——

L. Easy. Engaging upon parties, my lord?

[*Aside, and smiling to L.* Mor.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. Fop. So, ladies? what's the affair now?

L. Bet. Why, you were, my lord! I was allowing you a great many good qualities, but lady Easy says you are a perfect hypocrite: and that whatever airs you give yourself to the women, she's confident you value no woman in the world equal to your own lady.

L. Fop. You see, madam, how I am scandalized upon your account. But it's so natural for a prude

to be malicious, when a man endeavours to be well with any body but herself; did you ever observe she was piqued at that before? ha! ha!

L. Bet. I'll swear you are a provoking creature.

L. Fop. Let's be more familiar upon't, and give her disorder! ha! ha!

L. Bet. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Fop. Stap my breath, but lady Easy is an admirable discoverer—Marriage is indeed a prodigious security of one's inclination: a man's likely to take a world of pains in an employment, where he cann't be turn'd out for his idleness.

L. Bet. I vow, my lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine women; you are for giving them a despotic power in love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! Right, madam, what signifies beauty without power? And a fine woman when she's married makes as ridiculous a figure, as a beaten general marching out of a garrison.

L. Easy. I'm afraid, lady Betty, the greatest danger in your use of power, would be from a too heedless liberality; you would more mind the man than his merit.

L. Fop. Piqued again, by all that's fretful—Well, certainly to give envy is a pleasure inexpressible.

[*To Lady* Betty.

L. Bet. Ha! ha!

L. Easy. Does not she show him well, my lord?

[*Aside to* L. Mor.

L. Mor. Perfectly, and me to myself——For now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[*To L.* Easy.

L. Fop. Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

L. Easy. Oh, not at all, my lord, you are always good company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your principles.

L. Fop. Oh, madam, never to the offence of the ladies; I agree in any community with them; nobody is a more constant churchman, when the fine women are there.

L. Easy. Oh fye, my lord, you ought not to go for their sakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being such a good husband of your virtues, are not afraid of bringing your prudence into a lampoon or a play.

L. Betty. Lampoons and plays, madam, are only things to be laughed at.

L. Fop. Odso! ladies, the court's coming home, I see; shall not we make our bows?

L. Betty. Oh, by all means.

L. Easy. Lady Betty, I must leave you: for I am obliged to write letters, and I know you won't give me time after supper.

L. Betty. Well, my dear, I'll make a short visit and be with you. [*Exit Lady* Easy.] Pray what's become of my Lady Graveairs?

L. Mor. Oh, I believe she's gone home, madam, she seemed not to be very well.

L. Fop. And where's Sir Charles, my lord?

L. Mor. I left him at his own lodgings.

L. Betty. He's upon some ramble, I'm afraid.

L. Fop. Nay, as for that matter, a man may ramble at home sometimes—But here come the chaises, we must make a little more haste, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sir CHARLES's *Lodgings. Enter Lady* EASY, *and a Servant.*

L. Easy. Is your master come home?

Serv. Yes, madam.

L. Easy. Where is he?

Serv. I believe, madam, he's laid down to sleep.

L. Easy. Where's Edging? Bid her get me some wax and paper——stay, it's no matter, now I think on it—there's some above upon my toilette.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

Opens and discovers Sir CHARLES *without his Periwig, and* EDGING *by him, both asleep in two easy Chairs. Then enter Lady* EASY, *who starts and trembles, some time unable to speak.*

L. Easy. Ha! protect me, virtue, patience, reason! Teach me to bear this killing sight, or let

Me think my dreaming senses are deceiv'd!
For sure a sight like this might raise the arm
Of duty ev'n to the breast of love! At least
I'll throw this vizor of my patience off:
Now wake him in his guilt.
And barefac'd front him with my wrongs.
I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay, till he——
Frowns on me, perhaps—and then
I'm lost again—The ease of a few tears
Is all that's left to me——
And duty too forbids me to insult,
When I have vow'd obedience—Perhaps
The fault's in me, and nature has not form'd
Me with the thousand little requisites
That warm the heart to love——
Somewhere there is a fault——
But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve.
Ha! bare headed, and in so sound a sleep!
Who knows, while thus expos'd to th'unwholesome air,
But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his crime,
And, in some languishing distemper, leave him
A severe example of its violated laws——
Forbid it mercy, and forbid it love.
This may prevent it.

[*Takes a Steinkirk off her neck, and lays it gently on his head.*

And if he should wake offended at my too busy care, let my heart-breaking patience, duty, and my fond affection plead my pardon. [*Exit.*

[*After she has been out some time, a bell rings*; Edging *wakes and stirs Sir* Charles.

Edg. Oh!

Sir Cha. How now! what's the matter?

Edg. Oh, bless my soul, my lady's come home.

Sir Cha. Go, go, then. [*Bell rings.*

Edg, Oh, lud! my head's in such a condition too. [*Runs to the glass.*] I am coming, madam—Oh, lud! here's now powder neither——Here, madam. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. How now? [*Feeling the Steinkirk upon his head.*] What's this? How came it here? [*Puts on his wig.*] Did not I see my wife wear this to-day?—— "Death! she cann't have been here, sure—It could "not be jealousy that brought her home—for my "coming was accidental—so too, I fear, was her's.— "How careless have I been—not to secure the door "neither—'Twas foolish—It must be so! She cer- "tainly has seen me here sleeping with her woman: "—if so, how low an hypocrite to her must that sight "have proved me?—The thought has made me "despicable ev'n to myself—How mean a vice is "lying, and how often have these empty pleasures "lulled my honour and my conscience to lethargy, "while I grossly have abused her, poorly skulking "behind a thousand falsehoods?—Now I reflect, this "has not been the first of her discoveries"——How contemptible a figure must I have made to her?—— A crowd of recollected circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my follies, and yet with what amazing prudence has she borne the secret pangs of injured love, and wore an everlasting smile to me? This asks a little thinking—

something should be done—I'll see her instantly, and be resolved from her behavionr. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to another Room. Enter Lady EASY *and* EDGING.

L. Easy. Where have you been, Edging?

Edg. Been, madam! I—I—I—I came as soon as I heard you ring, madam.

L. Easy. How guilt confounds her! but she's below my thought—Fetch my last new sack hither—I have a mind to alter it a little—make haste.

Edg. Yes, madam———I see she does not suspect any thing. [*Exit.*

L. Easy. Heigh ho! [*Sitting down.*] I had forgot—but I'm unfit for writing now—'Twas an hard conflict———yet it's a joy to think it over: a secret pride, to tell my heart my conduct has been just———How low are vicious minds that offer injuries, how much superior innocence that bears 'em.———Still there's a pleasure ev'n in the melancholy of a quiet conscience.—Away, my fears, it is not yet impossible—for while his human nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

Re-enter EDGING, *with a Sack.*

Edg. Here's the sack, madam.

L. Easy. So sit down there——and, let me see—here—rip off all that silver.

Edg. Indeed, I always thought it would become your ladyship better without it——But now suppose, madam, you carry'd another row of gold round the scollops, and then you take and lay this silver plain all along the gathers, and your ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the thing ten thousand times another air.

L. Easy. Pr'ythee don't be impertinent; do as I bid you.

Edg. Nay, madam, with all my heart, your ladyship may do as you please.

L. Easy. This creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it jealousy. [*Aside.*

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. So, my dear! What, at work! how are you employed, pray?

L. Easy. I was thinking to alter this sack here.

Sir Cha. What's amiss? Methinks it's very pretty.

Edg. Yes, sir, it's pretty enough for that matter, but my lady has a mind it should be proper too.

Sir Cha. Indeed!

L. Easy. I fancy plain gold and black would become me better.

Sir Cha. That's a grave thought, my dear.

Edg. O, dear sir, not at all, my lady's much in the

right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a girl.

Sir Cha. Leave the room.

Edg. Lord, sir! I cann't, sir——I must stay to——

Sir Cha. Go—— [*Angrily.*

Edg. [*Throwing down the work hastily, and crying, aside.*] If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burned. *Exit.* Edging.

Sir Cha. Sit still, my dear,—I came to talk with you——and which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too, but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

L. Easy. Your words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a look that ever had the appearance of being unkind.

Sir Cha. The perpetual spring of your good humour lets me draw no merit from what I have appeared to be, which makes me curious now to know your thoughts of what I really am: and never having asked you this before, it puzzles me? nor can I (my strange negligence considered) reconcile to reason your first thought of venturing upon marriage with me.

L. Easy. I never thought it such a hazard.

Sir Cha. How could a woman of your restraint in principles, sedateness, sense, and tender disposition, propose to lead a happy life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an hour's pains, ev'n before marriage, to appear but what I am: a loose, unheeded wretch, absent in all I do, civil, and as often rude without a design, unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a

fault, and, in my best of praise, but carelessly good natured? How shall I reconcile your temper with having made so strange a choice?

L. Easy. Your own words may answer you—Your having never seemed to be but what you really were; and through that carelessness of temper there still shone forth to me an undesigning honesty, I always doubted of in smoother faces: thus, while I saw you took least pains to win me, you pleased and woo'd me most: nay, I have thought, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind: or, at the worst, I knew that errors from the want of thinking might be borne; at least, when probably one moment's serious thought would end 'em: these were my worst of fears, and these, when weighed by growing love against my solid hopes, were nothing.

Sir Cha. My dear, your understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a jewel in my bosom, and, till this hour, have scarce been curious once to look upon its lustre.

L. Easy. You set too high a value on the common qualities of an easy wife.

Sir Cha. Virtues, like benefits, are double, when concealed: and I confess, I yet suspect you of an higher value far than I have spoke you.

L. Easy. I understand you not.

Sir Cha. I'll speak more plainly to you—be free and tell me—Where did you leave this handkerchief?

L. Easy. Ha!

" *Sir Cha.* What is it you start at? You hear the
" question.

" *L. Easy.* What shall I say? my fears confound
" me."

Sir Cha. Be not concerned, my dear, be easy in the truth, and tell me.

L. Easy. I cannot speak—and I could wish you'd not oblige me to it—'tis the only thing I ever yet refused you—and though I want reason for my will, let me not answer you.

Sir Cha. Your will then be a reason; and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, it is fit I should be easy in my gratitude, and make what ought to be my shame my joy; let me be therefore pleased to tell you now, your wondrous conduct has waked me to a sense of your disquiet past, and resolution never to disturb it more—And (not that I offer it as a merit, but yet in blind compliance to my will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your woman.

L. Easy. Alas! I think not of her—O, my dear, distract me not with this excess of goodness.

[*Weeping.*

Sir Cha. Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserved it; " I see you are in pain to
" give me this confusion."—Come, I will not shock your softness by my untimely blush for what is past, but rather sooth you to a pleasure at my sense of joy, for my recovered happiness to come. Give then to my new-born love what name you please, it cannot,

hall not be too kind: O! it cannot be too soft for what my soul swells up with emulation to deserve—Receive me then entire at last, and take what yet no woman ever truly had, my conquered heart.

L. Easy. "O the soft treasure! O the dear reward 'of long deserving love"—Now am I blest indeed o see you kind without the expence of pain in being o, to make you mine with easiness: thus! thus to ave you mine is something more than happiness, tis double life, and madness of abounding joy. But t was a pain intolerable to give you a confusion.

Sir Cha. O thou engaging virtue! But I am too low in doing justice to thy love: I know thy softness will refuse me; but remember, I insist upon it —let thy woman be discharged this minute.

L. Easy. No, my dear, think me not so low in faith, o fear, that, after what you have said, it will ever e in her power to do me future injury: when I can onveniently provide for her, I'll think on it: but to ischarge her now, might let her guess at the occaion! and methinks I would have our differences, like ur endearments, be equally a secret to our servants.

Sir Cha. Still my superior every way—be it as you ave better thought—Well, my dear, now I'll coness a thing was not in your power to accuse me of; o be short, I own this creature is not the only one have been to blame with.

L. Easy. I know she is not, and was always less oncerned to find it so, for constancy in errors might ave been fatal to me.

Sir Cha. What is it you know, my dear?

[*Surprised*

L. Easy. Come, I'm not afraid to accuse you no——my Lady Graveairs——Your carelessness, m dear, let all the world know it, and it would hav been hard indeed, had it been only to me a secret.

Sir Cha. My dear, I will ask no more question for fear of being more ridiculous; I do confess, thought my discretion there had been a master-piec——How contemptible must I have looked all thi while!

L. Easy. You shan't say so.

Sir Cha. Well, to let you see I had some shame as well as nature in me, I had writ this to my lad Graveairs upon my first discovering that you knew had wronged you: read it.

L. Easy. [*Reads.* 'Something has happened, tha
'prevents the visit I intended you; an
'I could gladly wish, you never woul
'reproach me if I tell you, 'tis utterl
'inconvenient that I should ever see yo
'more.'

This indeed was more than I had merited.

Enter a Servant.

Sir Cha. Who is there? Here——Step with this t my lady Graveairs.

[*Seals the letter, and gives it to the servant*

Serv. Yes, sir——Madam, my lady Betty's come

L. Easy. I'll wait on her.

Sir Cha. My dear, I am thinking there may be other things my negligence may have wronged you in; "but be assured as I discover, all shall be cor-"rected."—Is there any part or circumstance in your fortune that I can change or yet make easier to you?

L. Easy. None, my dear, your good-nature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less occasion there than ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Morelove's come.

Sir Cha. I am coming—I think I told you of the design we had laid against Lady Betty.

L. Easy. You did, and I should be pleased to be myself concerned in it.

Sir Cha. I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with impatience. But, my dear, won't you think me tasteless to the joy you have given me, to suffer at this time any concern but you to employ my thoughts?

L. Easy. Seasons must be obeyed; and since I know your friend's happiness depending, I could not taste my own, should you neglect it.

Sir Cha. Thou easy sweetness—O! what a waste on thy neglected love, has my unthinking brain committed! but time and future thrift of tenderness shall yet repair it all. The hours will come when this soft

gliding stream that swells my heart, uninterrupted shall renew its course——

And like the ocean after ebb, shall move
With constant force of due returning love. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to another Room. Re-enter Lady EASY *and Lady* BETTY.

L. Betty. You have been in tears, my dear, and yet you look pleased too.

L. Easy. You will pardon me, if I cannot let you into circumstances: but be satisfied, Sir Charles has made me happy, even to a pain of joy.

L. Betty. Indeed I am truly glad of it, though I am sorry to find that any one who has generosity enough todo you justice, should unprovoked be so great an enemy to me.

L. Easy. Sir Charles your enemy!

L. Betty. My dear, you will pardon me if I always thought him so, but now I am convinced of it.

L. Easy. In what, pray: I cannot think you will find him so.

L. Betty. O! madam, it has been his whole business of late to make an utter breach between my Lord Morelove and me.

L. Easy. That may be owing to your usage of my lord: perhaps he thought it would not disoblige you. I am confident you are mistaken in him.

L. Betty. O! I don't use to be out in things of this nature; I can see well enough: but I shall be able to tell you more when I have talked with my lord.

L. Easy. Here he comes; and because you shall talk with him——No excuses——for positively I will leave you together.

L. Betty. Indeed, my dear, I desire you will stay then; for I know you think now, that I have a mind to——

L. Easy. To——to——ha, ha, ha! [*Going*

L. Betty. Well! remember this.

Enter Lord MORELOVE.

L. Mor. I hope I don't fright you away, madam?

L. Easy. Not at all, my lord; but I must beg your pardon for a moment; I will wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*

L. Betty. My Lady Easy gone?

L. Mor. Perhaps, madam, in friendship to you; she thinks I may have deserved the coldness you of late have shewn to me, and was willing to give you this opportunity to convince me, you have not done it without just grounds and reason.

L. Betty. How handsomely does he reproach me! but I cannot bear that he should think I know it—— [*Aside.*] My lord, whatever has passed between you and me, I dare swear that could not be her thoughts

at this time: for when two people have appeared professed enemies, she cannot but think one will as little care to give, as the other to receive, a justification of their actions.

L. Mor. Passion indeed often does repeated injuries on both sides, but I don't remember in my heat of error I ever yet professed myself your enemy.

L. Betty. My lord, I shall be very free with you—I confess I do not think now I have a greater enemy in the world.

L. Mor. If having long loved you to my own disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your enemies.

L. Betty. O! my lord, there's no great fear of your being my enemy that way, I dare say——

L. Mor. There is no other way my heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing

L. Betty. Fie, fie, my lord, we know where your heart is well enough.

L. Mor. My conduct has indeed deserved this scorn, and therefore 'tis but just I should submit to your resentment, and beg (though I am assured in vain) for pardon. [*Kneels.*

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. How, my lord! [*Lord* Mor. *rises.*

L. Betty. Ha! He here! This was unlucky. [*Aside.*

"*L. Mor.* O, pity my confusion! [*To L.* Betty."

Sir Cha. I am sorry to see you can so soon forget

yourself: methinks the inaults you have bore from that lady, by this time should have warned you into a disgust of her regardless principles.

L. Mor. Hold, Sir Charles! while you and I are friends, I desire you would speak with honour of this lady—'Tis sufficient I have no complaint against her, and—

L. Betty. My lord, I beg you would resent this thing no farther: an injury like this, is better punished with our contempt; apparent malice should be laughed at.

Sir Cha. Ha, ha! the old resource. Offers of any hopes to delude him from his resentment, "and "then as the Grand Monarque did with Caualier:" and then you are sure to keep word with him.

L. Betty. Sir Charles, to let you know how far I am above your iittle spleen, my lord, your hand from this hour———

Sir Cha. Pshaw! pshaw! all design! all pique! mere artifice and disappointed woman.

L. Betty. Look you, sir, not tha: I doubt my lord's opinion of me; yet——

Sir Cha. Look you, Madam, in short, your word has been too often taken, to let you make up quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft look, and a fair promise you never intended to keep.

L. Betty. Was ever such insolence! He won't give me leave to speak.

L. Mor. Sir Charles!

L. Betty. No, pray, my lord, have patience; and

since his malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the proof on't: Pray, sir, wherein can you charge me with breach of promise to my lord?

Sir Cha. Death! you won't deny it? How often, to piece up a quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and though you have promised to see no other company the whole day, when he was come he has found you among the laugh of noisy fops, coquets, and coxcombs, dissolutely gay, while your full eyes ran over with transport of their flattery, and your own vain power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four hours of your good humour upon such wretches; and the minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, sunk into a distasteful spleen, complained you had talked yourself into the head-ach, and then indulged upon the dear delight of seeing him in pain: and by that time you had stretched and gaped him heartily out of patience, of a sudden most importantly remember you had outsat your appointment with my Lady Fiddle-faddle; and immediately order your coach to the park.

L. Betty. Yet, sir, have you done?

Sir Cha. No—though this might serve to shew the nature of your principles: but the noble conquest you have gained at last over defeated sense of reputation too, has made your fame immortal.

L. Mor. How, sir?

L. Betty. My reputation?

Sir Cha. Aye, madam, your reputation—My lord, if I advance a falsehood, then resent it.—I say, your reputation—It has been your life's whole pride of late to be the common toast of every public table, vain even in the infamous address of a married man, my Lord Foppington; let that be reconciled with reputation, I will now shake hands with shame, and bow me to the low contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you will yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill usage in danger of losing your conquest, 'tis possible you will stop at nothing to preserve it.

L. Betty. Sir Charles—

[*Walks disordered, and he after her.*

Sir Cha. I know your vanity is so voracious, it will even wound itself to feed itself; offer him a blank, perhaps to fill up with hopes of what nature he pleases, and part even with your pride to keep him.

L. Betty. Sir Charles, I have not deserved this of you. [*Bursting into tears.*

Sir Cha. Ah! true woman, drop him a soft dissembling tear, and then his just resentment must be hushed of course.

L. Mor. O Charles! I can bear no more, those tears are too reproaching.

Sir Cha. Hist, for your life! [*Aside, and then loud.*] My lord, if you believe her, you are undone; the very next sight of my Lord Foppington, would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

L. Betty. My Lord Foppington! Is that the mighty crime that must condemn me then? You know I used him but as a tool of my resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended friendship to us both, most artfully provoked me to ——

L. Mor. Hold, I conjure you, madam, I want not this conviction.

L. Betty. Send for him this minute, and you and he shall both be witnesses of the contempt and detestation I have for any forward hopes his vanity may have given him, or your malice would insinuate.

Sir Cha. Death! you would as soon eat fire, as soon part with your luxurious taste of folly, as dare to own the half of this before his face, or any one, that would make you blush to deny it to——Here comes my wife, now, we shall see—Ha! and my Lord Foppington with her—Now! now, we shall see this mighty proof of your sincerity—Now! my lord, you'll have a warning sure, and henceforth know me for your friend indeed——

Enter Lady EASY, *and Lord* FOPPINGTON.

L. Easy. In tears, my dear! what's the matter?

L. Betty. O, my dear, all I told you is true: Sir Charles has shewn himself so inveterably my enemy, that if I believed I deserved but half his hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

L. Fop. Hark you, Charles, pr'ythee what is this business?

Sir Cha. Why yours, my lord, for ought I know—I have made such a breach betwixt them—I cannot promise much for the courage of a woman; but if hers holds, I am sure it is wide enough; you may enter ten abreast, my lord.

L. Fop. Say'st thou so, Charles? then I hold six to four, I am the first man in the town.

L. Easy. Sure there must be some mistake in this: I hope he has not made my lord your enemy.

L. Betty. I know not what he has done.

L. Mor. Far be that thought! alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this day committed, advised by his mistaken friendship, may have done my love irreparable prejudice.

L. Betty. No, my lord, since I perceive his little arts have not prevailed upon your good-nature to my prejudice, I am bound in gratitude, in duty to myself, and to the confession you have made, my lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

L. Mor. Ha! is it possible; can you own so much? "O my transported heart!"

L. Betty. He says I have taken pleasure in seeing you uneasy——I own it——but 'twas when that uneasiness I thought proceeded from your love; and if you did love——'twill not be much to pardon it.

L. Mor. O let my soul, thus bending to your power, adore this soft descending goodness.

L. Betty. And since the giddy woman's slights I

have shewn you too often, have been public, 'tis fit at last the amends and reparation should be so: therefore, what I offered to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this company, my utter detestation of any past or future gallantry, that has or shall be offered by me, to your uneasiness.

L. Mor. O be less generous, or teach me to deserve it——Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious accusation.

L. Fop. Ah! *Pardi, Voila quelque chose d'extraordinaire.*

L. Betty. As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him thanks for having been so friendly an instrument of our reconciliation; for though in the little outward gallantry I received from him, I did not immediately trust him with my design in it, yet I have a better opinion of his understanding, than to suppose he could mistake it.

L. Fop. I am struck dumb with the deliberation of her assurance; and do not positively remember, that the *nonchalence* of my temper ever had so bright an occasion to shew itself before.

L. Betty. My lord, I hope, you will pardon the freedom I have taken with you.

L. Fop. O, madam, do not be under the confusion of an apology upon my account; for in cases of this nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a lady of the same mind two hours together——Madam, I have lost a thousand fine women in my time;

but never had the ill manners to be out of humour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

L. Betty. My lord, that's a very prudent temper.

L. Fop. Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal peace with mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your happiness, give me leave to have the honor of completing it, by joining your hand where you have already offered up your inclination.

L. Betty. My lord, that's a favour I cann't refuse you.

L. Mor. Generous, indeed, my lord.

[*Lord* Foppington *joins their hands.*

L. Fop. And, strap my breath, if ever I was better pleased since my first entrance into human nature.

Sir Cha. How now, my lord! what! throw up the cards before you have lost the game?

L. Fop. Look you, Charles, 'tis true, I did design to have played with her alone: but he that will keep well with the ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a pool with them; and since I know I must engage her in my turn, I don't see any great odds in letting him take the first game with her.

Sir Cha. Wisely considered, my lord.

L. Betty. And now, Sir Charles——

Sir Cha. And now, madam, I'll save you the trouble of a long speech; and, in one word, confess that every thing that I have done in regard to you this day was purely artificial—I saw there was no way to

secure you to my Lord Morelove, but by alarming your pride with the danger of losing him: and since the success must have by this time convinced you, that in love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good-nature, by heartily laughing at the fright we had put you in: ha! ha! ha!

L. Easy. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Betty. Why—well I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they would take away it's love from it——Poor Lady Betty! ha! ha!

L. Easy. My dear, I beg your pardon; but it is impossible not to laugh when one is so heartily pleased.

L. Fop. Really, madam, I am afraid the humour of the company will draw me into your displeasure too; but if I were to expire this moment, my last breath would positively go out with a laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Betty. Nay, I have deserved it all, that's the truth on't—but I hope, my lord, you were not in this design against me.

L. Mor. As a proof, madam, I am inclined never to deceive you more—I do confess I had my share in it.

L. Betty. You do, my lord—then I declare it was

a design, one or other—the best carried on that ever I knew in my life; and (to my shame own it) for aught I know, the only thing that could have prevailed upon my temper; 'twas a foolish pride that has cost me many a bitten lip to support it—I wish we don't both repent, my lord.

L. Mor. Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

Sir Cha. Well, madam, now the worst that the world can say of your past conduct, is, that my lord had constancy, and you have tried it.

"*Enter a Servant to Lord* MORELOVE.

"*Serv.* My lord, Mr. le Fevre's below, and de-
"sires to know what time your lordship will please
"to have the music begin.

"*L. Mor.* Sir Charles, what say you? will you
"give me leave to bring them hither?

"*Sir Cha.* As the ladies think fit, my lord.

"*L. Betty.* Oh! by all means, 'twill be better here,
"unless we could have the Terrace to ourselves.

"*L. Mor.* Then, pray desire them to come hither
"immediately.

"*Serv.* Yes, my lord. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Lady GRAVEAIRS.

"*Sir Cha.* Lady Graveairs!

"*L. Gra.* Yes! you may well start! but don't sup-
"pose I am now come, like a poor tame fool, to

" upbraid your guilt; but, if I could, to blast you " with a look.

" *Sir Cha.* Come, come, you have sense—don't " expose yourself—you are unhappy, and I own my- " self the cause,—the only satisfaction I can offer " you, is to protest no new engagement takes me " from you; but a sincere reflection of the long neg- " lect, and injuries I have done the best of wives; " for whose amends and only sake I now must part " with you, and all the inconvenient pleasures of my " life.

" *L. Gra.* Have you then fallen into the low con- " tempt of exposing me, and to your wife too?

" *Sir Cha.* 'Twas impossible; without it, I could " never be sincere in my conversion,

" *L. Gra.* Despicable!

" *Sir Cha.* Do not think so——for my sake I know " she'll not reproach you—nor by her carriage ever " let the world perceive you have wronged her.—— " My dear——

" *L. Easy.* Lady Graveairs, I hope you'll sup " with us.

" *L. Gra.* I cannot refuse so much good company, " madam.

" *Sir Cha.* You see the worst of her resentment— " In the mean time, don't endeavour to be her friend, " and she'll never be your enemy.

" *L. Gra.* I am unfortunate——'tis what my folly " has deserved, and I submit to it.

" *L. Mor.* So! here is the music.

" *L. Easy.* Come, ladies, shall we sit?

" SONG.

" *Sabina, with an angel's face,*
" *By love ordain'd for joy,*
" *Seems of the Siren's cruel race,*
" *To charm and then destroy.*

" *With all the arts of look and dress,*
" *She fans the fatal fire;*
" *Through pride, mistaken oft for grace,*
" *She bids the swains expire.*

" *The god of love enrag'd to see*
" *The nymph defy his flame,*
" *Pronounc'd his merciless decree*
" *Against the haughty dame.*

" *Let age with double speed o'ertake her,*
" *Let love the room of pride supply;*
" *And when the lovers all forsake her,*
" *A spotless virgin let her die.*"

Sir CHARLES *comes forward with Lady* EASY.

Sir Cha. Now, my dear, I find my happiness grow fast upon me; in all my past experience of the sex, I found, even among the better sort, so much of folly, pride, malice, passion, and irresolute desire, that I concluded thee but of the foremost rank, and,

therefore, scarce worthy my concern: but thou hast stirred me with so severe a proof of thy exalted virtue, it gives me wonder equal to my love—If then the unkindly thought of what I have been, hereafter shall intrude upon thy growing quiet, let this reflection teach thee to be easy:

Thy wrongs, when greatest, most thy virtue prov'd;
And, from that virtue found, I blush'd and truly lov'd.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

CONQUEST and freedom are at length our own,
False fears of slav'ry no more are shown;
Nor dread of paying tribute to a foreign throne.
All stations now the fruits of conquest share,
Except (if small with great things may compare)
Th' oppress'd condition of the lab'ring player.
We're still in fears (as you of late in France)
Of the despotic power of song and dance:
For while subscription, like a tyrant reigns,
Nature's neglected, and the stage in chains,
And English actors slaves to swell the Frenchman's gains.
Like Æsop's crow, the poor out witted stage,
That liv'd on wholesome plays i' the latter age,
Deluded once to sing, ev'n justly serv'd,
Let fall her cheese to the Fox mouth, and starv'd:
O that our judgment, as your courage has
Your fame extended, would assert our cause.
That nothing English might submit to foreign laws:
If we but live to see that joyful day,
Then of the English stage, reviv'd we may,
As of your honour now, with proper application, say.

So when the Gallic fox, by fraud of peace,
Had lull'd the British lion into ease,

And saw that sleep compos'd his couchant head,
He bids him wake, and see himself betray'd
In toils of treacherous politics around him laid:
Shews him how one close hour of Gallic thought
Retook those towns for which he years had fought.
At this th' indignant savage rolls his fiery eyes,
Dauntless, tho' blushing at the base surprise,
Pauses awhile——But finds delays are vain:
Compell'd to fight, he shakes his shaggy mane;
He grinds his dreadful fangs; and stalks to Blenheim's plain;
There with erected crest, and horrid roar,
He furious plunges on, through streams of gore,
And dyes with false Bavarian blood the purple Danube's shore;
In one pusht battle frees the destin'd slaves;
Revives old English honour, and an empire saves.

THE END.

De Wilde pinxt. Chapman f

Mrs. BROOKS as LEONORA.

——Your sighs are mine, my Lord,
and I shall feel them all.

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, March 9. 1793.

THE REVENGE.

A

TRAGEDY,

By EDWARD YOUNG, L. L. D.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCII.

THE REVENGE

OF YOUNG is one of the noblest compositions in the language. There are few Writers who would have adventured to treat a subject already so finely wrought upon by SHAKSPERE.

The aim of YOUNG seems to have been to give a probability to jealousy, and a motive to treachery, stronger than his great Master had shewn in his OTHELLO and IAGO. But I know not whether such conduct is other than injurious.—With the jealous, trifling semblances are most striking proofs—it is the quality of jealousy to shape things that are not upon the most idle suggestions, and to multiply effects from one weak unfounded cause. The treacherous are the naturally bad—they have spirits that, for the most part, "toil in an incessant frame of villanies." To give treachery the strong provocation of ZANGA, is to divide the mind between pity for his high wrongs, and abhorrence of the mode by which he avenges them. I know not if ZANGA is hated at all. If he be not, the cause of virtue is injured by YOUNG —The betrayed certainly have little of our love.

The REVENGE is a masterly play.—The sentiments are lofty, the language magnificently bold.—It is yet better in the closet than upon the Stage.

PROLOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

OFT has the buskin'd muse, with action mean,
Debas'd the glory of the tragic scene:
While puny villains, dress'd in purple pride,
With crimes obscene the heav'n-born rage bely'd.
To her belongs to mourn the hero's fate,
To trace the errors of the wise and great;
To mark th' excess of passions too refin'd,
And paint the tumults of a god-like mind;
Where, mov'd with rage, exalted thoughts combine,
And darkest deeds with beauteous colours shine.
So lights and shades in a well-mingled draught,
By curious touch of artful pencils wrought,
With soft deceit amuse the doubtful eye,
Pleas'd with the conflict of the various dye.
Thus, through the following scenes, with sweet surprise,
Virtue and guilt in dread confusion rise,
And love, and hate, at once, and grief and joy,
Pity and rage, their mingled force employ.
Here the soft virgin sees, with secret shame,
Her charms excell'd by friendship's purer flame,
Forc'd with r luctant virtue to approve
The gen'rous hero who rejects her love.

Behold him there, with gloomy passions stain'd,
A wife suspected, and an injur'd friend;
Yet such the toil where innocence is caught,
That rash suspicion seems without a fault.
We dread awhile lest beauty should succeed,
And almost wish ev'n virtue's self may bleed.
Mark well the black revenge, the cruel guile,
The traitor-fiend trampling the lovely spoil
Of beauty, truth, and innocence opprest,
Then let the rage of furies fire your breast.
Yet may his mighty wrongs, his just disdain,
His bleeding country, his lov'd father slain,
His martial pride, your admiration raise,
And crown him with involuntary praise.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Don ALONZO, *the* Spanish *General*, - - Mr. Wroughton.
Don CARLOS, *his friend*, - - - - Mr. Whitfield.
Don ALVAREZ, *a courtier*, - - - Mr. Thompson.
Don MANUEL, *attendant of Don* Carlos, - Mr. Davies.
ZANGA, *a captive* Moor, - - - Mr. Aickin.

Women.

LEONORA, Alvarez's *daughter*, - - Mrs. S. Kemble.
ISABELLA, *the* Moor's *mistress*, - - Mrs. Whitfield.

SCENE, *Spain*.

THE REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Battlements, with a Sea Prospect. Enter ZANGA.

Zanga.

WHETHER first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me: [*Thunder.*
I like this rocking of the battlements.
Rage on, ye winds, burst, clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

Enter ISABELLA.

Who's there? My love!

Isa. Why have you left my bed?
Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

Zan. The dead alone in such a night can rest,
And I indulge my meditation here.
Woman, away. I choose to be alone.

Isa. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;
Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.
Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it: by our loves I will.
"To you I sacrific'd my virgin fame;"
Ask I too much to share in your distress.

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be plung'd
In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonzo!
I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three years since that great man
(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I with pious rage pursu'd revenge.
I then was young, he plac'd me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day, (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek——I did not stab him,

For that were poor revenge——E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story;
To see your strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.
Has the dark adder venom? So have I
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have bless'd the coming night,
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore, in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprise
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Isa. Just as I enter'd an express arriv'd.

Zan. To whom?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan. Be propitious,
Oh! Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge?
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, "and wisdom to convert
"Other's self-love into our own protection?"
But see, the morning dawns;
I'll seek Don Carlos, and enquire my fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace. Enter Don MANUEL *and Don* CARLOS.

Man. My Lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

Car. Alonzo's glory, and the Moors' defeat.
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how I long to embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!
I lov'd fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,
From whom so late Alonzo set me free;
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love,
To stir her heart, and fan its fires for me.

Man. And what success?

Car. Alas, the cruel maid——
Indeed her father, "who, though high at court,

" And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart
" To heal his devastation from the Moors,"
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the east,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,
(Heav'n guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)
Caresses me, and urges her to wed.

Man. Her aged father, see,
Leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant truth,
Brought forward by the hand of hoary time——
You to the port with speed, 'tis possible
Some vessel is arriv'd. Heav'n grant it bring
Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy!

Enter Don ALVAREZ *and* LEONORA.

Alv. Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.

Car. Angels second you!
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice;
Look into those they call unfortunate,
And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise:
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
" And 'tis the trick of fools to save their credit,
" Which brought another language into use."
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood,
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,

A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.
His keels are freighted with that sacred power,
By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope [*To Car.*
My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [*Exit.*

Car. Oh, Leonora! why art thou in tears?
Because I am less wretched than I was?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eyes serene.
" Will you for ever help me to new pains,
" And keep reserves of torment in your hand,
" To let them loose on ev'ry dawn of joy?"

Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?
A daughter sure may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint.
" *Car.* Ah, my torn heart!
" *Leon.* Regard not me, my lord,
" I shall obey my father.
" *Car.* Disobey him,
" Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus
" With absent eyes and alienated mien,
" Suff'ring address, the victim of my love.
" Oh, let me be undone the common way,
" And have the common comfort to be pity'd,
" And not be ruin'd in the mask of bliss,
" And so be envy'd, and be wretched too!
" Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty,
" Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of,
" Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,

" Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
" All these possess'd, are nought, but as they are
" The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
" And the rich plunder of a taken heart.
" *Leon.* Alas, my lord, we are too delicate;
" And when we grasp the happiness we wish'd,
" We call on wit to argue it away:
" A plainer man would not feel half your pains:
" But some have too much wisdom to be happy."
Car. Had I known this before, it had been well:
I had not then solicited your father
To add to my distress; as you behave,
Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart.
Give me your hand—— Nay, give it, Leonora:
" You give it not—nay, yet you give it not——
" I ravish it.——"
Leon. I pray, my lord, no more.
Car. " Ah, why so sad? You know each sigh does shake me:
" Sighs there, are tempests here.——
" I've heard, bad men would be unblest in heav'n:
" What is my guilt, that makes me so with you?"
Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet?
Have I not liv'd whole days upon thy sight?
Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been?
And, mad with the idea, clasp'd the wind,
And doated upon nothing?
Leon. Court me not,
Good Carlos, by recounting of my faults,
And telling how ungrateful I have been.

Alas, my lord, if talking would prevail,
I could suggest much better arguments
Than those regards you threw away on me;
Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all.
But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,
And with an argument new-set a pulse;
Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

Car. Must I despair then? Do not shake me thus:
My temper beaten heart is cold to death.
Ah, turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.
Heav'ns! what a proof I gave, but two nights past,
Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;
Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
But darting headlong to thy arms, I left
The promis'd fight, I left Alonzo too,
To stand the war, and quell a world alone. [*Trumpets.*

Leon. The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw.

" *Car.* And must you go?

" *Leon.* Why should you wish me stay?
" Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
" My presence none; it pains you and myself;
" For both our sakes permit me to withdraw."

[*Exit.*

Car. Sure, there's no peril but in love. " Oh, how
" My foes would boast to see me look so pale."

Enter Don ALONZO.

Car. Alonzo!

Alon. Carlos!——I am whole again;
Clasp'd in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? The conqueror
Of Afric.

Alon. Yes, much more—Don Carlos' friend.
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.
I rise in virtues to come nearer to thee.
I conquer with Don Carlos' in my eye,
And thus I claim my victory's reward.

[*Embracing him.*

Car. A victory indeed! your godlike arm
Has made one spot the grave of Africa;
Such numbers fell! and the survivors fled
As frighted passengers from off the strand,
When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

Alon. 'Twas Carlos conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains
Inflam'd me to a rage unknown before,
And threw my former actions far behind.

Car. I love fair Leonora. How I love her!
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
Another heart, another soul for thee.
" Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports
" Like music, pure the joy, without allay,
" Whose very rapture is tranquillity:
" But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
" Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;
" But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl."

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,
On business both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

Car. In private!—Ha!—Alonzo, I'll return;
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit.*

Zan. My Lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.

Alon. Will the fair Leonora pass this way?

Zan. She will, my lord, and soon.

Alon. Come near me, Zanga;
For I dare open all my heart to thee.
Never was such a day of triumph known.
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,
But is a god to me: I am most wretched.——
In his captivity, thou know'st, Don Carlos,
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)
Deputed me his advocate in love,
To talk to Leonora's heart, and make
A tender party in her thoughts for him.
What did I do?——I lov'd myself. Indeed,
One thing there is might lessen my offence,
(If such offence admits of being lessen'd)
I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reach'd me.

Zan. Thanks to Zanga,
Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd.
[*Aside.*

Alon. Yes, curs'd of Heav'n! I lov'd myself, and now,
In a late action, rescu'd from the Moors,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action too,
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.

Alon. It did—with more than the expence of mine;
For, Oh, this day is mention'd for their nuptials.
But see, she comes—I'll take my leave, and die.

Zan. Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would please me.
Unhappy fate! My country overcome!
My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd!——
Would nature were——I will not fall alone:
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Enter LEONORA.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid his light adieu.

Leon. The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

Alon. Oh, cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?
Afric I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;
'Twas but a world, and you are—Leonora.

Leon. That passion which you boast of is your guilt,
A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your crimes as motives of my love.

Alon. You, madam, ought to thank those crimes you blame?
'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,
Without the censure both of earth and heav'n——
I fondly thought a last look might be kind.
Farewell for ever.——This severe behaviour
Has, to my comfort, made it sweet to die.
Leon. Farewell for ever!—Sweet to die!——Oh, Heav'n! [*Aside.*
Alonzo, stay; you must not thus escape me;
But hear your guilt at large.
Alon. Oh, Leonora!
What could I do?—In duty to my friend,
I saw you; and to see is to admire.
For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely.
Witness the thousand agonies it cost me.
You know I did. I sought but your esteem;
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.
" I often sigh'd, nay, wept, but could not help it:
" And sure it is no crime to be in pain.
" But grant my crime was great; I'm greatly curs'd:
" What would you more? Am I not most undone?
" This usage is like stamping on the murder'd,
" When life is fled; most barbarous and unjust."
Leon. If from your guilt none suffer'd but yourself,
It might be so——Farewell. [*Going.*
Alon. Who suffers with me?
Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.
" *Alon.* Alas! what is there I can fear to know,

" Since I already know your hate? Your actions
" Have long since told me that.
" *Leon.* They flatter'd you.
" *Alon.* How, flatter'd me!
" *Leon.* Oh, search in fate no farther!
" I hate thee—Oh, Alonzo, how I hate thee!
" *Alon.* Indeed! and do you weep for hatred too!
" Oh, what a doubtful torment heaves my heart!
" I hope it most, and yet I dread it more.
" Should it be so—should her tears flow from thence;
" How would my soul blaze up in ecstacy!
" Ah, no! how sink into the depth of horrors!
" *Leon.* Why would you force my stay?"
Alon. What mean these tears?
Leon. I weep by chance; nor have my tears a meaning.
But, Oh, when first I saw Alonzo's tears,
I knew their meaning well!
[Alon. *falls passionately on his knees, and takes her hand.*
Alon. Heavens! what is this? That excellence, for which
Desire was planted in the heart of man;
Virtue's supreme reward on this side Heav'n;
The cordial of my soul—and this destroys me——
Indeed, I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.
Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,
And struggled long: let that be some excuse.
Alon. Unkind! you know I think your love a blessing
Beyond all human blessings! 'tis the price

Of sigh and groans, and a whole year of dying.
But, Oh, the curse of curses!——Oh, my friend!——

Leon. Alas!

Alon. What says my love? Speak, Leonora.

Leon. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick
In finding out objections to our love?
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me;

Alon. Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?

Leon. Indeed my father once had thought that way;
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,
Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd,
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. Oh, agony!
Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? Not only die
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?
This is refining on calamity.

Leon. What, do you tremble lest you should be mine?
For what else can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

Alon. What's in my pow'r? Oh, yes, to stab my friend!

Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous indeed!
Spare him—and murder me. "I own, Alonzo,
"You well may wonder at such words as these;
"I start at them myself; they fright my nature.
"'tis my fault; but blame not me alone:

" Give him a little blame who took such pains
" To make me guilty.
" *Alon.* Torment! [*After a pause,* Leon. *speaks.*
" *Leon.* Oh, my shame!
" I sue, and sue in vain: it is most just,
" When women sue, they sue to be deny'd.
" You hate me, you despise me! you do well;
" For what I've done I hate and scorn myself.
" Oh, night, fall on me! I shall blush to death."
Alon. First perish all!
" *Leon.* Say, what have you resolv'd?
" My father comes; what answer will you give him?
" *Alon.* What answer! let me look upon that face,
" And read it there.——Devote thee to another!
" Not to be borne! a second look undoes me.
" *Leon.* And why undo you? Is it then, my lord,
" So terrible to yield to your own wishes,
" Because they happen to concur with mine?
" Cruel! to take such pains to win a heart,
" Which you was conscious you must break with parting.
" *Alon.*" No, Leonora, I am thine for ever,
[*Runs and embraces her.*
In spite of Carlos—" Ha! who's that? My friend?
" [*Starts wide from her.*
" Alas, I see him pale! I hear his groan!
" He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds,
" (I know him by myself) he dies distracted!
" *Leon.* How dreadful to be cut from what we love!
" *Alon.* Ah, speak no more!

" *Leon.* And ty'd to what we hate!
" *Alon.* Oh!
" *Leon.* Is it possible?
" *Alon.* Death!
" *Leon.* Can you?
" *Alon.* Oh———
" Yes, take a limb; but let my virtue 'scape.
" Alas, my soul, this moment I die for thee!
" [*Breaks away.*
" *Leon.* And are you perjur'd then for virtue's sake?
" How often have you sworn!—but go, for ever.
[*Swoons.*
" *Alon.* Heart of my heart, and essence of my joy!
" Where art thou!—Oh, I'm thine, and thine for ever!
" The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.
" For whatsoever crime I can commit,
" I've felt the pains already."
Leon. Hold, Alonzo,
And hear a maid whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.
I love thy virtue as I love thy person,
And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;
But as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;
I'll shine out in my turn, and shew the world
Thy great example was not lost upon me.
" Be it enough that I have once been guilty;
" In sight of such a pattern, to persist,
" Ill suits a person honour'd with your love.
" My other titles to that bliss are weak;
" I must deserve it by refusing it.

" Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.
" Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?
" No, tho' the life-blood gushes from my heart.
" You shall not be asham'd of Leonora;
" Or that late time may put our names together."
Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example
You lately lent; Oh, take it while you may,
While I can give it you, and be immortal! [*Exit.*

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no more;
But pine in absence, and till death adore.
When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue
Her name will tremble with a feeble moan,
And love with fate divide my dying groan. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter Don MANUEL *and* ZANGA.

Zanga.

IF this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched Carlos; 'tis but humane in you.
But when arriv'd your dismal news?

Man. This hour.

Zan. What, not a vessel sav'd?

Man. All, all the storm
Devour'd; and now o'er his late envy'd fortune
The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,
Triumphant in his ruin.

Zan. Is Alvarez
Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?
That treasure was on shore; must that too join
The common wreck?

Man. Alvarez pleads, indeed,
That Leonora's heart is disinclin'd,
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match;
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,
The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.

Zan. How does Don Carlos bear it?

Man. Like a man
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human heart can reason.

Zan. But is he then in absolute despair?

Man. Never to see his Leonora more.
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

Zan. Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecstacy
By Don Alonzo?

Man. Yes, at first; but soon
A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.

Zan. Not if his friend consented: and since now
He cann't himself espouse her——

Man. Yet, to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind;
At least, Alonzo's spirit startles at it.
Wide is the distance between our despair,

And giving up a mistress to another.
But I must leave you. Carlos wants support
In his severe affliction. [*Exit.*

Zan. Ha, it dawns!——
It rises to me, like a new-found world
" To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
" Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent ;"
Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purg'd off.
But shall I finish it ?——Hoa, Isabella !

Enter ISABELLA.

I thought of dying ; better things come forward ;
Vengeance is still alive ; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, Isabella, arriv'd Don Carlos here ?

Isa. Two nights ago.

Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle——Memory, set down that ;
It has the essence of the crocodile,
Tho' yet but in the shell——I'll give it birth——
What time did he return ?

Isa. At midnight.

Zan. So———
Say, did he see that night his Leonora ?

Isa. No, my good lord.

Zan. No matter——tell me, woman,
Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious,

Honest than subtle, above fraud himself,
Slow, therefore, to suspect it in another?

Isa. You best can judge; but so the world thinks of him.

Zan. Why, that was well—go, fetch my tablets hither. [*Exit* Isa.

Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me;
He smil'd a joy then little understood——
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

Re-enter ISABELLA *with the Tablets*; ZANGA *writes, then reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands———
The father's fix'd——Don Carlos cannot wed——
Alonzo may——but that will hurt his friend——
Nor can he ask his leave——or, if he did,
He might not gain it——It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, tho' we must bear them.
Were it not then a master-piece, worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend,
His friend to grant——then from that very grant,
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
(And other motives) to work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace?——
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of human woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the Hydra of calamities,

The seven-fold death; the jealous are the damn'd.
Oh, jealousy, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments, thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire!

Isa. Alonzo comes this way.

Zan. Most opportunely.
Withdraw—"Ye subtle dæmons, which reside

[*Exit* Isa.

"In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
"That little engin'ry, more mischievous
"Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
"Teach me to look a lie; give me your maze
"Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
"To catch the man I hate, and then devour."

Enter Don ALONZO.

My lord, I give you joy.

Alon. Of what, good Zanga?

Zan. Is not the lovely Leonora yours?

Alon. What will become of Carlos?

Zan. He's your friend;
And since he cann't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.

Alon. Alas, thou little know'st the force of love!
Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway;
Puts all relations, friendship's self to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos;
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning

At his intended nuptials. For myself
I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her then?

Alon. Not instantly.
Insult his broken heart the very moment!

Zan. I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuag'd.

Alon. Am I to blame in that?

Zan. My lord, I love
Your very errors; they are born from virtue.
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart?) does lead you blindfold to your ruin.
Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's?
'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth. To-
morrow
May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune;
A higher bidder is a better friend,
And there are princes sigh for Leonora.
When your friend's gone you'll wed; why, when the
cause
Which gives you Leonora now will cease.
Carlos has lost her; should you lose her too,
Why, then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that respect which labour'd to relieve him——
'Tis well he is disturb'd; it makes him pause. [*Aside.*

Alon. Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don
Carlos,
His goodness would consent that I should wed her?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the cruelty
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!

Zan. Methinks you are severe upon your friend.
Who was it gave him liberty and life?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.
Were I a stranger I could freely speak:
In me it so resembles a demand,
Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.
Is Leonora worth one pang or not?
It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you:
Warmly as you I wish Don Carlos well;
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend:
There all the difference lies between us two.
In me, my lord, you hear another self;
And, give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from those errors, which, though caus'd by virtue,
Are such as may hereafter give you pain——
Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name! What, sacrifice the fair
To age and ugliness, because set in gold?
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.
I have not seen him since his sore affliction;
But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear.
How shall I bear it now? I'm struck already. [*Exit.*

Zan. Half of my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speak with him.
[*He gives a message to a servant, then returns.*
Proud hated Spain, oft drench'd in Moorish blood!

Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?
Shake not the towers where-e'er I pass along,
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer?
Shake to the centre if Alonzo's dear.
Look down, Oh, holy prophet! see me torture
This Christian dog, this infidel, which dares
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law;
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below?
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her charms!
But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Enter Don CARLOS.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years; vile promiser!
None here are happy, but the very fool,
Or very wise; and I wasn't fool enough
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
Ev'n joys are pains, because they cannot last. [*Sighs.*
"Yet much is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
"Of such as have the world in their possession,
"To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
"For envy to small minds is flattery."
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
Against their consciences? And this we know,
Yet, knowing, disbelieve, and try again
What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction.

Each new experience gives the former credit;
And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
That thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble lord,
I mourn your fate: but are no hopes surviving?

Car. No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel.
'Tis fix'd—'tis past—'tis absolute despair!

Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made tender,
By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.

Car. I understand you well. Alonzo loves;
I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do.
Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What canst thou mean?

Zan. Indeed he has; and fears to ask a favour
A stranger from a stranger might request;
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him:
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

Car. I pray, be plain; his happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to death; but so reveres his friend,
He cann't persuade his heart to wed the maid
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
In perfect tenderness I urg'd him to it.
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,
I wrung a promise from him he would try:
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,

Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha! if he weds I am undone indeed;
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.

Zan. Alas, my lord, you know his heart is steel:
'Tis fix'd, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

Car. Oh, cruel Heaven! and is it not enough
That I must never, never see her more?
Say, is it not enough that I must die;
But I must be tormented in the grave?—
Ask my consent!—Must I then give her to him?
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid?
Oh!——Leonora! never, never, never!

Zan. A storm of plagues upon him! he refuses. [*Aside.*

Car. What, wed her?—and to-day?

Zan. To-day, or never.
To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you:
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?
Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.

Car. Oh, torment! whither shall I turn?

Zan. To peace.

Car. Which is the way?

Zan. His happiness is yours——
I dare not disbelieve you.

Car. Kill my friend!
Or worse——Alas! and can there be a worse?
A worse there is; nor can my nature bear it.

Zan. You have convinc'd me 'tis a dreadful task.

I find Alonzo's quitting her this morning
For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,
Betray'd me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is.

Car. Thou dost upbraid me.

Zan. No, my good lord; but since you cann't comply,
'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it;
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed
Have dy'd, as now, but not by your decree.

Car. By my decree! Do I decree his death?
I do——Shall I then lead her to his arms?
Oh, which side shall I take? Be stabb'd, or—stab?
'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies?——
Ah, no!—all other agonies are ease
To one——Oh, Leonora!—never, never!
Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial,
Tho' but a day; something, perchance, may happen
To soften all to friendship and to love.
Go, stop my friend, let me not see him now;
But save us from an interview of death.

Zan. My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you——
If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper. [*Aside and exit.*

Car. What is this world?—Thy school, Oh, misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
" Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
" My comfort is, each moment takes away
" A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me,
" And gives a nearer prospect of the grave."

But put it most severely——should I live——
Live long——alas, there is no length in time!
Nor in thy time, Oh, man!—What's fourscore years?
Nay, what, indeed, the age of time itself,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round?
"Away, then!——To a mind resolv'd and wise,
"There is an impotence in misery,
"Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are in me."
Yet Leonora——she can make time long,
Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surpris'd to hear that I grew old.
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,
And every moment is an age of pain.

As he is going out, enter ZANGA *and Don* ALONZO. ZANGA *stops Don* CARLOS.

Zan. Is this Don Carlos? this the boasted friend?
How can you turn your back upon his sadness?
Look on him, and then leave him if you can.
"Whose sorrows thus depress him? Not his own:
"This moment he could wed without your leave."
Car. I cannot yield; nor can I bear his griefs.
Alonzo! [*Going to him, and taking his hand*
Alon. Oh, Carlos!
Car. Pray, forbear,

Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile?
Alonzo, who, perhaps, in some degree
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?
I was deputed guardian of thy love;
But, Oh, I lov'd myself! Pour down afflictions
On this devoted head; make me your mark;
And be the world by my example taught,
How sacred it should hold the name of friend.

Car. You charge yourself unjustly; well I know
The only cause of my severe affliction.
Alvarez, curs'd Alvarez!—So much anguish
Felt for so small a failure, is one merit
Which faultless virtue wants. The crime was mine,
Who plac'd thee there, where only thou couldst fail;
Tho' well I knew that dreadful post of honour
I gave thee to maintain. Ah! who could bear
Those eyes unhurt? The wounds myself have felt,
(Which wounds alone should cause me to condemn thee)
They plead in thy excuse; for I too strove
To shun those fires, and found 'twas not in man.

Alon. You cast in shades the failure of a friend,
And soften all; but think not you deceive me;
I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,
As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him, who but this morning threw
Fair Leonora from his heart, all bath'd
In ceaseless tears, and blushing for her love!
Who, like a rose-leaf wet with morning dew,
Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there!

But 'twas in thee, thro' fondness for thy friend,
To shut thy bosom against ecstacies;
For which, while this pulse beats, it beats to thee;
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo,
And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

Zan. [*To* Alon.] My lord, my lord, this is your time to speak.

Alon. [*To* Zan.] Because he's kind? It therefore is the worst;

" For 'tis his kindness which I fear to hurt.
" Shall the same moment see him sink in woes,
" And me providing for a flood of joys,
" Rich in the plunder of his happiness?
" No, I may die; but I can never speak.
" *Car.* Now, now it comes! they are concerting it:
" The first word strikes me dead—Oh, Leonora!
" And shall another taste her fragrant breath?
" Who knows what after-time may bring to pass?
" Fathers may change, and I may wed her still. [*Aside.*
" *Alon.*" [*To* Zan.] Do I not see him quite possess'd with anguish,
" Which, like a dæmon, writhes him to and fro;"
And shall I pour in new? No fond desire,
No love: one pang at parting, and farewell.
I have no other love but Carlos now.'

Car. Alas! my friend, why with such eager grasp
Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek?

Alon. If, after death, our forms (as some believe)
Shall be transparent, naked every thought,
And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts,

Thou'lt know one day that thou wast held most dear.
Farewell.

Car. Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak— [*Holds him.*
Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be outdone?
And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [*Aside.*
I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
When well I know your heart is near to bursting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alon. There, there it is, my friend, it cuts me there.
How dreadful is it to a generous mind
To ask, when sure he cannot be deny'd!

Car. How greatly thought! In all he towers above me. [*Aside.*
Then you confess you would ask something of me?

Alon. No, on my soul.

Zan. [*To* Alon.] Then lose her.

Car. Glorious spirit!
Why, what a pang has he run through for this!
By Heaven, I envy him his agonies.
"Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
"Of starting at one action from below,
"And flaming up into consummate greatness?
"Ha! angels strengthen me!"—It shall be so——
"I cann't want strength. Great actions, once conceiv'd,
"Strengthen like wine, and animate the soul,
"And call themselves to being. [*Aside.*]" My Alonzo!

Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my Carlos?

Car. Pray observe me well.
Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,
And plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up life too, for they were twin'd together.
Of that no more—What now does reason bid?
I cannot wed—Farewell my happiness!
But, O my soul, with care provide for hers!
In life, how weak, how helpless is woman!
" Soon hurt; in happiness itself unsafe,
" And often wounded while she plucks the rose;
" So properly the object of affliction,
" That Heaven is pleas'd to make distress become her,
" And dresses her most amiably in tears."
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair,
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine,
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life
With thy surrounding arms—Do this, and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me,
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which with thy foes would render thee ador'd.
" But have a care, nor think I can be pleas'd
" With any thing that lays in pains for thee.
" Thou dost dissemble, and thy heart's in tears.

" *Car.* My heart's in health, my spirits dance their round,
" And at my eyes pleasure looks out in smiles.
" *Alon.*" And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?
Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.
Alon. O, Carlos!
" *Car.* Don't disturb me, I'm sincere,
" Nor is it more than simple justice in me.
" This morn didst thou resign her for my sake;
" I but perform a virtue learnt from thee;
" Discharge a debt, and pay her to thy wishes.
" *Alon.* Ah, how?"—But think not words were ever made
For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence; I'll seek relief
In absence from the pain of so much goodness,
There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee.
[*Exit.*
Zan. Thus far success has crown'd my boldest hope.
My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,
And then my master-works begin to play. [*Aside.*
Why this was greatly done, without one sigh [*To* Car.
To carry such a glory to its period.
Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and now
I must unsluice my over-burthen'd heart,
And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend
With tears; nor interrupt my great design;

Great sure as ever human breast durst think of.
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress,

Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
O'er-swell all bounds, and bear e'en life away:
So till the day was won, the Greek renown'd
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ZANGA.

Zanga.

O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount——the spirits numberless
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me.——
O, bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be sure
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it while thou may'st;
Anguish, and groans, and death bespeak to-morrow.

Enter ISABELLA.

My Isabella!

Isa. What commands, my Moor?

Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!
'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
And so prevent all future molestation)
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forg'd
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,
The most profound acknowledgment of heart,
For wondrous transports which he never knew.
This is a good subservient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

Isa. I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky hand;
For soon Alonzo found it; I observ'd him
From out my secret stand. He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
Started, and trembling dropt it on the ground.
Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.
At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isa. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,
At least not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought so;
But farther thought informs me otherwise,
And turns this disappointment to account.
" He more shall credit it, because unseen,
" (If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.
" *Isa.* That would indeed commend my Zanga's skill."

Zan. This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture;
Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,
It may raise up a witness of her love;
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

Isa. I'll weigh it as its consequence requires,
Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. [*Exit.*

Zan. Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?——
Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from either eye.
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him?

Enter Don ALONZO.

Alon. And yet it cannot be——I am deceiv'd——
I injure her: she wears the face of Heaven.

Zan. He doubts. [*Aside.*

Alon. I dare not look on this again.
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,

The certainty would dash me all in pieces.
It cannot——Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Starts.*
Zan. Hold there, and we succeed. He has descry'd me.
And (for he thinks I love him) will unfold
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure. [*Aside.*
Alon. Hold, Zanga, turn.
Zan. My lord.
Alon. Shut close the doors,
That not a spirit find an entrance here.
Zan. My lord's obey'd.
Alon. I see that thou art frighted.
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions stings.
Zan. If I do love, my lord?
Alon. Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom;
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)
For I am sick at heart.
Zan. Speak, sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack.
" *Alon.* And is there need
" Of words? Behold a wonder! See my tears!
" *Zan.* I feel 'em too. Heaven grant my senses fail me!
" I rather would lose them, than have this real.
" *Alon.* Go, take a round thro' all things in thy thought,
" And find that one; for there is only one

" Which could extort my tears; find that, and tell
" Thyself my misery, and spare me the pain.
" *Zan.* Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd;
" I know not where I am.
" *Alon.* Think, think no more.
" It ne'er can enter in an honest heart.
" I'll tell thee then——I cannot——yet I do
" By wanting force to give it utterance.
" *Zan.* Speak, ease your heart; its throbs will break your bosom."

Alon. I am most happy: mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
To be most curst!——My Leonora's false!

Zan. Save me, my lord!

Alon. My Leonora's false! [*Gives him the letter.*

Zan. Then Heaven has lost its image here on earth.

[*While* Zanga *reads the letter, he trembles, and shews the utmost concern.*

Alon. Good-natur'd man! he makes my pains his own.
I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.

Zan. Did you not read it then?

Alon. Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

Zan. Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain! [*Tears the letter.*

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more.
'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fe
Alon. And didst thou tremble then for my mista
Or give the whole contents, or by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.
Zan. Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?
I have no interest in suppressing it,
But what good-natur'd tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the "heart
"That will be rent in two. Not mine the" fame
That will be damn'd, though all the world should know it.
Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.
Zan. What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?
I know not what; but rage is our destruction,
And all its words are wind——Yet sure, I think,
I nothing own'd——but grant I did confess,
What is a letter? letters may be forg'd.
For Heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.
Some foe to your repose——
Alon. So, Heaven look on me,
As I cann't find the man I have offended.
Zan. Indeed! [*Aside.*]——Our innocence is not our shield:
They take offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.

'We know not whom we have to fear." 'Tis certain
A letter may be forg'd, and in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that might be false——
Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit;
All's well again.

Alon. O that it were!

Zan. It is;
For who would credit that, which credited,
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood;
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain?

Alon. O, Zanga! it is that confounds me most,
That full in opposition to appearance——

Zan. No more, my lord, for you condemn yourself.
What is absurdity, but to believe
Against appearance!——You cann't yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense;——
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd
With some degree of pain.

Alon. What indiscretion?

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults from me.
Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forg'd the senseless scroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villany.

Alon. I sent him not.

Zan. Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the king.
Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly;
So long an absence, and impatient love———

Alon. In my confusion that had quite escap'd me.
By Heaven, my wounded soul does bleed afresh;
Tis clear as day—for Carlos is so brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamour'd of the face of death.
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports?—Oh, it must be so—
Inhuman! by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend!

Zan. You wrong him;
He knew not of your love.

Alon. Ha!———

Zan. That stings home. [*Aside.*

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous love———
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.
"Th' eternal law of things declares it true,
"Which calls for judgment on distinguish'd guilt,
"And loves to make our crime our punishment."
Love is my torture, love was first my crime;
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O horror!)
Confided all in me. O, sacred faith!
How dearly I abide thy violation!

Zan. Were then their loves far gone?

Alon. The father's will
There bore a total sway; and he, as soon
As news arriv'd that Carlos' fleet was seen
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,
Determin'd, that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my lord; then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the crime.
Consider, strong allurements soften guilt;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd
For his espousals—'twas a strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night.

Alon. One night!

Zan. That crime could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! By Heaven, thou dost insult thy lord.
Temptation! One night gain'd! O stings and death!
And am I then undone? Alas, my Zanga!
And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,
And rescue me one moment from distraction.

Zan. My lord, I hope the best.

Alon. False, foolish hope,
"And insolent to me!" Thou know'st it false;
It is as glaring as the noon-tide sun.
Devil!—This morning, after three years coldness,
To rush at once into a passion for me!
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

Zan. What says my lord? Did Leonora then
Never before disclose her passion for you?

Alon. Never.

Zan. Throughout the whole three years?

Alon. O never! never!
Why, Zanga, shouldst thou strive? 'Tis all in vain:
Tho' thy soul labours, it can find no reed
For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

Zan. Hold, sir, I'll break your fall—Wave ev'ry fear,
And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you
With less reluctance.

Alon. Ha! Resign her to me!———
Resign her!—Who resign'd her?—Double death!
How could I doubt so long? "My heart is broke."
First love her to distraction! then resign her!

Zan. But was it not with utmost agony?

Alon. Grant that, he still resign'd her; that's enough.
Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
Tear out his heart?——She was his heart no more—
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her;
By Heav'n, he ask'd, he courted me to wed.
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?
I fear the letter was not all a tale.

Alon. A tale! There's proof equivalent to sight.

Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

Alon. And so should I; by Heaven, I think I should.
What! Leonora, the divine, by whom
We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion.

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh
Each circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all
To be deceiv'd. "I fear 'tis doomsday with me."
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heaven
Borrow'd her form for virtue's self to wear,
To gain her lovers with the sons of men.
O, Leonora! Leonora! [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
Thrives underneath my hand in misery.
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

Isa. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.

Zan. There,
There, Isabella, I out-did myself.
For tearing it, I not secure it only
In its first force; but superadd a new.

For who can now the character examine
To cause a doubt, much less detect the fraud?
And after tearing it, as loth to shew
The foul contents, if I should swear it now
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me,
Nay, more, would disbelieve the more I swore.
But is the picture happily dispos'd of?

Isa. It is.

Zan. That's well—Ah! what is well? O pang to think!
O dire necessity! is this my province?
Whither, my soul! ah! whither art thou sunk
" Beneath thy sphere? Ere while, far, far above
" Such little arts, dissembling, falsehoods, frauds,
" The trash of villany itself, which falls
" To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread."
Does this become a soldier? This become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought.
But great my end; and since there are no other,
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain;
To wade thro' ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature, to attain my end.
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise;
For wonder is involuntary praise. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Don ALONZO *and* ZANGA.

Alonzo.

OH, what a pain to think! when every thought,
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reason knits th' inextricable toil,
In which herself is taken! "I am lost,
"Poor insect that I am, I am involv'd,
"And bury'd in the web myself have wrought!
"One argument is balanc'd by another,
"And reason reason meets in doubtful fight,
"And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs."
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,
And to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her.

Zan. O, forbear!
You totter on the very brink of ruin.

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. That will discover all,
And kill my hopes. What can I think or do? [*Aside.*

Alon. What dost thou murmur?

Zan. Force the secret from her!
What's perjury to such a crime as this?
Will she confess it then? O, groundless hope!
But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.

Alon. No more, I care not;
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.
Zan. But for what better will you change this load?
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?
Alon. No, it would cure me of my mortal pangs:
By hatred and contempt I should despise her,
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.
Zan. Ah! were I sure of that, my lord——
Alon. What then?
Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the secret.
Alon. What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on the rack.
I'll not be play'd with; speak, if thou hast aught,
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.
Zan. That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it,
Tho' gone too far, Heaven knows—'Tis I am guilty—
I have took pains, as you, I know, observ'd,
To hinder you from diving in the secret,
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.
Alon. Thou dost confound me.
Zan. I confound myself,
And frankly own it, tho' to my shame I own it;
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The secret out, and made me own my crime.
Alon. Speak quickly; Zanga, speak.
Zan. Not yet, dread sir:
First, I must be assur'd, that if you find
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

Alon. Oh! 'twill, by Heaven.

Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

Alon. I trebly swear.

Zan. You'll bear it like a man?

Alon. A god.

Zan. Such have you been to me, these tears confess it,
And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:
And what amends is now within my power,
But to confess, expose myself to justice,
And as a blessing claim my punishment?
Know then, Don Carlos———

Alon. Oh!

Zan. You cannot bear it.

Alon. Go on, I'll have it, though it blast mankind;
I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

" *Enter* LEONORA.

" *Leon.* My Lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
" And quite undo our joy.

" *Alon.* I'll come, my love:
" Be not our friends deserted by us both;
" I'll follow you this moment.

" *Leon.* My good lord,
" I do observe severity of thought,
" Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the Moors?

" *Alon.* No, my delight.
" *Leon.* What then employ'd your mind?
" *Alon.* Thou, love, and only thou; so Heaven befriend me,
" As other thought can find no entrance here.
" *Leon.* How good in you, my lord, whom nations' cares
" Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,
" To drop one thought on me!
" [*He shews the utmost impatience.*
" *Alon.* Dost thou then prize it?
" *Leon.* Do you then ask it?
" *Alon.* Know then, to thy comfort,
" Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full
" With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;
" Nor shall I, from my soul believe, till death.
" My life, our friends expect thee.
" *Leon.* I obey. [*Exit.*
" *Alon.* Is that the face of curs'd hypocrisy?
" If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
" And beauty shall no more belong to Heaven——
" Don Carlos did return at dead of night——
" Proceed, good Zanga, so thy tale began.
" *Zan.* Don Carlos did return at dead of night;"
That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I
Command the watch that guards the palace gate.
He told me he had letters for the king,
Dispatch'd from you.
Alon. The villain ly'd!

Zan. My lord,
I pray, forbear——Transported at his sight,
After so long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)
No farther I enquir'd, but let him pass,
False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.
Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,
As is my custom, when the night's serene,
And took a moon-light walk: when soon I heard
A rustling in an arbour that was near me.
I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embrac'd. Anon the man
Arose, and falling back some paces from her,
Gaz'd ardently a while, then rush'd at once,
And throwing all himself into her bosom,
There softly sigh'd; 'Oh, night of ecstacy!
When shall we meet again?'——Don Carlos then
Led Leonora forth.

Alon. Oh, Oh, my heart! [*He sinks into a chair.*

Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul!
'Tis thro' his heart, his knees smite one another.
'Tis thro' his brain, his eye-balls roll in anguish.
[*Aside.*
My lord, my lord, why do you rack my soul?
"Speak to me, let me know that you still live.
"Do not you know me, sir? Pray, look upon me:
"You think too deeply——I'm your own Zanga,
"So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.——
"Why start you in such fury?—Nay, my lord,

" For Heaven's sake sheath your sword! What can this mean?
" Fool that I was, to trust you with the secret,
" And you unkind to break your word with me.
" Oh, passion for a woman!——On the ground!
" Where is your boasted courage? Where your scorn,
" And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,
" And chase your love-bred agonies away?"
Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the Moors,
Why should the vanquish'd triumph?

Alon. " Would to Heaven
" That I were lower still!" Oh, she was all!——
My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
All stoop to her, my blood was her possession.
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she.
But——"and" no more——" set nature on a blaze,
" Give her a fit of jealousy——away——"
To think on't is the torment of the damn'd,
And not to think on't is impossible.
" How fair the cheek that first alarm'd my soul!
" How bright the eye that set it on a flame!
" How soft the breast on which I laid my peace
" For years to slumber, unawak'd by care!
" How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!
" How deep, how black, the horror and despair!"

Zan. You said you'd bear it like a man.

Alon. I do.
Am I not almost distracted?

Zan. Pray, be calm.

Alon. As hurricanes:—be thou assur'd of that.

Zan. Is this the wise Alonzo?

Alon. Villain, no!

He dy'd in the arbour—he was murder'd there!——

" I am his dæmon though——My wife!—my wife!—

Zan. Alas! he weeps.

Alon. Go, dig her grave!

Zan. My lord!

Alon. But that her blood's too hot, I would carouse it

Around my bridal board!

Zan. And I would pledge thee. [*Aside.*

Alon. But I may talk too fast. Pray, let me think,

And reason mildly.——Wedded and undone

Before one night descends ——Oh, hasty evil!

What friend to comfort me in my extreme!

Where's Carlos? Why is Carlos absent from me?

Does he know what has happen'd?

" *Zan.* My good lord!

" *Alon.* Oh, depth of horror! He!——My bosom friend!

" *Zan.* Alas, compose yourself, my lord.

" *Alon.* To death!

Gaze on her with both eyes so ardently!

Give them the vultures, tear him all in pieces!

" *Zan.* Most excellent! [*Aside.*

" *Alon.* Hark! you can keep a secret.

In yonder arbour, bound with jasmine——

Who's that? What villain's that? Unhand her——

Murder!——

" Tear them asunder——Murder——How they grind
" My heart betwixt them!——Oh, let go my heart!
" Yet let it go——' Embracing and embrac'd!'
" Oh, pestilence!——Who let him in?—A traitor.
[*Goes to stab* Zanga, *he prevents him.*
" Alas! my head turns round, and my limbs fails me."

Zan. My lord!

Alon. Oh, villain, villain, most accurst!
If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.
I knew it not:—I saw them in the garden;
But saw no more than you might well expect
To see in lovers destin'd for each other.
By Heaven I thought their meeting innocent.
Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,
'Till after-proofs conspir'd to blacken it?
Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not out,
(Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!)
'Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;
And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,
In duty and compassion to your peace.

Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter—for I want thee.——
' Oh, night of ecstacy!'——Ha! was't not so?
" I will enjoy this murder."—Let me think——
The jasmine bower—'tis secret and remote:
Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.
[*Exit* Zanga.
How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!
' When shall we meet again?'——To-night, in hell.

As he is going, enter LEONORA.

Ha! I'm surprised! I stagger at her charms!
Oh, angel-devil!——Shall I stab her now?
No—It shall be as I at first determin'd.
To kill her now were half my vengeance lost.
Then must I now dissemble——if I can.

Leon. My lord, excuse me; "see, a second time"
I come in embassy from all your friends,
Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

Alon. This moment, Leonora, I was coming
To thee, and all——but sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.

" *Leon.* Why sighs my lord?

" *Alon.* I sigh'd not, Leonora.

" *Leon.* I thought you did; your sighs are mine, my lord,
" And I shall feel them all.

" *Alon.* Dost flatter me?

" *Leon.* If my regards for you are flattery,
" Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment
" In this day's solemn rite.

" *Alon.* What rite?

" *Leon.* You sport me.

" *Alon.* Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

" *Leon.* And so is mine——I look on cheerfulness,
" As on the health of virtue.

" *Alon.* Virtue!——Damn——"

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.

Leon. Beauty alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as yours;—
If fair and innocent, I am your due.

Alon. Innocent! [*Aside.*

Leon. How, my lord! I interrupt you.

Alon. No, my best life! I must not part with thee—
This hand is mine——Oh, what a hand is here!
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost!

Leon. In tears, my lord?

Alon. What less can speak my joy?
"I gaze, and I forget my own existence:
"'Tis all a vision—my head swims in Heaven.
"Wherefore! Oh, wherefore this expence of beauty?
"And wherefore, On!———
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes:
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,
And hurl destruction!———

"*Leon.* How, my lord! what mean you?
"Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
"Or cast me out for ever from your love.

"*Alon.* Art thou concern'd for me?"

Leon. My lord, you fright me.
Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?
"I am ill us'd, my lord, I must not bear it."
Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?

Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?—
Nay, my good lord, I have a title here,
[*Taking his hand.*
And I will have it. Am not I your wife?
Have not I just authority to know
That heart which I have purchas'd with my own?
"Lay it before me then; it is my due.
"Unkind Alonzo! though I might demand it,
"Behold I kneel! See, Leonora kneels!
"And deigns to be a beggar for her own!"
Tell me the secret, I conjure you tell me.
"The bride foregoes the homage of her day,
"Alvarez' daughter trembles in the dust."
Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,
And load you with my death. My lord, my lord!

Alon. Ha, ha, ha!

[*He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the floor.*

Leon. Are these the joys which fondly I conceiv'd?
And is it thus a wedded life begins?
What did I part with, when I gave my heart?
I knew not that all happiness went with it.
Why did I leave my tender father's wing,
And venture into love! The maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.
Where shall I sigh?—where pour out my complaints?
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber;
I soon will follow; that which now disturbs thee

Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.
[*Exit* Leon.
Oh, how like innocence she looks!—What, stab her!
And rush into her blood!——"I never can!
"In her guilt shines, and nature holds my hand."
How then? Why, thus——No more; it is determin'd.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.
Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,
To sting our human nature, and effect it? [*Aside.*

Alon. This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies through which it rolls, must all have end.
What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day, month month, and year the year,
Our life is but a chain of many deaths;
Can then death's self be fear'd? our life much rather.
Life is the desert, life the solitude,
Death joins us to the great majority!
'Tis to be borne to Plato's, and to Cæsars;
'Tis to be great for ever;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.

Zan. I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give you joy, then Leonora's dead.

Alon. No, Zanga, "the greatest guilt is mine,
"'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his midnight visit,
"Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her;
"Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love:

" These, and a thousand tokens more; and yet,
" (For which the saints absolve my soul!) did wed.
" *Zan.* Where does this tend?
" *Alon.*" To shed a woman's blood
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious;
" But just resentment to myself, bears in it
" A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds."
He who, superior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does in some sort that reason deify,
And take a flight at Heaven.

Zan. Alas, my lord,
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty finds
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.
You cannot close an eye that is so bright,
You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,
That has ten thousand ecstacies in store——
For Carlos?——No, my lord, I mean for you.

Alon. Oh, through my heart and marrow! Pr'ythee spare me:
Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.
I own, I try'd, I quarrell'd with my heart
And push'd it on, and bid it give her death;
But, Oh, her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.
Men are but men; we did not make ourselves.
Farewell then, my best lord, since you must die.
Oh, that I were to share your monument,
And in eternal darkness close these eyes
Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer!

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. And is it then unknown?
Oh, grief of heart to think that you should ask it!
Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,
Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust——
But it will cut my poor heart through and through,
To see those revel on your sacred tomb,
Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.

Alon. Distraction!——But Don Carlos well thou know'st
Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

Zan. I'll work him to the murder of his friend,
Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek. [*Aside.*
But when he finds Alonzo is no more,
How will he rush like lightning to her arms!
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul;
But not in grief——sad obsequies to thee!——
But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear
The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstacy,
"Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another:"
Thank Heaven, these torments will be all my own.

Alon. I'll ease thee of that pain. Let Carlos die,
O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.
'Tis my command. [*Gives his signet.*

Zan. I dare not disobey.

Alon. My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.

Zan. Ah, sir! think, think again. Are all men buried
In Carlos' grave? You know not womankind.
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
The modest zone, with which it first was ty'd,
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.

Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the former.
Another, and another, and another!
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.
I am convinc'd; I must not, will not die.

Zan. You cannot die; nor can you murder her.
What then remains? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and so to love again.

Alon. Oh!

Zan. If you forgive, the world will call you good;
If you forget, the world will call you wise;
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you, very, very kind.

Alon. Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies,
Though my arm trembles at the stroke, she dies.

Zan. That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite to nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd?
At Aulis one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
Another slew his sister in just rage;

A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.
Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name!
Yet there is one step left above them all,
Above their history, above their fable,
A wife, bride, mistress unenjoy'd——do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

Alon. 'Tis done!——Again new transports fire my brain:
I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night.
Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together;
See that the festival be duly honour'd.

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
And music gives the elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlasting night,
Call vengeance, call the furies, call despair,
And death, our chief-invited guest be there;
He with pale hand shall lead the bride, and spread
Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO.

Alonzo.

"Oh, pitiful! Oh, terrible to sight!
"Poor mangled shade! all cover'd o'er with wounds,
"And so disguis'd with blood!——Who murder'd thee?
"Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.
"Ha! Carlos?—Horror! Carlos!—Oh, away!
"Go to the grave, or let me sink to mine.
"I cannot bear the sight—What sight?——Where am I?
"There's nothing here—If this was fancy's work,
"She draws a picture strongly.——"

Enter ZANGA.

"*Zan.* Ha!——you're pale."
Alon. Is Carlos murder'd?
Zan. I obey'd your order.
Six ruffians overtook him on the road;
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew.
Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.
His last breath blest Alonzo, and desir'd
His bones might rest near yours.
Alon. Oh, Zanga! Zanga!
But I'll not think: for I must act, and thinking
Would ruin me for action. "Oh, the medley

" Of right and wrong! the chaos of my brain!
" He should, and should not die—You should obey,
" And not obey——It is a day of darkness,
" Of contradictions, and of many deaths."
Where's Leonora then? Quick, answer me:
I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.
I find thy artifice did take effect,
And she forgives my late deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your childhood you was wont
On any great surprise, but chiefly then
When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passion shake the seat of reason;
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er,
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest artifice I us'd,
And such her ardent wish it should be true,
That she, at length, was fully satisfy'd.

" *Alon.* 'Twas well she was. In our late interview
" My passion so far threw me from my guard,
" (Methinks 'tis strange) that, conscious of her guilt,
" She saw not through its thin disguise my heart.

" *Zan.*" But what design you, sir, and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.
Thus I've ordain'd it. In the jasmine bower,
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her; the appointment's made;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The blackness of her crime before her sight,

And then with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. [*Exit.*

" *Zan.* Why, get thee gone! horror and night go with thee.
" Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand,
" Go dance around the bower, and close them in;
" And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
" Profane the ground, and for th' ambrosial rose,
" And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,
" And deadly nightshade poison all the air.
" For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
" Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves;
" May serpents winding up the trees let fall
" Their hissing necks upon them from above,
" And mingle kisses—such as I should give them."

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Bower. LEONORA *sleeping.* *Enter* ALONZO.

Alon. Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Why do you smile? Why do you look so fair?
Are ye not blasted as I enter in?
" Yes, see how every flower lets fall its head!
" How shudders every leaf without a wind!
" How every green is as the ivy pale!"
Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here?
Have these sweet echoes ever learn'd to groan?
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!

Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st
A——murderer! Oh, I shall stain thy lilies,
And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.
" So Lucifer broke into Paradise,
" And soon damnation follow'd." [*He advances.*] Ha! she sleeps——
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.
Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!
Who would not think that being innocent?
Where shall I strike? Who strikes her, strikes himself.
My own life-blood will issue at her wound.
" Oh, my distracted heart!—Oh, cruel Heaven!
" To give such charms as these, and then call man,
" Mere man, to be your executioner.
" Was it because it was too hard for you?"
But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more.
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss,
[*Going, he starts back.*
Ha! smile again. She dreams of him she loves.
Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them all.
[*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*

Leon. My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

Alon. Ye pow'rs! with what an eye she mends the day!
While they were clos'd I should have giv'n the blow.
[*Aside.*
" Oh, for a last embrace! and then for justice:
" Thus Heaven and I shall both be satisfy'd."

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Why this Alonzo says;
If love were endless, men were gods; 'tis that
Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain——
'Tis Heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

Leon. Alas, my lord! why talk you of the grave?
Your friend is dead: in friendship you sustain
A mighty loss; repair it with my love.

Alon. Thy love, thou piece of witchcraft! I would say,
Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.
"Where hadst thou this, enchantress, tell me where,
"Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
"My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain?
"Ev'n now thou swim'st before me. I shall lose thee——
"No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.
"Who turn'd this slender waist with so much art,
"And shut perfection in so small a ring?
"Who spread that pure expanse of white above,
"On which the dazzled sight can find no rest;
"But, drunk with beauty, wanders up and down
"For ever, and for ever finds new charms?"
But Oh, those eyes! those murderers! Oh, whence,
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? From Heaven?
Thou didst; and 'tis religion to adore them.

Leon. My best Alonzo, moderate your thoughts.
Extremes still fright me, tho' of love itself.

Alon. Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;
But I come home again—and now for justice——
And now for death——It is impossible——
"Sure such were made by Heaven guiltless to sin,
"Or in their guilt to laugh at punishment." [*Aside.*
I leave her to just Heaven.

[*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*

Leon. Ha, a dagger!
What dost thou say, thou minister of death?
What dreadful tale dost tell me?——Let me think—

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Death to my tow'ring hopes! Oh, fall from high!
My close, long-labour'd scheme at once is blasted.
That dagger, found, will cause her to enquire;
Enquiry will discover all; my hopes
Of vengeance perish; I myself am lost——
Curse on the coward's heart! wither his hand,
Which held the steel in vain!—What can be done?—
Where can I fix?——That's something still—'twill breed
Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their souls,
Which may, perchance, grow up to greater evil:
If not, 'tis all I can——It shall be so—— [*Aside.*

Leon. Oh, Zanga, I am sinking in my fears!
Alonzo dropp'd this dagger as he left me,
And left me in a strange disorder too.
What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

Zan. Yours, madam, yours.

Leon. What, Zanga, dost thou say?

Zan. Carry your goodness, then, to such extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous?

Leon. Heav'ns!
And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.
What villain could inspire him with that thought?
It is not of the growth of his own nature.

Zan. Some villain, who, hell knows; but he is jealous;
And 'tis most fit a heart so pure as yours
Do itself justice, and assert its honour,
And make him conscious of its stab to virtue.

Leon. Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,
Ungen'rous, groundless, weak, and insolent!
Why, wherefore, and what shadow of occasion?
" 'Tis fascination, 'tis the wrath of Heav'n
" For the collected crimes of all his race."
Oh, how the great man lessens to my thought!
How could so mean a vice as jealousy,
" Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,
" Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,"
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?
I scorn and hate, yet love him and adore.
I cannot, will not, dare not think it true,
Till from himself I know it. [*Exit.*

Zan. This succeeds
Just to my wish. Now she, with violence,
Upbraids him; he, well knowing she is guilty,

Rages no less; and if on either side
The waves run high, there still lives hopes of ruin.

Enter ALONZO.

My lord———

Alon. Oh, Zanga, hold thy peace! I am no coward;
But Heaven itself did hold my hand; I felt it,
By the well-being of my soul, I did.
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

Zan. My lord, her guilt——

Alon. Perdition on thee, Moor,
For that one word! Ah, do not rouse that thought!
I have o'erwhelm'd it as much as possible:
" Away, then, let us talk of other things."
I tell thee, Moor, I love her to distraction.
If 'tis my shame, why, be it so——I love her;
" Nor can I help it; 'tis imposed upon me
" By some superior and resistless power."
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
It shocks my nature like a stroke from Heaven.
" Angels defend her, as if innocent."
But see, my Leonora comes—Begone. [*Exit* Zanga.

Enter LEONORA.

Oh, seen for ever, yet for ever new!
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.

Leon. Alas, my lord!
What need of this to me?

Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?

Leon. Have I no cause?

Alon. If love is thy concern,
Thou hast no cause: none ever lov'd like me.
" But wherefore this? Is it to break my heart,
" Which loses so much blood for every tear?
" *Leon.* Is it so tender?
" *Alon.* Is it not? Oh, Heaven!
" Doubt of my love! Why, I am nothing else;
" It quite absorbs my every other passion."
Oh, that this one embrace would last for ever!

Leon. Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?
Could this man e'er design upon my life?
Impossible! I throw away the thought. [*Aside.*
These tears declare how much I taste the joy
Of being folded in your arms and heart;
My universe does lie within that space.
This dagger bore false witness.

Alon. Ha, my dagger!
It rouses horrid images. Away,
Away with it, and let us talk of love,
" Plunge ourselves deep into the sweet illusion,
" And hide us there from ev'ry other thought.
" *Leon.* It touches you.
" *Alon.* Let's talk of love."

Leon. Of death!

Alon. As thou lov'st happiness——

Leon Of murder!

Alon. Rash,
Rash woman! yet forbear.

" *Leon.* Approve my wrongs!
" *Alon.* Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.
" *Leon.* Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me:
" Stab me, then think it much to hear my groan!
" *Alon.* Heaven strike me deaf!"
Leon. It well may sting you home.
Alon. Alas, thou quite mistak'st my cause of pain!
Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.
Leon. Who has most cause, you or myself? What act
Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?
Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all;
The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.
What could inspire the thought? We oft'nest judge
From our own hearts; and is yours then so frail,
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?
He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,
Deserves to find it true. [*Holding him.*
Alon. " Oh, sex, sex, sex!" [*Turning on her.*
" The language of you all." Ill-fated woman!
Why hast thou forc'd me back into the gulph
Of agonies I had block'd up from thought?
" I know the cause; thou saw'st me impotent
" Ere while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me;
" But, by the pangs I suffer, to thy wo:"
For, since thou hast replung'd me in my torture,
I will be satisfy'd.
Leon. Be satisfy'd!

Alon. Yes, thy own mouth shall witness it against thee.

I will be satisfy'd.

Leon. Of what?

Alon. Of what!

How dar'st thou ask that question? Woman, woman,
Weak and assur'd at once! thus 'tis for ever.
Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected?
Who told thee I design'd upon thy life?
You found the dagger; but that could not speak:
Nor did I tell thee; who did tell thee, then?
Guilt, conscious guilt!

Leon. This to my face! Oh, Heaven!

Alon. This to thy very soul.

Leon. Thou'rt not in earnest?

Alon. Serious as death.

Leon. Then Heaven have mercy on thee.
Till now I struggled not to think it true;
I sought conviction, and would not believe it.
And dost thou force me? This shall not be borne;
Thou shalt repent this insult. [*Going.*

Alon. Madam, stay.
Your passion's wise; 'tis a disguise for guilt:
"'Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile;"
You and your thousand arts shall not escape me.

Leon. Arts?

Alon. Arts. Confess; for death is in my hand.

Leon. 'Tis in your words.

Alon. Confess, confess, confess!
Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.

Leon. I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man!

Alon. Deny then, and incur a fouler shame.
Where did I find this picture?

Leon. Ha, Don Carlos!
By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it; but is vice so very rank,
That thou shouldst dare to dash it in my face?
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman!

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me?

Leon. Fall, ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment!

Leon. Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This blow, then, to thy heart———

[*She stabs herself, he endeavours to prevent her.*

Alon. Hoa, Zanga! Isabella! hoa! she bleeds!
Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her!

Leon. This is the only way I would wound thee,
Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter ISABELLA.

Alon. Bear her to instant help. The world to save her.

Leon. Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and tremble:
But fix thy terror and amazement right;
Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.
What hast thou done? Whom censur'd?—Leonora!
When thou hadst censur'd, thou wouldst save her life:

Oh, inconsistent! Should I live in shame,
Or stoop to any other means but this
To assert my virtue? No; she who disputes
Admits it possible she might be guilty.
While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,
While it might look like an excuse to thee,
I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence:
But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

[Isabella *leads out* Leonora.

Alon. Ha! was this woman guilty?—And if not—
How my thoughts darken that way! Grant, kind Heaven,
That she prove guilty; or my being end.
Is that my hope, then?—Sure the sacred dust
Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair,
When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain
In hell, a refuge from severer pain? [Exit.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?
Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much,
And I will not abate a single groan——
Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too——
Why, be it so——Revenge so truly great,
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.
"Come, death, come, hell, then; 'tis resolv'd, 'tis done."

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Ah, Zanga, see me tremble! Has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor Leonora——

Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath.
What then? We all must die.

Isa. Alonzo raves,
And, in the tempest of his grief, has thrice
Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,
He calls his friends that save him his worst foes,
And importunes the skies for swift perdition.
Thus in his storm of sorrow. After pause,
He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,
For Zanga rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,
To learn the truth which most he dreads to know.

Zan. Begone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all.
[*Exit* Isab.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Oh, Zanga!

Zan. Do not tremble so; but speak.

Alon. I dare not. [*Falls on him.*

Zan. You will drown me with your tears.

Alon. Have I not cause?

Zan. As yet you have no cause.

Alon. Dost thou too rave?

Zan. Your anguish is to come:
You much have been abus'd.

Alon. Abus'd! by whom?

Zan. To know were little comfort.

Alon. Oh, 'twere much!

Zan. Indeed!

Alon. By heaven! Oh, give him to my fury!

Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you. Know, then, 'twas——I.

Alon. Am I awake?

Zan. For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless—that's one transport to me;
And I, I let thee know it—that's another.
I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress,
I forg'd the letter, I dispos'd the picture;
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy!

Alon. Oh! [*Swoons.*

Zan. Why, this is well—why, this is blow for blow!
Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with laurels,
Ye spirits which delight in just revenge!
Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep;
Let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice:
Oh, my dear countrymen, look down, and see
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.
But this is mercy, this is my indulgence;
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.
I must awake him into horrors. Hoa!
Alonzo, hoa! the Moor is at the gate!
Awake, invincible, omnipotent!
Thou who dost all subdue!

Alon. Inhuman slave!

Zan. Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my character.
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou sayst

The Moor, a slave, an abject, beaten slave:
(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)
But look again. Has six years cruel bondage
Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought
Shines here to give an awe to one above thee?
When the great Moorish king, Abdallah, fell,
Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him,
His son, though, thro' his fondness, in disguise,
Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe.——
Ha! does it wake thee?——O'er my father's corse
I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;
And then was made the captive of a squadron,
And sunk into thy servant——But, Oh! what,
What were my wages; Hear nor Heaven, nor earth!
My wages were a blow! by Heaven, a blow!
And from a mortal hand!

Alon. Oh, villain, villain!

Zan. All strife is vain. [*Shewing a dagger.*

Alon. Is thus my love return'd?
Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!
Lay not your young, Oh, mothers, on the breast,
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
And pay you for their nourishment with death!—
Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying!
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.
" That heavenly maid, which should have liv'd for ever,
" At least, have gently slept her soul away;
" Whose life should have shut up as ev'ning flow'rs

" At the departing sun—was murder'd! murder'd!
" Oh, shame! Oh, guilt! Oh, horror! Oh, remorse!
" Oh, punishment! Had satan never fell,
" Hell had been made for me."——Oh, Leonora!

Zan. Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.—
Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell;
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;
Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows;
Cæsars have wept; and I have had my blow:
But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance
To make thee to confess that I am just.—
Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person (Oh!) thou hast profan'd,
Whose reign extinguish'd—what was left to me,
So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge;
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them, the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well——
Now, fully satisfied, I should take leave:
But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself, ALONZO *rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, enter Don* ALVAREZ, *attended. They disarm and seize* ZANGA. ALONZO *puts the dagger in his bosom.*

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death. Oh, father!

Alv. Oh, Alonzo!—— Isabella,
Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,
Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon. What groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,
" As true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
" As ever flapp'd its heavy wing against
" The window of the sick, and croak'd despair."
Thy wife is dead.

[Alvarez *goes to the side of the stage, and returns.*

Alv. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack; invent new torments for him.

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage;
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou wouldst not know,
That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.
Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me.
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine

The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me; on the rack I scorn thee,
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alv. Peace, villain!

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak:
And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy blood-hounds of their prey.

Alon. Who call'd Alonzo?

Alv. No one call'd, my son.

Alon. Again!——'Tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.—
Oh, how I laugh at all that this can do!
[*Shewing the dagger.*
The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
Were giv'n before; I am already dead;
This only marks my body for the grave. [*Stabs himself.*
Afric, thou art reveng'd.——Oh, Leonora! [*Dies.*

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is yours,
The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all.
Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.
[*He goes to* Alonzo's *body.*
Is this Alonzo? Where's the haughty mein?
Is that the hand which smote me? Heavens, how pale!
And art thou dead? So is my enmity.
I war not with the dust. The great, the proud,
The conqueror of Afric was my foe.
A lion preys not upon carcases.
This was thy only method to subdue me.
Terror and doubt fall on me: all thy good
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.

Never had man such funeral applause :
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.
Oh, vengeance, I have follow'd thee too far,
And to receive me, hell blows all her fires. [*He is borne off.*

Alv. Dreadful effects of jealousy! a rage
In which the wise with caution will engage ;
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
Where, sway'd by nature, we ourselves deceive,
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,
And each man finds a Zanga in his heart.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

OUR author sent me, in an humble strain
To beg you'd bless the offspring of his brain ;
And I, your proxy, promis'd in your name,
The child should live, at least six days of fame.
I like the brat, but still his faults can find,
And, by the parent's leave, will speak my mind.
Gallants, pray, tell me, do you think 'twas well,
To let a willing maid lead apes in hell?
You nicer ladies, should you think it right,
To eat no supper——on your wedding night?
Should English husbands dare to starve their wives,
Be sure they'd lead most comfortable lives!
But he loves mischief, and, with groundless fears,
Would fain set loving couples by the ears ;

Would spoil the tender husbands of our nation,
By teaching them his vile, outlandish fashion.
But we've been taught, in our good-natur'd clime,
That jealousy, tho' just, is still a crime;
And will be still; for (not to blame the plot)
That same Alonzo was a stupid sot,
To kill a bride, a mistress unenjoy'd——
'Twere some excuse, had the poor man been cloy'd:
To kill her on suspicion, ere he knew
Whether the heinous crime were false or true——
The priest said grace, she met him in the bower,
In hopes she might anticipate an hour——
Love was her errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,
Instead of love—produc'd—a filthy poignard——
Had he been wise, at this their private meeting,
The proof o' th' pudding had been in the eating;
Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don contented,
And all this blood and murder been prevented.—
Britons, be wise, and from this sad example,
Ne'er break a bargain, but first take a sample.

THE END.

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